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- ..150—Sunset Pass. By General Charles King.
- ..149—The Man She Loved. By Effie Adelaide Rowlands.
- ..148—Will She Win. By Emma Garrison Jones.
- ..147—Under Egyptian Skies. By the author of Dr. Jack.
- ..146—Magdalen's Vow. By May Agnes Fleming.
- ..145—Country Lanes and City Pavements. By Maurice M. Minton.
- ..144—Dorothy's Jewels. By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon.
- ..143—A Charity Girl. By Effie Adelaide Rowlands.
- ..142—Her Rescue from the Turks. By the author of Dr. Jack.
- ..141—Lady Evelyn. By May Agnes Fleming.
- ..140—That Girl of Johnsons'. By Jean Kate Ludlum.
- ..139—Little Lady Charles. By Effie Adelaide Rowlands.
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- ..136—The Unseen Bridegroom. By May Agnes Fleming.
- ..135—Cast Up by the Tide. By the author of Half a Truth.
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- ..132—Whose Was the Crime? By Gertrude Warden.
- ..131—Nerine's Second Choice. By Adelaide Stirling.
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- ..129—In Sight of St. Paul's. By Sutton Vane.
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- ..125—Devil's Island. By A. D. Hall.
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...53—The Old Homestead. By Denman Thompson.  
...52—Woman Against Woman. By Effie Adelaide Rowlands.  
...51—The Price He Paid. By E. Werner.



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- ...49—None But the Brave. By Robert Lee Tyler.
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- ...47—The Colonel By Brevet. By the author of Dr. Jack.
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- ...45—A Yale Man. By Robert Lee Tyler.
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- ...10—Little Sunshine. By Francis S. Smith.
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- ...7—Two Keys. By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon.
- ...6—The Midnight Marriage. By A. M. Douglas.
- ...5—The Senator's Favorite. By Mrs. Alex. McVeigh Miller.
- ...4—For a Woman's Honor. By Bertha M. Clay.
- ...3—He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not. By Julia Edwards.
- ...2—Ruby's Reward. By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon.
- ...1—Queen Bess. By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon.



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DRAWN UP

IN FOUR COUNTS

AS FOLLOWS:

FIRST COUNT

*A Railway Rascality*

SECOND COUNT

*Promise Under Duress*

THIRD COUNT

*Assault With Intent to Kill*

FOURTH COUNT

*Summing Up and Hearing of the Case*



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# A LEGAL WRECK

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## FIRST COUNT

### *A RAILWAY RASCALITY*

It was late in June.

- I. The weather was fine. Wind stationary. Barometer variable. The ocean was in one of its peaceful moods.

But that was not to be wondered at, for during nearly the whole month of May it had fumed and roared, and lashed itself into a thousand furies, and beaten thunderingly upon its rocky bars. Now it seemed to be quiet from mere exhaustion. It was dozing, while the summer sun warmed its back. By and by it would awaken again, and make it lively for those within its reach.

The above observation was taken from the latitude and longitude of Gap Harbor. If it had been more in the nature of a weather report, it might have been classed as "For Northern New England, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and that sort of thing." Gap Harbor, however, requires a sea report. That is the first thing. After that, the weather. Then items of minor news may come in.

Two persons were looking forward with intense anxiety to the coming of Olive Gray. One was Cap'n Edward Smith. The other his son. His son was also Edward. But no one ever confused him with his father. They were different in every respect. In addition to that, their names were en-



tirely dissimilar, for one was "The Cap'n," and the other was Ed Smith.

Their anxiety regarding the arrival of Miss Gray was also utterly unlike. The old Cap'n wished for her return with unselfish love—with a great yearning—with the overpowering feeling that the aching void she left in his gentle old heart when she went away, and which had continued to ache with persistent regularity ever since, would at last be filled again by her presence—the only presence that could fill it. Tears came into his faded blue eyes, and overflowing upon his furrowed cheeks, were conducted off in various directions by his many and deep wrinkles, as he felt that his heart's pride, his heart's idol, his heart's life, was at that very moment coming nearer, nearer, nearer to him—and with the rumbling rapidity of a railway train. She might even at that moment be leaving Portland. At any rate, it was long after the time she was to change cars at Worcester.

He would soon drive into the town of Williamsport, and rattling along the main street, pull up his horses at the railroad depot.

Not long after—it would be impossible to say how long, as the train on the little branch line could not be depended upon—she would come. He would have her with him again. He would put her trunks into the wagon. She would sit beside him on the seat, and they would drive home together over that mountainous road to Gap Harbor. It might be rather late in the evening, but there was no danger. He almost wished there were, so that he might protect her. He was nearly seventy, but there was strength still left in that short, thick-set, sturdy old frame of his. He felt it. And he would like to use it for her before it left him, as it must before many more years went by.

And so the old horses trotted lazily along, and the wagon rattled alarmingly over the jagging rocks that pushed their noses up into the road, and the Cap'n



thought only of her coming, and did not notice that the air was heavy with perfume, that the woods were beautiful in their June freshness; he paid no attention to the road, or the horses either, but the horses took charge of their own department, and so it was just as well. Indeed, it was better that they should, for had he felt it necessary to speak to them he would have shouted out sea orders, which would have been very confusing indeed, as they were not sea-horses. But his heart was too full—he could hardly have spoken if he tried. To-day he would have her again. Each vacation that she had come back to him it was harder to let her go. And now it was over. The long four years were passed safely. Nobody had found her. No one had discovered who she was. No one had claimed her. This great danger was at an end. She would be his still. His constant fear—his overwhelming dread, that had grown side by side with his great love for her—would now be cleared away. The day he had been waiting for—hoping for—living for, was here at last. He imagined her on the train coming swiftly toward him. And so his heart was glad. Had he known the peril she was in at that very moment, it might have killed him.

It must have been a hard—a desperate struggle for the Cap'n to make up his mind to send Olive away to school. But he said nothing about it. The harder the battle, the grimmer the silence with him. He simply did what was right, so far as he could see, and let his feelings look out for themselves. When he sighted the proper course he steered the ship straight on it, no matter what took place on board. There might be starvation, mutiny, or anything else. He would put the helm right first, and attend to matters "on board of her" afterward. So did he in this case. Although there was mutiny, rebellion, almost death within him, he saw that Olive must be sent to school, and he sent her. Even if he had not seen that it was best for her to go, it was mentioned



in his *instructions* and that was enough. Therefore he had written to an old merchant in Boston, for whom he had taken cargoes to the West Indies years before, and made inquiries as to the "best place for to ship a girl into as is a-wantin' to be fitted up with a eddication." The result was a brief correspondence with a well-known seminary for young ladies in the State of Massachusetts, and the following spring Olive's admission thereto.

It seemed strange to the people of Gap Harbor that Cap'n Smith should send the girl away to school. But they said very little about it. It was merely a prevailing sentiment in the town—as the little cluster of houses clinging in all sorts of positions to the steep and irregular hills surrounding the inlet, was proudly called by the residents. Perhaps an inland village would have been very much wrought up about the affair—that is, if it was as unusual an event there as it was in Gap Harbor. We hear mighty things of the excitement produced in country places of the ideal kind—the conventional old-fashioned villages, with their ancient gambrel-roofed houses, odd characters and devastating gossip, when some trivial personal matter that is really nobody's business becomes the talk. It is passed from one to another with a feverish desire to get in first, and at the same time to present the facts in their most interesting light. In such places each person becomes a reporter, an editor, and a publisher. His head-lines, italics, and style generally go into the thing, and at the same time he speaks editorially of the affair, furnishing as telling comments and opinions as his talent permits. He is simply after as large a circulation as possible. So are the others. No wonder there is excitement in these quiet places, when an "extra" is issued every five minutes, when a hundred editorials, more or less sensational, but usually more, have been circulated through the usual channels.

But Gap Harbor was not this kind of a town. It



took things of the gossip order—if it took them at all—with a chilling calmness. And it was because the people, instead of being shut into a place where they were forced, for the excitement which the human system craves, to prey upon themselves, were neighbors with the ocean. It was a presence that dwarfed all others. It made itself felt. There was hardly an hour in the day or night that the great Spirit of the Deep did not impress itself upon these people who were gathered together near a headland that defiantly held its ground, while the rocky shores for miles each side had been forced to retreat before his thundering blows. Sometimes he shook them with the storm—another effort to force back—break down—annihilate this obstinate pile of rock which was shoved in his face; often following this, a sudden calm with a dense fog and salty vapor thrown upon the place, as if in a towering rage at finding the cliffs immovable, he would breathe upon them—strangle them—choke them; then for days together could be heard a sullen roar—the dull, heavy beating of his violent pulse, which even in good weather resounded upon the precipitous walls of rock; sometimes—and this was one of his most ominous moods—there was an absolute stillness—no sound—no breath—no motion; impressive because it was still; the crouching of a terrific beast before its spring; the dead silence while the gun is being aimed.

What need of gossip in such a presence? Living constantly with this great neighbor, they did not thirst for small excitements such as might have been caused in some places by the sending of Olive Gray to a young ladies' seminary. The people who heard of it said little. They wondered, quietly. Not a great wonder. Not incisive. No questioning. The fact was stated calmly. No opinions were expressed. No sharp things were said. The affair was not worked up with garish head-lines and sensational editorials. A quiet and dignified aston-



ishment prevailed. That was all. There was not excitement enough in such a thing to provoke remark. Much more disturbing affairs could not loosen the tongue of gossip here. Matters of engagement, marriage, even death, were received with little comment. They had the sea. That mastered all. Beside it these things were insignificant. People inland have the sky, but they do not know it. It seldom asserts itself. It does not roar and lash itself, and beat on the horizon. It does not playfully swallow up boatloads of men, or engulf great steamships. It is vast—magnificent—inspiring, but interferes seldom in personal affairs. Indeed in most coastwise places the sea is not all-masterful. Especially is this true at the resorts where city people gather for the summer months, and where it is simply salt water. The great presence shuns these places. Its waters run in there, and are sometimes disturbed. But the Spirit of the Ocean does not follow it.

Gap Harbor had no beach to soothe the restless Deep, and muffle his angry roar. The coast was a broken line of battlements. It was as if this rugged New England State, having a regiment of Mountains in its standing army, had massed a company of them at the front to meet the desperate charges of the Sea, and these veterans were grimly holding their positions while their sides were being torn away, and their stony hearts exposed to view. Dark towering cliffs, perpendicular and sometimes cavernous walls of rock, presented themselves to the waves. In some places masses of rock had recently fallen or split off, and the wreck of it was piled in the water below, with the tide foaming and fizzling over it—madly rejoicing. Looking at this line of cliffs from the sea, it seemed impossible that a landing could be made anywhere. But by following up the side of the headland about half a mile, a sharply defined opening could be found, and passing through this narrow gateway, which was known as the Gap, a safe



and deep bay or inlet would be reached, and the town on the steep hills surrounding it come into view. On the hollowed and resounding rock of this wild region the waves made themselves known with varying sounds, and the general contour of the coast line was strangely adapted to the focusing of these sounds upon the little settlement, so that people were in the habit of telling the mood of the sea from the prevailing tone he sent up. If they awoke in the night they could, without the slightest hesitation, pronounce "the wind from the East'ard an' a little lively," or whatever the state of the case might be, and then go to sleep again feeling the satisfaction which must follow upon learning the latest news on the subject of greatest interest. Upon the rare occasions when there was no sound to be heard, a general restlessness would prevail among the people. If it was at night they would be very likely to get up and sniff the air and look at the sky. Better to know the worst than to be left in uncertainty.

Besides the natural advantages which the sea had for impressing his Great Self upon the inhabitants of Gap Harbor, the people who lived there were uncommonly fitted to receive impressions from him. For they were his children or grandchildren—by adoption. Many were in the "fishin' trade," and went out in smacks and other craft at proper seasons. A considerable number of the older people were retired seamen, and old navigators. Their children and grandchildren were brought up to understand that even before their allegiance to their parents they must honor and respect the Deep. And if there was any difficulty in making them realize this at first, it vanished after they had gained a little experience in the boats.

It was a little marine colony, almost shut off from the rest of the world. Few strangers came. The place was not easy to reach. Coming up by rail from the south, it was necessary to change to a branch road which turned off to the southeast, and



with considerable climbing and turning about, succeeded in reaching several old seaport towns. One of these was Williamsport—quite a large place, with a court-house and a jail. Here the traveler must leave the train and proceed by team over a mountainous road about seven and a half miles. One *could* go by water from Williamsport. The water was there. But water alone will not answer as a conveyance. In the fishing season many Gap Harbor boats would discharge their fish at this place, and then go down nine miles to the sea, proceed around the headland, and after a voyage of nearly twenty miles, make the Gap. But this was not a popular way of reaching the town. It occupied from one to three days, was sometimes very rough, and moreover, the vessels had no state-rooms for passengers. As may be imagined, the tide of travel did not set toward Gap Harbor to any alarming extent. The people lived pretty much by themselves. They were simple-hearted, kindly and honest, with few exceptions. There were some rough young fellows who had shipped in the fishing boats from other places and drifted into the village in this way, who were sometimes an annoyance at night when grog had been freely bought, but people paid little attention to them so long as they kept to themselves. Once in a while some punishment was necessary. It was then swiftly and thoroughly executed. For instance, when two of the roughs, who were to sail out early in the morning, took the opportunity late at night to break into the store, the “committee” was called. Cap’n Smith simply “gave out” that the proper thing would be a “floggin’;” thereupon three old tars walked over to the schooner these wild young men were aboard of, and informed the skipper that they’d have to detain him a few minutes. Then they marched the fellows up the street, tied them to posts in front of the store they had broken into, and gave them a most business-like thrashing. Nothing was said in particular.



When it was finished the ropes were quietly untied, and the roughs limped away. They did not swear or call hard names. They only walked away. They knew perfectly well that if they had said what was on their minds, they would have been instantly tied up again and whaled for half an hour. There is a great deal in being certain of a thing. In communities which consist mainly of the simple old marine element, some things may be relied upon. And the marine element predominated in Gap Harbor. It was officered something like a ship, and Cap'n Smith commanded.

2. No one, so far as known, said a word against the Cap'n when he sent Olive away to school. Neither did any one say anything in favor of it. It simply became known. Had it been any one else who had sent any other girl away, nothing of an unkind or critical nature would have been said. There would have been more astonishment, but no harsh comment. In the Cap'n's case there were circumstances which made the thing less surprising than it would have been in any other. Olive was not his daughter; it was not known whose daughter she was, but it was very evident that she was different in some way from the sea folk of Gap Harbor. This was conceded without remark. No one had mentioned it, but every one was perfectly aware of it. Therefore, they reasoned that the Cap'n was right in pursuing a different course with her from what he might have taken with one of his own children. He had sent his son Edward to the village school—as long as he would go, and that showed he had nothing against it as a school.

Besides, it was remembered that a letter had been left by the girl's father, which the Cap'n regarded as his instructions. This may have ordered that he send her away to school. If it did, then



that alone was reason enough, for it would be an unspeakable crime to disobey instructions.

All these things were quietly taken thought of, though seldom put in words. Had there been no apparent reason, however, for sending the girl away, no one would have questioned it. That the Cap'n saw fit to do so would have been enough.

Cap'n Edward Smith was one of the most respected men of the village. He was loved, too, but no one had ever mentioned that, and there was no way known to these people of showing it. It is therefore doubtful whether he suspected that affection was entertained toward him. But respect was easily detected. His judgment regarding village affairs was law. And, as an instance already related plainly shows, law in Gap Harbor was promptly executed. The most important questions were referred to him for decision. And the decision was invariably just and reasonable.

He was simply treated as if he was aboard ship, and in command. There were other retired ship-captains in the place, but he was the senior. Nearing seventy years of age, his short white hair grew thinly upon his round head; he had a smooth-shaven face, which never lost its weather-beaten, dull red glow, blue eyes looking calmly from under heavy brows, a firm mouth and massive chin, with a jovial expression always playing about among the many seams and wrinkles on his face and neck—sometimes even getting as far round as the back of his head, and running up to a small bald spot which had been apparently worn away there by the rim of his cap. The Cap'n was one of the most lovable old sailors who had ever taken a bark out of harbor. He had not come in at the cabin windows, but had entered at the hawse and worked his way aft. Consequently, in mere "book larnin'" he was deficient. But no one who met and talked with him for five minutes would ever regret this. Book learning would have taken away a simple charm from Cap'n Smith. It would



have taken some of his saltiness, too; and he was salt to the core. His short, thick-set body was carried upon solid, stumpy legs, and they were such unmistakable sea legs that one almost felt the roll of the deck as he went by. He spoke always as though he were still navigating, and made everything subservient to the sea and the weather. He gave orders when necessary. And they were ship's orders. He was as gentle as a mother at times. And his life was bound up in Olive Gray.

3. Edward Smith, also, as has been said, looked forward with intense anxiety to the coming of Miss Gray. He had every reason to do so. He was engaged in a most hazardous and most outrageous undertaking. Others, more skillful than he, more suited to the parts they were assuming, were doing the actual work. But his money—or promise of money—was paying for it. He was now awaiting the result. In half an hour he would know whether or not they had been successful. But the thing had been so well planned, and was in the hands of such accomplished artists, that he had little fear on that point. And so he was waiting with nervous anxiety the coming of Olive Gray. But he waited in a very different place from where his father was standing, with longing heart.

Young Smith had been a disappointment and a cause of much trouble to his amiable parent. After being placed in school he had run away from home, and nothing was seen or heard of him for years. He had been to South America in a coaster, and had spent his small pay in low dens frequented by the worst class of seamen. When his money was gone he shipped again—this time to Havana. After several voyages he found himself stranded in New York, with no money, and nothing to do. It then occurred to him that he would go home. He found



his hard drinking, his low desires. He did not live at his father's house. It was too far away from the drinking places. He lodged where he could, sometimes at Sandy's—sometimes with one of his "friends." He was insulting and brutal upon the slightest provocation. He was always ready for a fight, but as few were ready to fight with him, he seldom got into actual combat. He was feared more for his hot temper than his actual strength. This was another inheritance from his mother, but it was intensified in him. It burst forth with such violence that there was no telling what it would lead him to do. Therefore he was dreaded. In this way, seeing his associates cowed before him, and quiet and peace-loving people avoid him, he naturally became a bully.

One evening he knocked down and unmercifully beat and kicked an unoffending stranger who came to the village with goods to sell.

When it was known in the village, there was quiet indignation. Little was said, but it was understood that some punishment was necessary. They were averse to giving the Cap'n pain, yet such a piece of brutality must not be passed by.

Ed went about the drinking places the following day with brazen unconcern, as if no one would dare to lay hands on him. It was decided that he should be locked up for a week in the little stone store room which served as a jail upon rare occasions, and that Cap'n Smith should be informed of this, but not asked to act in the matter himself, as it involved one of his own family. Jonathan Mazey, an old retired mate, and a warm friend of the Cap'n's, was sent to report the affair, and tell him the decision the "committee" had come to, in his absence.

Cap'n Smith no sooner heard of it than he set out for the village, and stumped along at his fastest gait. So fast, indeed, that Mazey, who was lame, and had also lost the sight of one eye, was left far behind. Coming down the street he saw the several



members of the committee waiting Mazey's return, as they wished to know what the Cap'n had said, before proceeding to action. He gathered them together and said without prefatory remark of any kind, that he was "greatly obleeged for their bein' willin' for to take this matter off his hands, but if it were the same to them, he'd like to j'ine in with 'em on consid'rin' of it." A short consultation followed, and ten minutes afterward the Cap'n entered Sandy's place, where Ed was lounging with two congenial spirits, and walked up to him with a business-like tread. Three veteran seamen followed him in, and waited near the door. They were well on in years, and might not have manned the yards so easily as in years gone by, but their grip was still an iron one, and they were solidly set up. The Cap'n had not spoken to his son for more than two years. And this was what he opened the conversation with:

"I has been a-thinkin' for some time, sir, as I would use a little influence with you, and see what it would do. An' now are jist as good a time for beginnin' as any."

"What do you want?" said Ed, a little alarmed at the appearance of his father, and his opening remark.

"I aren't a-wantin' anythin', my son. I thought I'd see if you didn't."

"Well, I don't want anything of you," yelled the young ruffian.

"I aren't so sure but what you does," said the Cap'n, quietly. "Word has been passed as how you hits a man last night an' then jumps on him an' kicks him. An' this here man didn't never do nothin' as would call for sich conduct. Now of course you doesn't want to make no apologies to him for doin' of it."

"Apologies! Apologies!—Ha, ha!"—turning toward his friends, who were interested spectators of the scene. "Well I guess not!"

"Well sir, I'm a-goin' to have you flogged until



you is so anxious to, that you'll beg for the opportunity of doin' it." Then, turning to the men: "Stan' by!"

Ed struggled like a madman in their grasp, and it was with some difficulty that they took him out and tied him. But the flogging was given, and it was a good one. In half an hour the Cap'n ordered it stopped, and had him locked up for the night. The next day another flogging was administered. On the third day Edward wanted to apologize, and was given the opportunity.

4. But the Cap'n was not through with Edward yet. He got a team and took him home—for he was in such a condition from the "influence" he had already received that he could not walk. He was put to bed, and nursed with the tenderest care that Nancy Dunks, who kept house for the Cap'n, could bestow. It was not what would be called tender care, in many places. But in Gap Harbor it was as tender as any known.

Nancy was a very broad and heavy widow, who lived in a small cottage about a quarter of a mile from the Cap'n's house, toward the village. There seemed to be unusual mortality among her husbands, for, of the several she had had, exactly 100 per cent. had died, or been lost at sea—which really amounted to the same thing. The last one had been swept away shortly after the Cap'n's bereavement, and Nancy felt singularly drawn to the old fellow by sympathetic grief. She tried the experiment, two or three times, of going over and sitting with him, in the silence of afflicted spirits, but found it was not a success, as he would immediately leave the house. Then she grew into the habit of giving Sadie—a young woman from the village who was "help" at the Cap'n's—hints and directions as to the best manner of doing things, and what the Cap'n ought to have.



She very soon found it necessary to look in every day "just to see as things was goin' on right an tidy," and from that to spending a considerable part of the day was but a matter of time. The Cap'n expressed neither gratitude nor alarm. But when Nancy sat down in the room he generally went somewhere else. That was the only sign he gave. The fact was, his mind and heart were so filled with little Olive that he gave small heed to other things. For the child clung to him, and fastened herself about his very soul.

When Edward was brought to the house, after his three days' flogging, Nancy was in the habit of spending a great part of her time there. She at once took charge of him, put him to bed with most of his clothes on, punched the pillows about his head vigorously, and then went down and made him a great basin of Indian meal gruel flavored with molasses. If he had not been very weak and somewhat broken in spirit he would have thrown his boots at her. As it was, he made an effort to get up and escape as soon as she left the room. But he fell back on the bed, almost fainting, and said to himself with an oath, that he would rest awhile first. He rested for two days, enduring Mrs. Dunks as best he could. Then he arose, staggered into his trousers, pulled his boots on, grabbed his hat and started to go.

The Cap'n was waiting for him. It cannot be said certainly that he had put his son into Mrs. Dunks' hands as a "finisher," but it looked like it. At any rate Edward was finished. As he came out of his door and down the winding stairs—which were built like a ship's companion way leading to the upper deck, the Cap'n stood where he could command the foot of them.

Ed saw him, and thought only of getting by and out of the house. But this was not what the Cap'n intended.

"Hold hard there!" Edward stopped. "Ed'ard, how has you enj'yed yourself?"



Ed looked at his father a moment before answering in a surly voice, "You aint no need to ask me that!"

"Then if I aint, don't give me no opportunity o' makin' the same remark agin."

There was a pause, and a flush of violent rage passed over the young man. Had his strength not been gone, he would have leaped upon his father and done him violence.

"There was one more thing as I had to say. I've made a arrangement for ye to take Simmonses sloop and go into business for yourself. She's all in shape for you—cleaned up thorough, new sails into 'er, an' a new coatin' o' paint onto the outside; all you has to do is to go aboard and git your crew."

Ed stood dumfounded. As he waited, undecided what to do or say, a young girl opened the outside door, and seeing only the Cap'n, ran eagerly toward him. All at once she saw he was not alone and stopped. The Cap'n held out his hand to her. She was by his side in an instant, and nestling against him, with one little hand in his and the other holding tightly to the edge of his coat.

"This here is Olive Gray, Ed'ard, as belongs to *me* an' nobody else," looking down into the sweet face which was turned to him as he said it, "and to-morrer she—" Something rose in his throat and choked him, but he made an effort and finished; "To-morrer she are a-goin' away to a place where they fits 'em out with a eddication." Then he added, "Bein' as she are a sort o' sister o' yours, I thought you might like to see her once afore—afore she goes."

Ed saw the slim figure, the delicate hands and little feet—the dark brown hair with a touch of sunset glow in it, waving back and gathered into a single braid behind; he felt, vaguely, that a being from some other world was before him; even his dull and brutal sense perceived what the people of Gap Harbor had felt for years, that Olive Gray was



not, and could not be one of their kind; but only for an instant did he think of these things, for he suddenly lost the consciousness of everything but that two dark eyes were upon him, first curiously, questioningly; then changing to pity. A sudden change it was—instantaneous—overwhelming. He felt it almost as a shock. Nothing like it had ever happened to him before. He was confused. He tried to speak in order to break through the strange influence. He could only stammer. He turned away as if the sun had dazzled him. There was a feeling of groping blindly for an instant, although he made no motion. Then he turned and hurried to the door—pulled it open with a desperate jerk, and rushed from the house.

5. The Cap'n's influence lasted about six months. Then Edward dropped back into his old ways. He dropped suddenly. It was a fall all together.

He was pleased to be able to run his own business, instead of "taking it out on jobs." His punishment, the finishing process administered by the tenderness of Mrs. Dunks, and his father's generosity on the top of it all, had tamed him. It had not touched his heart. He was merely subdued. He had a faint idea, too, of making a success of the business. The season was good. The fish ran well. He made quite a little money. Possibly if he had made none he would have kept straight longer. Having a pocket full, and desiring to let it be known, he was an easy prey for the tempter. And the tempter had many agents on the lookout for him. He went out with a set of his old companions. They made a night of it. Then they made another. That finished the business.

The Cap'n heard of it, and gave up his son as "not havin' sound timbers enough into him for to



make anythin' seaworthy." He was much grieved over it. He loved Edward, and always must love him, for was he not his son? This blow added to his utter misery—his pathetic loneliness because Olive was gone, made the old sailor very much downcast. People saw that he was not himself. He went about restlessly—aimlessly—without purpose. He could not stay in the house where she had been and was not. So he would leave it as early in the day as he could. He would walk out on the shell road into the woods, but he could not stay there, for there too she had been and was not. Every call of a bird, every darting squirrel, every mossy rock asked him where she was. And he hurried away. He climbed to the wild and rocky heights where the sea had eaten into the hills, leaving precipitous and hollowed walls at the foot of which the tide was relentlessly pounding and clamoring for another split of stone to surrender and fall. But she had been there as well—indeed, it was one of her favorite places. Many times had she led him there; the tears dimmed his eyes—he could not stay. So it was everywhere, and the poor old man wandered about, finding no resting place. But it was better than sitting still, for then the aching loneliness would come upon him unbearably. And when he knew that Edward had gone wrong again, it was almost a relief, although so bitter a disappointment, for it took his mind for a little away from his loneliness, although it turned it to something that was nearly as hard to bear.

And so Edward went down again. His low companionship, his habits of drink and debauchery, were resumed with more abandon than before. His short struggle against these things had but increased his appetite. Before many months he was the most reckless and hardened scamp that the quiet little town had ever known.

But a respite was at hand. Early one morning he put out of Gap Harbor in the sloop his father



had placed at his disposal. This was nothing unusual. It created no comment when a week went by without bringing him back. Another passed, and still he did not come. There had been no rough weather, so nothing could have happened to him.

At last people began to think that he might be gone for good. The idea dawned upon them slowly, but it dawned. Those who awoke to it were immediately filled with a gnawing anxiety—lest it was not so. But as time passed without his return, their anxious souls were quieted, and they inwardly gave thanks. Not only had Edward Smith gone, but he had taken three of his cronies with him. The average morality of Gap Harbor was raised several degrees. Even the Cap'n was somewhat relieved. But it was because he did not know where his son had gone, or what he was doing.

6. Several years passed quietly. The fishing craft, large and small, smacks and sloops and schooners, sailed in and out through the Gap. There were storms, with occasional loss of life—for when the wind set so that it drove across the narrow pass, it was almost impossible to get in safely. Several boats, in trying to make it, had been swept down on the dangerous reefs near where the Cap'n lived, and he kept a coil of rope and a small log raft near the water there, to help a crew ashore in case of disaster.

Olive had come home for vacations, and gladdened his life for a little while, and then gone away again, each time more eagerly, and each time causing a greater strain on the Cap'n's heart.

But the end of the weary years he had supposed she must be away from him drew near, and his eyes brightened and new life seemed to come to him. She was at home for one of her last vacations. The two had gone to the high cliff, and she was tell-



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ing him about her studies, and how she hoped to carry them on at home. He asked about her "shipmates at school," and what they would do "when the crew was discharged," having an idea that this might give him some light as to what *he* could do for the one he loved. She told him some of her schoolmates would go home and into society, or take private lessons in different things, and some were going to a place of higher grade—a college for young ladies. Something in her voice made him catch his breath with a sudden thought of alarm. His heart beat painfully. The old dread touched him, but he gave no sign.

He waited a moment before speaking, and then asked her some question about this college of which she had spoken. As she turned to answer him he watched her face closely, with his kind old blue eyes fixed steadily upon it, as he would look at the sky to read the weather. And he saw there that she had a yearning to go to this place herself. He saw it with a great pain leaping into his heart. But that made no difference.

"An what name does they give to it, my darter?" said he.

"Smith College," she answered.

"I rather likes the name o' that," said he, "an I've detarmined to send you there."

She looked at him an instant. Then the tears came into her eyes. She went and stood before him. Once she would have thrown herself into his arms. But she had become more reserved. She only said, "O uncle!" and looked up in his face. He hesitated a little and then took her hands in his, tenderly.

"That suits me jist right, my dear," and he looked sadly into her face, the thought of the separation sweeping over him. "That suits me jist right, for owin' to its bein' *Smith* College,—owin' to its—bein'—" but here he choked up with emotion, and could say no more.



"I will not go, uncle! I will not leave you," she said impulsively.

"Yes ye will, darter. There aint no way out of it—for it's writ into my instructions."

The Cap'n was certainly good to Olive, considering his means. He had saved a little money, and owned a small fishing interest, as did most of the retired navigators of Gap Harbor. But it was a heavy tax upon him to send her to school, and pay for dresses and "the gin'ral outfittin'" of a young lady. He insisted that she should get "the best as is" of everything. Nothing could be good enough for her, let alone being too good. Upon coming home for one of her vacations she had found an upright piano in her room. It was one of the costly makes. The Cap'n had learned from her letters that she was very fond of music, and this seemed to him the thing to do. He sent down to Portland for the instrument, and ordered, at the same time, ten dollars' worth of "tunes for to play onto it," and the assortment was a credit to the intuition of the dealer. He had put in a varied selection of songs of the sea, embracing such gems as "Nancy Lee," "Davy Jones," "Rocked in the Cradle," etc., and other choice marine ballads, many joyous and triumphant—others treating chiefly of watery graves and having more to do with affairs relating to the bottom than with those at the surface of the deep. This ten dollars, however, was *not* thrown away. When Olive played over these pieces for the Cap'n and sang such of them as she could, he was simply carried away. His delight knew no bounds. And they were played very often after that.

And now she was to go away again. Four years more of this delightful school life with companions who seemed so much more to her—so much nearer to her life than any she had known in Gap Harbor.

She was genuinely sorry to be separated from the Cap'n, for she loved him with a depth of affection he did not conceive possible. It was too bad that



he could not know it, he would have been so overjoyed. His happiness would have known no bounds. His great dread would have been lessened. For he could have borne anything, knowing she loved him with such love.

He did not think of it, that her whole heart's loving tenderness and clinging must be toward him. Her mother—father—sister—brother-love resting with him alone. And yet it was so. She had no one else. She never asked him why this was, and he had not told her. Once in a while a strange, almost dreadful loneliness would sweep over her. Even as a child she had had such times. And as she grew older, they came more frequently. She felt that something was gone from her life—that she was alone. She could not tell what or why. She feared to ask what it meant. And soon her buoyant spirits rose again, and the shadow passed away.

She knew Cap'n Smith was not her father. She called him only uncle—though how she came to do so she could not tell. But never having known a father or mother, she accepted him without questioning. And yet the loneliness would come.

That the Cap'n was not rich in a monetary sense Olive's quick intelligence perceived, and she very soon learned to practice little economies. Her dresses were simple and inexpensive. She wore no ornaments of any kind. She had learned, in her brief experience with the outer world, to make the most of little. And yet she looked charming always. Simplicity became her. She needed no ornaments. Jewelry would not have looked well upon her. Because, no matter how brilliant the gem, it would have seemed dull and valueless beside her simple girlish beauty.

So the Cap'n was to lose her for another four years. And that great dread that some one would recognize her, and that she would be taken from him, was awakened anew. But that had nothing to do with her going. He did not consult his own feel-



ings for an instant. He simply decided that she was to go, and that ended it.

The days that followed went very hard with 7. Cap'n Smith. Nancy Dunks was a burden to him. Her actions had become strange and unaccountable. She seemed inclined to lean up against him at odd moments, and when he moved away, would look at him reproachfully. Other little oddities of behavior annoyed him, and he finally consulted old Jonathan Mazey, with whom he had often shipped in the old days, and who adored the very ground he walked over.

Short and stout and permanently lame in the left leg; one eye gone; hair gone, excepting a fringe around the back of his head and under his chin; face and neck and hands seamed and scarred and weather-beaten and leathery. This was Jonathan Mazey, in the rough. He was known only as Mazey. Regularly, once a week, he went and smoked a pipe with the Cap'n. Irregularly, at other times.

These two said little. But they understood each other perfectly. They were of one accord. They would often sit and smoke for three-quarters of an hour in silence. Then one of them would say a word or two. It summed up what might have been said in that three-quarters of an hour. The other would puff out a cloud of smoke, winking his eyes slowly. Then another silent period. Mazey's companionship was the Cap'n's greatest relief. Though little was said, his mind was gently led away from the place of its suffering.

One afternoon they sat together on the Cap'n's porch. Mrs. Dunks saw them there. She had seen them together on many former occasions. She did not approve of it, and was determined, as soon as it would do, to discourage these weekly meetings.



It seemed to her that the proper time for the first step had now arrived. She considered herself a necessity to the Cap'n, and had given him several hints of a tender nature which she supposed he understood. She would now uproot Mazey, and set herself out in his place. With this object in view, she marched out on the porch and calmly seated herself between the two men, and very near to the Cap'n.

For some little time neither old salt gave a sign. They smoked as quietly as if nothing unusual had taken place. Mrs. Dunks sat bolt upright, and waited, frowningly, to catch Mazey's eye. But she did not catch it. Mazey smoked on, his eye blinking peacefully, and his glance directed straight before him.

After a time, the Cap'n knocked the ashes out of his pipe and rose. Then Mazey knocked the ashes out of his pipe and rose. Mrs. Dunks congratulated herself that she had broken up the meeting. But she had not. It was merely adjourned to another locality. The Cap'n deliberately walked into the house. In a few moments Mazey walked into the house. They seated themselves in the parlor, and filled and lighted their pipes. Then Mrs. Dunks came in and seated herself between them.

There was quite a long interval of contemplative smoking on the part of the two old sailors, and defiant glances on the part of Mrs. Dunks. Then the Cap'n knocked the ashes out of his pipe and rose. Mazey did the same, and the two left the house. Mrs. Dunks was triumphant.

Half an hour later, Mazey and the Cap'n were seated in the one little room which the former hired for a lodging, down in the village. They were smoking. No conversation had passed between them since the widow's maneuver. It was some time after they had become settled in Mazey's quarters when the Cap'n spoke.



"Has you taken notice o' the widder of late?"

"I has, sir."

"She are a-actin' strange."

"She are, sir."

Then there was a silence of perhaps ten minutes. The Cap'n spoke again.

"Can you make her out, sir?"

Mazey took his pipe out of his mouth, in order to be more impressive. He looked at the Cap'n, with his bleary one eye. And he said slowly, "I cannot, sir."

"No more can I," said the Cap'n.

There was a very long silence. The Cap'n finished his pipe, and did not fill it. He had something of importance to propose. He sat some time in deep thought.

"Mazey, a-tween you an me, I doesn't like stayin' there no more, by myself. Now sir, will you stan' by?"

"Aye aye, sir!" said Mazey, with a hoarse guttural gurgle.

The Cap'n took Mazey home with him that day, and a wagon brought his "chist" with his "dunnage." He was given a room in the "fo'castle," as the Cap'n called an addition he had built to the house, something in the shape of the bow of a ship.

The Cap'n's house was a curiosity in many ways. As far as possible in shape and arrangement he had tried to conform to the rules of marine architecture. Ships' fittings, too, were seen in every part. A compass with its solid support stood in a corner of the parlor, and several of the Cap'n's oaken lockers near the walls. The mantel ornaments were held in place by thin boards with notches sawed out for the necks of vases and a slat running along the front to hold them in. Large and delicately colored shells had supports of their own. Several swinging racks hung on one side, but instead of glasses and decanters, they held pretty bits of china. The Cap'n was not so simple as to sup-



pose a storm would be likely to rock the structure, but he had always seen these things swung free and liked to have them that way—it seemed natural and proper. His barometer was in the hall at the foot of the stairs, so that you could see it as you came down. The tie of the curtain cords, the much-scrubbed and holy-stoned boards of the floor, which could be seen around the sides of the room, all reminded one of aboard ship, and polished brass trimmings to the little winding stairway, for all the world like one coming down into the Cap'n's cuddy, heightened the effect.

But with it all was another element, something feminine and delicate, and yet fitting to the place. Pretty striped curtains there were, made from old sails, and a fire screen of the same material, with a ship at sea embroidered upon it. The piano, which Olive would not have in her room, was here now, and there could be no doubt at all about its being a ship's piano so far as decoration of the cover went. The Cap'n had never taken a piano on a voyage with him, and therefore looked a little doubtfully at it until Olive put its sea-cover and its sea-legs on. One of the real old rag carpets of many colors covered the middle of the room, and this with pretty tidies, and cushions with chintz covers on the lockers, gave a cheerful and comfortable look to the place.

An old ship's wheel had been turned to good account in the line of decoration and use as well. It stood near the wall on one side of the room on solid uprights and with bronzed ropes running down each side through holes in the board that served as a base. The handles were polished, and a pretty work-bag and other fancy articles hung from them. In the same way an old anchor was suspended by a chain in front of a low and very wide window, each arm supporting a jar of growing plants, the vines climbing the chain and festooning themselves about the veteran piece of iron in all sorts of charming figures.



There was no balustrade to the little ship's stairway. Instead, ropes ran from one support to another along each side. But the ropes originally put in were now replaced by bright-colored ones of yarns twisted together, and its iron supports were neatly bronzed.

The walls of the room had been of a pale bluish-green or greenish-blue shade, and upon this for a background Olive had pasted and tacked and fastened in various ways pressed sea plants of glowing red shades, sea mosses and ferns, sea-weeds and other delicate growing things. These were arranged in an irregular band around the room just above the low wainscot, and an old rope fastened along in a wavy line above and below it, and touched up with copper bronze, gave it a finish and effect that was certainly very pretty. Among the pressed sea plants within this roped inclosure could be seen an occasional star-fish by way of emphasis, and now and then an iridescent shell and other salt water curiosities of a proper shape for fastening in. This "deep-sea dado" had been Olive's delight. It was of slow growth. She added to it every day or two when at home. And the Cap'n sat and adored it.

In the vases upon the mantel were bunches of old and dried-up grasses and flowers. The Cap'n would not have them touched. Olive had put them there the day she went away.

And because Mrs. Dunks had made this place an abode of sorrow, Mazey "stood by." He came to live there, and was a great comfort to the Cap'n. He now had company. His old friend was as true as steel, as faithful as a dog—and that is the most faithful creature that lives. And it was a great thing for Mazey too, as he was all alone in the world, and craved companionship. And what companionship could be more desired than that of his old captain, whose words were gospel, whose orders were law?

The two became closer friends than ever before, and exchanged confidences of deeper import, though



in the same monosyllabic way, with long silences. The Cap'n told Mazey many things about Olive, and even confided to him that he feared "she was a-gittin more differenter every day." He told him too, and this was a mark of extreme confidence, about a newspaper he kept in one of his lockers in the little parlor, which "laid over any newspaper as he ever saw." He had bought it more than twenty-nine years ago in Calcutta, and it was the *Calcutta Mariner*; on very special occasions "when something was a-troublin' him, he would turn to an git it out." He got it out one day and showed it to Mazey, expatiating on its wonderful power of diverting the mind.

Thus Mrs. Dunks' first move in her campaign to separate the two old friends, was quite the reverse of successful. She was a simple old creature, and the unforeseen result of her attack so surprised her that she did not make another demonstration until the next spring, and that was quite a number of months. So the Cap'n had comparative peace. And having Mazey to relieve his loneliness, he did not go about restlessly as had been his habit. But for all that he hungered for his little "darter," and feared for her, and had the great dread.

And deep down in his mind he was troubled about his son. One of the skippers who came to Gap Harbor with merchandise had seen him, and brought no good report. He feared Edward had gone utterly and hopelessly to the bad.

Olive's letters were an unspeakable comfort to the Cap'n. They were a lasting comfort, too. It took him a great while to read one. And by the time he reached the end, the beginning of the letter would be quite fresh again, so that when he received one, which was every week, he read it constantly the first day, over and over again. Then for several days following he



read it occasionally. After that, only at odd times. The last day or two, before a fresh one came, when he had almost exhausted the one last received, he would get out his box with all the old letters, and live on them until the arrival of the next. She wrote lovingly to him. Her letters were not so reserved on the subject of affection as she herself had grown. She said things that she might not have spoken to him had she been at home.

And so the Cap'n lived through the weary terms—from one vacation to another. And when she came home for those brief visits between the terms, time seemed to be nothing to him. It was light. It had no body. It vanished into thin air before he could grasp it. Afterward he would go over it all in his mind, from the day she came until he sorrowfully and silently loaded her trunk into the wagon, and drove with her over the hills to Williamsport. Everything, no matter how trivial, that she had said; where they had been; what they had done; all came back to him vividly. He lived the vacation over again. He would look at the new things she had put in her deep-sea dado. And after his mind had been over-it all, he would think of her. He saw how she was changing year by year. How exquisitely beautiful she was growing in face and figure. Though still inclined to be slim, her form was daintily rounded, and every outline captivating. There was not a motion that was not grace itself. The same little hands and feet, so quick-moving—so fascinating. The same full white throat, only fuller and whiter, and the same coquettish little mouth which could smile two dimples into life, and suddenly make them vanish again as that strange seriousness spread over her lovely face. But above all the rest, the marvelous dark eyes which seemed to read through and through one, holding him fascinated, thrilled, until she turned them away or he violently broke the spell. And yet she seemed entirely unconscious of this strange influence, and,



indeed, would have been the most surprised young lady in the world had she been told of it.

She was a joy and a sunbeam in the house when she came, tripping about with her dainty, elastic step, humming little bits of new songs, tacking new things into her dado, hammering her fingers the first thing—giving a little scream that was a joy to hear, because it meant nothing serious, and then making the ancient Mazey kiss the hurt place.

She had no end of sport with Mazey, to whom she took a great fancy, and as for what he thought of her, words would simply refuse to tell it. And then, in the midst of her joyous lightness, would come one of those times of thinking to herself, as the Cap'n called it, when nothing could make her smile, and the unfathomable eyes seemed to be vacant—open, yet not seeing; the spirit not looking out of them, shut within, silent. Even when she was a child, and had romped about with him, she would stop once in a while and stand looking at him strangely, absently, silently—he waiting with fear; feeling almost guilty; imagining her thought must be, "Why am I here with you? I do not belong here. Let me go."

And as she grew up, these serious times came oftener and lasted longer. For days she would appear overcome with a weird loneliness—a dumb asking for something they could not give her. She would sit at the piano and play strange and sad music—impetuously; with a half desperate outpouring. She would go into the woods alone. When spoken to, answering pleasantly, yet absently, as if thinking other thoughts. Then, like a cloud, the shadow would pass away from her, and she was her own sweet self again.

The Cap'n took this to heart. And her reserve toward him he misconstrued, for Olive had that not uncommon nature that treats lightly the lighter things, and holds the deeper, the more serious feelings to itself—unspeakable. Therefore, she did not cling about the old man's neck as she used to do



once, and tell him she loved him. That seemed trivial—nothing to her depth of real feeling. She was serious with him. And when she was serious she was silent.

And though, even as a child, she seemed so strangely different from the people among whom chance had placed her, yet lately, after being away at school and college, that difference became so marked, so evident, that the Cap'n felt it keenly. It began to seem personal to him. It was sacrilege for him to be near her. She was like a beautiful star who brought a sky of her own, and how could he assume to have close relation to her—even in the name? And so gradually he ceased calling her "darter"—and avoided any name but Olive. And that name, which he had given her himself, beginning to seem too familiar, he one day hit upon "young leddy;" and finding it appropriate in his own mind, and expressing something he felt, continued to call her by it. And when Olive would have remonstrated, and asked him to call her by the same loving word he always had, her reserve held her back. She could not speak of these things. And so she was "young leddy" from that time. The Cap'n's worship was as great, but it seemed as if it were from a distance.

Once in a while, as he sat smoking with Mazey, after she had gone, and in the long silences had thought over all she had said and done in the too brief vacation visit, he would become very still, and forget to draw on his pipe, which would go out slowly; then he would take it out of his mouth, look steadily before him, and finally speak in a low voice, as if thinking aloud, not knowing he gave his thought words: "That girl"—a long pause here, "that girl are a-kind of driftin' away from me like,—she are a-kind of—driftin'—away." Then he would sit motionless, breathing long breaths, as if in pain. Soon his eyes would wink very fast, as tears quietly rose into them. Then his pipe would fall to the



floor and break in pieces, at which he would start up, pull out an old red handkerchief and rub it across his face once or twice, rise and go slowly to the locker near the window, take out the old yellow *Calcutta Mariner*, and sit reading it for hours at a time.

Olive passed the last examination, and was  
9. a senior. As the institution was not for young men, it may be well to correct a possible impression which might follow from the use of that word, and state plainly and pointedly that she was senior only in name. A more girlish and altogether delightful senior cannot be imagined.

The long summer vacation was at hand. The smiling, tearful adieus were said. There were not many to say, for Olive's close friends were few. She was admired and looked up to by everybody at the college. There was not one girl in the four fascinating classes who would not have given worlds to be intimate with her. But those who were her intimates could be counted on the fingers of one hand, even if you had lost a finger and the thumb along with it. And they knew her only on the surface. It was a very charming and delightful surface to know any one on, and they tried to be satisfied. Although Olive could amuse and entertain them with the brightest conversation — indeed, almost brilliant at times; although she was full of animal spirits, vivacity, playfulness, to the very brim of her fascinating summer hat; yet about herself or her life she never spoke. If the subject was touched upon she became instantly silent, and had one of her moods, as her school friends called them. Knowing this, they tried to avoid speaking of it.

One of the three who counted themselves her friends was Edith Kimball, and she was dearer and



closer to her than either of the others. They really loved each other, these two, and Edith was sad at the thought of their separation—even for twelve weeks. So that one day, a little before the end of the term, after a long silence between them, she burst out suddenly—impulsively—according to her nature, with,

“Olive! Olive!—I love you, and I don’t *know* you! Why don’t you tell me about *yourself*—*yourself*, Olive—*why* don’t you *tell* me?”

Olive turned to Edith, with a strange, lonely look in her eyes, and said simply:

“Because I do not know.”

So she went home to Gap Harbor for the long summer vacation. And the Cap’n was overjoyed to have her there, and comforted by the thought that there was only one more year of “educatin’;” Mazey blinked his one eye in perfect rapture; even Mrs. Dunks felt the joyous influence, for Olive was always jolly and sweet with the good-hearted old creature, and it was impossible for the bulky widow to help having a secret admiration for her.

More charming than ever, more rounded and dimpled, more graceful in motion, deeper and more thoughtful in repose, Olive was a vision of loveliness to the admiring mariners and marinesses of Gap Harbor. Perfectly frank and unaffected in her behavior toward them, dressed in the simplest gowns—yet always seeming well dressed and stylish, she never gave offense, but always pleasure. She walked right into their neat and shipshape parlors and seemed to have no suspicion that she was not one of them, although they knew perfectly well that she was not; they saw she was another kind of a being. She greeted them all by name, inquired about those who had been sick, sympathized with the families of those whom the cruel sea had taken away. And the Cap’n and Mazey went about with her—she would not go without them—and they were both tremendously proud of her. Only the Cap’n’s pride was mixed with a fear that people would see how



presuming it was in him to claim any ownership in one who was so beautiful—so radiant—so different from them all.

Olive played and sang the sea songs, and Mazey had to hold himself to keep from “j’inin’ in.” She went to the woods and the high rocks, and renewed her acquaintance with all the old places, the Cap’n alone going with her, for Mazey could not accompany them, owing to his infirmities.

As the two were standing one afternoon, looking off to sea from one of the cliffs, Olive was silent for a long time, and the Cap’n, turning slowly and fearingly, saw that the strange look had come into her face—the “thinkin’ to herself”—the desolation—the loneliness. It was the first time since her return. Although his heart failed him, the Cap’n determined to find out what troubled her, so that he might help her if he could.

“Young leddy,” said he. But she did not hear him.

He went and stood near her. After a minute or two, he rather timidly took her hand in his. She slowly turned her wonderful eyes full upon him. The guilty feeling overpowered him for an instant—and yet of what was he guilty? Keeping her from her own friends and family? He did not know them. Should he have sought for them? How could he, when it was contrary to his “instructions,” for was it not written there, that he never must give her up to any one claiming relationship? And yet before that searching, questioning gaze, he felt like a culprit. But he had decided to speak, and he did so, with simple directness.

“Young leddy, aren’t there somethin’ as you’re a-wantin’?—aren’t there *somethin’*?”

She held to his hand tightly with both of hers and looked at him. “Yes, uncle,” she answered in a low voice. “Yes, uncle—I want—to know——”

“What is it then—I’ll tell you anythin’ I can,” said the Cap’n, but he trembled inwardly.

There was an instant of struggle in Olive’s face,



and then impetuously — uncontrollably — almost breathlessly, she said:

“Tell me—what it all means, uncle! Where is my father—my mother—all who are mine?—Haven't I any one—*any one*! Am I all alone? Where did you find me? Where did I come from—who am I, uncle? Who am I?”

Then the Cap'n told her in a few words all he knew. How a gentleman came to Gap Harbor with a very little child in his arms, seeming to have traveled a long way on foot, for he was nearly exhausted. How he took them in and did what he could for them, but could not learn anything from the gentleman, excepting that the child was his; he would not even tell his name. How he seemed to avoid everybody, and have “somethin' as weighed him down,” and “as he was a-wantin' to furgit.” That after a few weeks, he threw himself overboard from one of the fishing boats during a storm, and was drowned before they could pick him up.

“The little one,” concluded Cap'n Smith, “were left into my charge an' keepin', an' that there little one growed up to be you.”

Olive listened intently. Then she asked about her father; what kind of a man he was; what it was that seemed to trouble him so much; whether he didn't leave something—anything—that would give a clew to his identity; and many other questions. The Cap'n described him as best he could, but was unable to answer the other things satisfactorily. He told her there was a letter that she should see, “which were instructions as to the course to be took with her.”

They walked back to the house in silence. Olive read her father's brief letter many times alone in her room that evening. It was in a nervous, tremulous hand, strangely expressed, yet showing strong, almost violent feeling. The last words burned themselves into her mind. “*Upon no account give her up to any one claiming to be a relative. It is a lie. It*



*is a lie. Tell them so. For she has none. They shall not have her. Do not believe them. I say it, and I am her father."*

There was no other signature than this.

Olive was silent and thoughtful for two days. And then, much to the Cap'n's joy, the clouds cleared away, and she shone out, her own beautiful, sunshiny self. She loved him all the more. And he was greatly relieved that he had told her.

Ed Smith, having knocked about for several  
10. years and experienced many vicissitudes, finally shipped to sea again, and had recently returned to New York after several long voyages. Having squandered his money in the gambling dens and vicious resorts near the docks, and renewed his acquaintance with a select gang of pals in various unlawful lines of industry, he took it into his head that he would go and see if the old man hadn't got out yet, and left him something substantial. He needed money badly and was tired of working.

He arrived in Gap Harbor one evening late in June, after beating his way on such roads as he could, and being arrested once or twice for the same, thereby obtaining several days' board and lodging.

He was easily recognized, although his face was more brutal and the marks of vice and dissipation were stronger and deeper. He wore a flannel shirt, a thick sack coat of faded gray material, and blue trousers, tucked into his boots.

He soon learned that his parent still lived, and having fortified himself with a large glass of the violent fluid sold at Sandy's under the name of "Best Kentucky," he proceeded at once out the shell road. Striding up to the door of the Cap'n's house, he dealt it a kick with one of his heavy boots.



Edward was no longer a boy. He was a full-grown, hardened man. He felt a sullen rage—the dull anger of a beast—when he remembered how his father used to treat him in former days, the authority he exercised, the flogging he had been instrumental in giving him, and other things which touched his base pride. He would show him now that this sort of thing would not do. He would let him understand, at the start, that if any bullying was to be done, he would do it himself. In fact, he would frighten the old man—terrify him if necessary, and then he would get money from him easily. Therefore he gave the door of the house a violent kick.

The Cap'n and Mazey were sitting in the parlor watching Olive, who was operating on the wall with little paint-brushes. She had not touched the deep-sea dado this time, but had a new "crackshun," as Mazey called it. She had brought home a number of little tubes of colors, brushes, and other artists' materials, and had painted the most astonishing things on the wall. There was, in one place, the top of the sea, which was very appropriate, as it brought the dado with its sea-weeds and star-fish under the surface; and calmly floating on this was a coral island with palms and cocoanuts, and sunflowers as high as trees. Behind a sunset was going on, which the sunflowers were quietly ignoring, for their faces were turned in the opposite direction—though it was not strange that they were more attracted by Olive and looked toward her; it was a very vigorous sunset, with bars of light shooting off in every direction, one of which threatened to set the door jamb on fire, and another to shatter a bracket on which was the model of a full-rigged schooner which the Cap'n valued highly. She had decorated the greenish wall, here and there, with the most realistic views of life under water. Strange looking fish stared motionless from odd nooks. Across one corner was a large cobweb of silver threads, and struggling



desperately in it was an unfortunate crab. Instead of a spider watching his victim there was a large lobster, and the artist had slipped into the slight error of making it a boiled lobster in order to obtain a more effective color.

On the wall above the piano were green reeds, and a huge frog singing from a sheet of music, while other frogs peered through the reeds listening.

She was at this moment working on some odd, plant-like fish, which had apparently fastened themselves along the top of the dado as if it were the bottom of the sea, and were spreading out their delicate branching arms.

The resounding kick on the Cap'n's door brought him to his feet at once. Mazey blinked his eye questioningly. He had a great variety of blinks, and this one indicated inquiry. Olive also was startled. She stopped to see what such a disturbance could mean. The Cap'n opened the door.

"Hallo, old man!" shouted a coarse voice, loud and grating. "I've come back, an' I s'pose you're glad to see me, aint ye?"

The Cap'n said nothing, but stared at the bulky form of his son, vaguely outlined against the night.

"What are you looking at? You know me pretty well, I guess—an' if you don't you will. I'm Ed, an' you know me well enough."

"I aren't sayin' but what I do," replied the Cap'n slowly, "but it appears to me that you're a-speakin' a little strange for a son o' mine."

"I speak the way I like!" growled Ed, in a low threatening tone, with his teeth together, and at the same time he crowded into the hall way.

"I sees as you does," said the Cap'n, simply.

"Look here!" said Ed, louder, and placing a heavy hand on the Cap'n's shoulder, "I aint what I was! You might 'a' got me flogged once, but you don't again! I can handle a dozen like you!" And he frowned down on the Cap'n with a contemptuous leer.



Cap'n Smith stood looking straight at him, unmoved.

"Have you got any money?" demanded Ed, in a lower tone, but one that meant a great deal.

"I aren't none for you," replied the Cap'n.

"Why not fur me?"

"Because you hasn't no call to it."

"Then I'll *make* a call," said Ed, pushing the Cap'n roughly against the side wall and turning toward the parlor door. "Where do you keep it, that's all I want to know?"

Mazey had hobbled to his feet during the altercation, and with the idea of standing by, went toward the hall. As Ed came to the door, Mazey met him.

"Hallo, what's this old coon doing here?" said he, and he brushed Mazey out of his way, the poor old fellow falling back in a heap on the floor, as Ed strode past him into the room.

Suddenly he stopped as if paralyzed by an electric shock. Olive had darted in his path, her great eyes blazing upon him, her white face set with indignation. He remembered the eyes, but he felt their real power for the first time.

He was struggling to turn away from her, when she spoke, pointing to Mazey.

"Go to that poor old man you have thrown down, and help him to his feet!"

He stared at her a moment. Then turned heavily round, walked to Mazey, and helped him up. The Cap'n, who had just come to the door, for it all happened in a moment, came and stood beside Olive. She took hold of his arm quickly, and said under her breath:

"Uncle, he shall not hurt you!"

Ed turned and looked at her, but in a very different frame of mind from the one in which he came into the house. He looked at her for several seconds. At first he seemed to be trying to understand what had happened. Then his look changed



to one of admiration. He stood, dumbly fascinated. His small eyes glittered. After a while he turned away, looking toward the Cap'n.

"You mistook me here," said he in a voice singularly softened. "You mistook me for bein' in dead earnest. Why, I didn't intend anythin'. I just got in from Australia, an' I came here quick for to see the ole man, an' I was only havin' a little lark."

"We don't altogether like these here larks," remarked the Cap'n, dryly. Olive turned away and resumed her painting on the wall.

"Look here, Mazey," said Ed, turning to him, "I never intended to hurt ye, an' if I did, I beg your pardon."

"I aren't hurted," said Mazey, seating himself at a respectful distance.

"Well then, what have I done? What does the—the—" and he looked at Olive, who was painting an additional beam to the sunset. But he did not finish. He stood staring at her. He had never before seen such beauty, such grace, such spirit. Especially did the spirit impress him. He had seen a marvelous exhibition of it. A flashing, intense darting of its fire. He was thrilled. Her loveliness appealed even to his coarse nature. It captivated him. He was amazed. Intoxicated. He did not know whether to go or stay. But he did not go.

He tried to make them believe he had been entirely misunderstood. It was a new kind of enterprise for him, and he made every effort. He took a marvelous clasp-knife from his pocket, with many and ingeniously devised blades, and an exquisitely carved handle, and told his father he brought it for him. He racked his brain to think of other things. After a time the old Cap'n began to half believe him, and Mazey was only too ready to overlook the incivility of his first greeting. It ended in the Cap'n taking him out in the kitchen to see if he could find him



something to eat, and old Mazey hobbling along after them.

Olive remained in the parlor decorating the wall. She stopped the work she had been engaged upon and rapidly sketched in a great fish with a horrid, bullish head, and an ugly, venomous eye. He was turning himself toward her, and his body and tail were lost in the swirl of the water which circled around him.

Word was passed about the village that Ed  
11. Smith had come back, and that he had reformed. Although no one said they doubted it, there was a good strong undercurrent of incredulity. But seeing is believing. The evidence of the senses must be accepted if we are to get anywhere in philosophy. And this evidence very soon verified the rumor. After a good deal of hesitancy, it was finally admitted as a fact.

Certainly the fellow looked pretty tough. But he did not drink. He did not go out on night carousals. He did not talk blasphemously. What he did was to quietly apply for a job. And he got one on a schooner. He worked faithfully. On his return he was paid off. He at once bought himself some clothes.

He took other work—whatever he could get. He spoke to few people. There was an ugly gleam in his eye now and then. But there was no doubt about his reform. No one would bother about the gleam, so long as he behaved himself with outward decency.

The Cap'n heard of the change. A sudden hope rose within him that Edward might yet make himself "seaworthy." He thought they had really done him an injustice that night he made his way into the house, in so rough and boisterous a manner. Mazey agreed with him of course. He asked Olive if she



didn't think so. She said she would be very glad to. The Cap'n understood this to mean that she did, and was happy. That was what she intended.

For a while he did not visit his father's house. After he had purchased respectable clothing, he called there. His heart beat itself fearfully against his side upon approaching the door. It was a new sensation to him. His hand trembled as he raised it to the knocker. Also a new sensation—at any rate for his hand to tremble from such a cause.

Olive was playing over the sea-music, interspersed now and then with an exquisite nocturne or sonata. He stood listening outside, his hand failing him with the knocker. Small, brutal, animal as was his soul, the music from her wonderful touch set it on fire. It was nearly three-quarters of an hour that he listened there. Then, as she had stopped, he knocked faintly. It was too dark for him to see the dint his boot had made in the door on a former occasion. But he must have known it was there.

After he had been in the room awhile, Olive said she was tired, and begged to be excused. But he had seen her. She treated him civilly, too. His heart bounded.

After this, he came as often as he could. His pulse beat more fearfully, his hand trembled more violently each time he approached the house. Going in, he would glance quickly about. Was she there? If not, his heart sunk, leaden. His disappointment was cutting—unbearable. If he saw her, or that she was in the house, he was as one intoxicated. His head seemed to swim for an instant. His eyes bulged out. He gasped. He caught his breath.

The man was desperately, madly fascinated. In his way, which was a strong—violent—brutal way, he loved mightily. It possessed him. It held him



like a grasping vise upon his heart; like chains forged hot about him. It was desperate—wild—ungovernable. A brutish love.

He sat and chatted with his father, or Mazey. But he knew not what he said. His glittering eyes saw only Olive. He did not know what was said to him. He was unconscious of his replies. He knew only that she was there. As for Olive, she hardly spoke to him. She avoided looking at him. When she could do so without attracting attention, she left the room. Or, if she was in her own room when he came, she remained there. But she did this without appearing to avoid him. She would not be rude—impolite even, though he were a Borguld.

After a little, he came oftener still. He could not stay away. Though he but watched the house, he must go there. Night after night he would prowl in the vicinity. Then he would get a job and be gone for a while. Returning, he would remain until his wages were exhausted. It was in much the same way he had spent his money before—this was merely a new form of dissipation—a madness—a delirium.

But for all that, he was reformed. He behaved himself. His appearance was improved. It was surprising. For no one expected it or thought such a thing possible. Three persons knew what had caused this astonishing change in Edward Smith,—no more. One of the three was himself. Another, Olive Gray. Another the Cap'n.

Edward may have been desperate—delirious—crushed by the foreboding that his love was hopeless; Olive may have been annoyed—rebellious—horrified that such a thing should be; but to the Cap'n came the conflict, and it was a sharp one this time. The chance of saving his son; his rescue from a career of vice and crime; the fearful consequence to Edward when the great hope that inspired him and gave him strength should be taken away—the relapse—the awful fall back to the



level from which he had been lifted, and the fearful plunge far below that level, in proportion as he had been raised above it; the precious thought, too, of calling Olive his daughter in reality;—these things, and many more passed through his mind—not at once, but as the weeks went by, and he saw his son's mad love; as he saw him lifted higher and higher.

But he did not swerve for an instant. The right course was plain to him, and he swung over the wheel and put the ship square upon it.

It was to Olive he spoke, and they were alone.

"Young leddy, I take notice as Ed'ard is surprisin' fond o' you, an' owin' to that, he are turned to, and p'inted away from his bad doins, an' is a-tryin' for to sail it straight."

Olive waited, holding her breath. What was he going to ask her? Something she had feared! Something she had feared!

"Now I was a-thinkin' if there could be some way—" He hesitated an instant.

"It is coming!" she whispered to herself.

"—some way so as when the boy larns as what he wants can't never be done,—for of course you wouldn't allow it—no more would I *for* you—some way so he wouldn't be driv back on the rocks as he's jist got off of, an' as he'd go to pieces on for sartain when he strikes 'em agin."

"If there *is* any way, uncle, I will do it," said Olive.

"I've thought it over careful," said the Cap'n, "an' I allow it's hard to git at. An' yit, if you could a-kind o' let it off easy-like, so it won't carry away his riggin' an' leave him helpless, mebbe that would be something."

And so it happened that when Ed came upon Olive walking out the shell road, she did not turn back, but bade him good afternoon. And he spoke to her, at last, alone. And she answered him.



The summer vacation was nearly over. Ed  
12. knew she would soon go away. He had been wildly happy, in a state of ecstasy, of which he had never dreamed. He had seen her often; taken her out on the harbor; gone to the cliffs with her; sat in the parlor and watched her paint sharks and porpoises on the wall. She talked to him seriously. She spoke of truth, self-respect, manliness, in her sweet girlish way. He cared not what she said, so that he was with her.

She suffered all this for the Cap'n's sake. Her thought was to do what she could to save his son. If she had influence with him, she would exert it to keep him in the right path. She would show him how much better it was to behave one's self respectably, to be gentlemanly, honorable, manly, than to be a rowdy and a sot. If he cared for her opinion, she would let him know, fearlessly, what it was. And so she denied herself much happiness, and endured a presence that she loathed.

Had she known that the thoughts beneath that forbidding, low forehead were not upon what she so bravely uttered, but on the lips that uttered them; that he was not drinking in her words, but herself, her rounded form, her exquisite hands, dainty feet, bewildering eyes, feeding his ears upon her soft musical voice, she would have finished with him quickly.

Because he had seen her so often, been in her presence, spoken with her, listened to her voice, been treated kindly by her for the Cap'n's sake, he felt a fiercer passion, a more desperate, flaming impulse to hold her in his arms. And so it came about that one day, knowing she would soon go, he forgot himself, forgot everything, was swept away by his furious loving, and coming behind her, suddenly caught her in his arms.

For an instant she was still, motionless, as it was her nature to be in the presence of danger. In that instant she heard the birds sing as if it were the screaming of whistles, and the sounds of insects beat



upon her ears. She had gone into a field for golden rod, and he had followed her. She moved suddenly, and took hold of his arms to loose them. They were like iron, and held her the tighter.

"Let me go!—Let me go!" she said, in a clear voice, imperiously.

"Why? What I done?—You aint afraid of me, are you?" Drawing her closer. "It's because I love you! You aint afraid of that, are you? A man can love you, can't he? You knew I loved you! You knew it all the time, an'—you aint said anything against it! An' now you're going away from me—going away! An' I—I won't see you—I—" His breath caught in a sort of gasp and his hold relaxed a little—the thought of her absence sweeping over him.

Olive, lithe as a leopard, and as quick of motion, was away from him in an instant. He saw her facing him indignantly, almost within his reach. But he had come to his senses, and did not try to recapture her. She was standing before him as she had the night he entered his father's house, every muscle tense, every nerve electric, her face mute, her eyes glowing with the strange light that held him helpless, confused, fascinated. But now he submitted to the fascination. He let it intoxicate him—thrill him. For a moment he saw nothing else—knew of nothing else.

"You have forgotten yourself," said a voice, and at first it seemed to him far away, but he knew it was hers. "I do not wish to see you again," and she turned and walked toward the road.

"Wait! For God's sake wait!"

The desperate, imploring tone of his voice reminded her of the Cap'n's simple request. "If you could a-kind o' let it off easy-like." She stopped. He came bounding to where she stood.

"What have I done? You aint goin' to throw me over like that! You wouldn't do that! You wouldn't do it, would you? How could I help it? How can



"I help it when I see you?" And he talked on imploringly, despairingly, at times even threateningly. His tongue loosed, he poured out all that burned in him and consumed him; he promised, entreated, implored. His devouring desire, his brutish passion forced itself out in the torrent of his words. Olive was shocked. It was terrible to her. But remembering the Cap'n, she listened.

She tried to speak to him calmly, telling him that he must not think of her in any other way than as a sister—and yet she shuddered when she said that word. She said she could never, *never* be anything more to him; but if he valued her respect, her friendship enough to keep on in the manly and respectable life he was living, she would be very glad.

"Friendship!" he said hoarsely; "respect! What are them to me? I want——"

"Very well," interposed Olive quickly, "if you do not want them, all you have to do is to go back to the life you once led."

Ed stopped as if thinking.

"But I am sure if you *do* care for me you want me to like you," Olive continued, hoping she had made an impression. "And the more you show yourself worthy of it, the more I will."

His small glittering eyes turned upon her quickly, to see how much she meant by that. Hope revived in him.

It was this hope that held him to his course when she was gone. Little as it was, it gave him strength to do anything whereby to gain his object. Under its inspiration he threw himself into work, not to be industrious, useful, self-supporting, but to get money. He wanted means to assist him, so that he could wear good clothes before her, and do what he desired; buy her presents; give himself value in her eyes; perhaps even go to her wherever she might be. He toiled night or day, whenever work was to be had.

Soon, by taking advantage of another's misfortune, he gained part possession of an interest, so that



he worked for himself. And then he labored with a furious determination. A fortunate run of the fish enabled him to buy out the entire interest. He was the owner of a schooner. He made money, and saved every cent that was not necessary to keep him from starvation. It was not a proper and self-controlled labor. It was feverish—morbid. But money rewarded it.

Although he behaved himself, and seemed to have given up his old vices, it was only that his brutal, violent spirit was absorbed in this stronger passion that ruled him, and grew in intensity as he worked for the one object he had before him. The wicked gleam in his eye, the cunning, the low desires, the ungovernable temper—all were there. Once in a while the old fiend took possession of him. It was at times when he realized that his chance was small—that she might not be for him—that another might take her away from him—that she was away from him now—he knew not where—with whom—what doing. This, coming upon him violently, as it sometimes did, he would rush away to be alone, so that no one should see the contortion of his ugly face, the griping of his powerful hands at the air, at trees, at himself, twisting his flesh; should hear the blasphemous epithets, the frenzied beseechings, the calling out of coarse and disgusting words of endearment and passion into the empty air. Through an entire night this spirit might be upon him. And when the fit was over, and his frenzy had spent itself, he would return to work.

13. Olive did not return for the Christmas vacation, but remained to pursue her art studies privately. At the Easter holidays she came. It was the last vacation before her graduation.

Ed was at the Williamsport depot when the train



rolled in. He helped Olive from the car, carried her small baggage to the wagon, and then pushed his father aside, and lifted the trunk in. He stood on the platform when the Cap'n took up the reins to start, and Olive, who had thanked him sweetly, asked the Cap'n if he could not ride home with them.

"*Sartain* he can," replied the Cap'n, "if you says the word."

Now Olive did not wish it at all. But she wanted to start with this man in as easy and friendly a manner as possible. She saw that he was dressed well, and had evidently taken her advice. She had promised to be friends with him. Therefore she said the word, and the three drove back to Gap Harbor together.

But very soon it began to be evident that Ed was assuming too much. He evidently imagined he had some right or ownership in Olive; was constantly at the house; watched her when she went out; seemed never to take his eyes from her. All night he would remain outside, where he could command a view of her window. There was no effort to conceal this. Rather did he seem to do it ostentatiously. And he spoke to her with a hint of authority in his tone, almost as if she belonged to him.

It could not go on. It became unbearable. The Cap'n saw that it must end.

"I aren't a-goin' to have you troubled no more," said he, one evening, after Olive had endured this for a week and a half. "I shall give orders for him to sheer off."

She thanked him, feeling that if the Cap'n could end the affair and save her a disagreeable interview with the fellow, it would be a great relief. She disliked a scene intensely—although her excitement carried her through one when occasion required. She had some misgivings, however, knowing Ed's violent nature, and resolved to be near at hand



when the Cap'n gave his "orders," so that no harm should come to him.

It was not until the following evening that he had an opportunity of getting Ed alone with him in the little parlor, from the walls of which gaping sea monsters regarded the occupants with all the signs of a healthy appetite. He had sent Mazey to the village for something. Olive had gone to her room.

The Cap'n sat still a moment, and then he began with his usual directness and simplicity.

"Ed'ard, I've been takin' obsarvations on your course pretty reg'lar, an' it's a-takin' of you into waters where you doesn't belong."

Ed stared at his father. There was a short pause, and then the Cap'n, looking him calmly in the eye, went on. "This young leddy as jist went out were left with me, and I've tried to do the best I know'd of for her. She's been eddicated an' brung up like a leddy an' she *are* a leddy, an' I aren't a-goin' to stan' by an' see the whole thing go to smash owin' to you. Therefore, once for all, I gives orders as you is to sheer off."

Ed was up in an instant, hot, furious. His chair fell backward on the floor as he sprang to his feet, and Olive, hearing it, flew to the stairway and down. She stopped at the foot of the stairs. Ed was doing no violence, but was shaking his clinched fist in his father's face, and hissing threats and oaths through his set teeth. His face was distorted with a fearful rage, for to have the Cap'n presume to interfere in the one thing for which he had struggled so desperately, and on which his whole violent animal craving was turned, had roused his anger to the highest pitch. There was no telling what he would do in a moment.

In the midst of one of his violent outbursts he felt a touch on his arm—a touch that, although light, caused him to turn quickly. "I want to



“speak with you,” said Olive, in a quiet, intense tone.

“Well—” began Ed, still angry.

“Wait, please.” She looked at him until he was quiet. Then said, turning to the Cap’n, “Uncle, I want to be alone with him.”

Cap’n Smith, after a surprised look, walked out of the room. Olive followed him to the door and closed it.

Not long after this, Edward Smith left the house. His face was pale. The scar on his neck, where he had been cut in a drunken fight, was blue. His eyes were bloodshot. He stumbled along the road, not knowing whether or not he was going in the right direction. Soon he found himself in the village. Keeping on down the street until he came to Sandy’s, he turned to the right and went out on one of the deserted wharves. Walking to the end, he caught at one of the upright posts, and bowed himself over it. He remained there until the light of morning threatened to point him out, and then went away.

Olive had made him understand at last. During the remaining few days of her stay in Gap Harbor she did not see him, though she had an uncomfortable feeling that his eyes were upon her. Once in the night, looking from her window, she imagined she saw a dark form sink quickly behind the old stone wall on the opposite side of the road. She felt a little nervous for a time, but tried not to think of it. With the morning sun her self-possession returned.

The Cap’n took her to the train at Williamsport with a light heart this time, for the term to come was a short one, and after it was over he would have her with him constantly. These vacations were unsatisfactory to the Cap’n. They were almost unreal. The end seemed to rush toward him with incredible velocity—so fast, indeed, as to leave a vacuum in the calendar directly after it, in which the following



days and weeks were sucked out and swelled to three times their regular size. To merely think of there being no end to which he must look forward with dread was a happiness indeed.

As the train moved out Olive kissed her hand to him from the window; as she pressed her rosebud of a mouth with that charming little neatly gloved hand, and then, looking unutterable love out of those deep expressive eyes, made the daintiest little wave toward the Cap'n, it is safe to say there was not one man within sight of it who did not envy that dear old salt with the white hair and round jovial face, and a few stray tears trying unsuccessfully to find a smooth path down his cheeks.

One man who saw it was consumed with a bitter, a rankling envy. It was the son of the white-haired sailor, and as the train moved out he came from the shadow of the station building and stepped on board of it. He took a seat in the rear of the car and kept his eyes on Olive. When she changed to another train at Wickford Junction, he followed her, and was still watching her hungrily when they reached Portland. On the way down from there she saw him for the first time. He came and stood before her.

"Probably you didn't expect to see me here," he said, in a low, hoarse voice.

"No, I did not," she replied.

"Shall I tell you why I came?" leaning down so that his hot feverish breath was in her face. "It's because I'm going to make you——"

"I shall speak to the conductor if you stay here," she said, rising to her feet and glancing quickly up and down the car. "I do not wish you to *spea*k to me," she added suddenly, as he was about to answer.

He stared at her an instant in silence, and breathed hard. Several persons sitting near were looking at him. Slowly turning, he went back and seated himself near the end of the car. She felt his



wicked eyes upon her still, although she did not see him again.

At a moderate sized town he noticed two gentlemen conduct a young woman from the train, and with some difficulty persuade her to get into a carriage. He saw the conductor and one or two train men stand ready to assist them, if necessary. He opened his window and heard them urge the poor creature in gentle tones to take a little drive with them, and visit a very beautiful country place.

"But I am going to Newport," remonstrated the woman. "I am going to Newport. They expect me there. The rooms are all engaged."

"But this is a much better hotel than the one at Newport," said one of the gentlemen, kindly, "and they are holding rooms for you—beautiful rooms, *beautiful* rooms."

She looked at the speaker vaguely—questioningly; then permitted herself to be assisted into the carriage, and was driven away.

One of the brakemen explained, in answer to Ed's question, that there was a private asylum for the insane some miles back in the country, and they were taking her there. It wasn't often they brought the "loons" around this way, but once in a while they had a case come through on the train.

Ed kept his eyes upon Olive all the afternoon. He changed when she did and always took a seat in the rear of the car she occupied. It was late in the evening when she arrived at Northampton. Edith Kimball met her at the train, and she was unusually delighted to be with her friend once more, and felt, besides, a sense of great relief. For a peculiar nervousness, an indefinable fear had taken possession of her. There was a wickedness in those eyes that were upon her, and she was so sensitive that she felt it.

Ed also left the train at Northampton. He prowled about the town for several nights, keeping well out of sight, however. Then he left the place.



A desperate and devilish scheme had suggested itself to him.

14. The graduation exercises were over, the diplomas presented, the farewells said, the promises of visits made, the packing done, and Olive Gray was close to her dear friend Edith on an East-bound train. The two were holding each other's hands with a very tight clasp, for they were drawing near the place where they must separate, Olive changing for the north, Edith going through to Boston.

During the last college year, they had become very dear to each other. There seemed no barrier between them now. Olive's reserve about herself had melted in the warmth of their love, and she had told Edith all she knew about herself—all the Cap'n had told her, and a great many of her own thoughts and feelings besides. And Edith had told Olive many confidences, not concealing the fact that she was engaged, although she did not give any names. They were to visit each other, Edith going to see Olive in September, and Olive returning to spend a long time at her home in Boston.

When the parting actually came, neither spoke. They only looked into each other's sad hearts through their eyes.

It was a few hours after this, that a young fellow who looked as if he might have been stroke oar on the university crew when he was in college, while passing through the northern express to reach the smoker, noticed something peculiar about a young lady on his left, and as he went by turned to look at her. He was struck with the beauty of her face, but most of all by an unusual appealing look in her eyes as she glanced up at him. For an instant he had an impression that she was going to rise and speak to him, but she did not, and he passed



on through the car, wondering if something was not wrong.

This young man's name was Leverett, and he *had* been a stroke oar, and a runner, and a boxer, and a foot-ball enthusiast, and almost everything else in the college course excepting a student. Base ball he cared little about, though he played a fairly good game. And now, notwithstanding he had been out of college for six years, he found it the most difficult thing in the world to take enough time from his athletic pursuits, to get a grip on the business his father had taken him into as junior partner. He did not realize any particular delight in having it read, Judson Leverett & Son, although he did the best he could to carry out the idea, only asking a day or two off now and then for the exercises of the Athletic Club, and an exceedingly long summer vacation.

Even now he was on his way to one of the north-eastern ports to pick up a small yacht he had left there, and bring it down to Boston for an early regatta in which he wished to participate.

He swung into a seat with another man, making no inquiries as to whether the stranger had any objections, and lighting an expensive cigar, threw the match on the floor at his feet, and carefully put his foot on it.

Henry Leverett was not particularly handsome, but he gave an immediate impression of free, open, hearty good will, frankness, honesty. His clear, blue eyes inspired instantaneous confidence. They seemed to rest upon everything good naturedly, too, as if he saw only pleasant things. It is sometimes disheartening to have a man look at you as if he had come upon something which disagreed with him. Leverett's gaze expressed nothing of this sort. He seemed glad to have found you, no matter who you were. It naturally followed that you were glad to find him.

It is pleasant, too, to look upon glorious physical



strength—even when not exerted. The freedom of Leverett's stride through the train, his easy grip of the brake as he passed from car to car, the swing of his arm, the firm carriage of his well-shaped head on a good-sized sunburned neck, all gave the impression of a man who had entire muscular confidence in himself; and this man had. He was perfectly willing at any time to take part in any sort of a good-natured contest, and judging from his appearance the odds would always be largely in his favor.

The only excuse for describing him at such length is, that he was engaged to Olive's very dear friend, Edith Kimball. But, although Olive found out something about him during the next hour, she did not learn this. Indeed she did not know of it until long afterward, when it was too late to do anything about it.

Leverett smoked quietly for a while. The fact was, he wondered what the deuce was the matter with that pretty girl in the other car. It was the next car back, and he twisted around once, nearly grinding the other occupant of the seat to powder, and tried to get another look at her, but found she could not be seen from where he was sitting.

Olive was really very much disturbed. In the first place, after being in this train a few moments, she missed her pocket-book. She carefully searched in every conceivable place, but it was gone, and with it her ticket, checks for her baggage, and money. In looking on the floor for it she had disarranged her bonnet a little, and a braid of her hair had come down, but she hardly thought of this in her anxiety, and after passing her hands nervously over her head in a hurried manner, and arranging the disorder temporarily as best she could, she decided to find the conductor, and report her loss to him, hoping he could help her.

She went toward the forward end of the car, which was an ordinary day coach—she never spent



the Cap'n's money on a Pullman—and was about to open the door, when a respectable-looking man of middle age stopped her.

“You can't go out there,” said he, in a familiar, matter-of-fact way.

He was too well dressed for a brakeman, and Olive was at a loss to know why he assumed authority.

“I want to see the conductor,” she explained, and made a movement to pass him.

“I'm sorry,” replied the man, detaining her rather roughly, “but we can't let you leave the car.”

“Why not—what do you mean?” asked Olive, with sudden indignation. “I want to speak to the conductor *at once!*” But she had no suspicion, even then, of the villainous net that was being drawn about her.

“Now, you'd better go back and sit down,” said the stranger, raising his voice so that, notwithstanding the rumbling of the train, he could be heard by the other occupants of the car. “You'd better go and sit down,” with the inflection of one who is trying to soothe and pacify, “and the conductor will be here soon.”

Another man had risen and come up the aisle toward them. He turned and spoke to one or two of the passengers in a low voice, and there were sympathetic looks at Olive.

The girl stood still, uncertain what to do. She looked back at the people in the car. Then forward through the glass door in front of her. The conductor was coming through the smoking car, taking up fares and tickets. She turned and walked to her seat, observing that all eyes were upon her. The blood rushed to her head. She sank dizzily upon the cushion and covered her face with her hands. Then she nerved herself up, and waited.

The conductor entered the car. He came down the aisle slowly. It was his first time through, and he had to collect all kinds of tickets, coupons,



and checks. He made change with intolerable deliberation, when a fare was paid. He punched holes in large cards and gave them to people. He seemed very busy, and yet Olive noticed that every now and then he gave her a quick glance under his bushy eyebrows. What could be the matter? Was anything wrong about her dress? She became very nervous. It seemed as if she were in a terrible dream. And all the people in the car were looking at her.

He came near. He was taking the tickets from the people opposite. In a moment he would ask for her ticket. She would wait for that. She would—What did this mean? He had passed without speaking to her—without looking at her. He was already, before she could recover from her astonishment, several yards down the car. She rose and called to him. He came at once.

"My pocket-book has been taken, sir, and my ticket was in it," she said, hurriedly, for she was afraid he would go on and leave her.

"Oh well," he replied, in a kind voice, "never mind. You can pay your fare next time."

"But I *do* mind," said Olive, surprised at the cool way he answered her, as though it were quite the usual thing to have one's valuables taken away on that line, "I *do* mind. My checks were in it—my checks, and some money and—and other things. It must have been taken when I came in—can't you do something?"

"Yes," was the answer, "yes of course we can. I'll send the police after it at once. Don't alarm yourself at all," and he turned to go.

"But *wait*," said Olive, desperately. "*Please* wait—you don't *understand*!"

"Oh, yes, I do, my dear," replied the conductor, in a compassionate tone, "just sit down—it's all right."

"But how can I get any further,—my ticket is gone!"

"We'll take you wherever you want to go. Now



don't worry at all." And the uniformed agent of the company hurried away, for they were drawing up to a station.

It was shortly after this that young Leverett strode through the car, and wondered, as he lit his cigar in the smoker, what was wrong with the pretty girl who raised her eyes to him with that strange appealing look—such very remarkable eyes.

15. Twenty minutes later the train came to a standstill before the Bergmont station. Only a moment thereafter, there was a considerable commotion on the platform of the car following the smoker. Leverett looked round and saw that some one was being forcibly taken from the train. From where he sat, it appeared to be a young lady. He rose and went toward the door. As one of the men who seemed to be assisting in the unpleasant affair moved one side, he saw the same dark eyes which had turned on him appealingly as he was passing through the train a short time before. But now they were frightened eyes, indignant eyes, fearful—wild—despairing eyes. The poor girl's dress was soiled and crushed where hands had grasped it—torn where it had been caught in the arm of a seat; her pretty little bonnet pushed out of place; her red-brown, beautiful hair fallen here and there in disorder; her face white; her lips trembling. There had been a struggle at last, before she would come, and even now she clung to the iron railing of the platform, and when one of the men unclasped the clinging fingers from their hold, quickly seized the cast-iron wheel of the brake. She did not cry out; but she was speaking breathlessly, excitedly, to any one who would hear.

"Believe me—believe me—I do not know these men—they have—stolen my ticket—I was going to Williamsport—won't some one help me! It is—it is



a crime to let them do this. Won't some one call a policeman!" Leverett turned away, for he could not bear to look at the painful, pitiful sight. He heard some one say they were taking her to the Rochdale Asylum. He noticed that the conductor and one of the train hands were giving assistance, and remembered that something had seemed wrong with the girl. A strange look in her eyes. It was too bad. But it would be all right when she got there. A good place, and they treated the inmates with every consideration.

So he resumed his seat and tried to think of something else. And outside, on the platform of the station, they were taking Olive Gray toward a close carriage that stood in readiness.

The scheme was a bold one, and it was working well. The railroad people had even been notified the day before that a patient would be taken through. The Asylum was too distant to make it likely the deception would be discovered. And the train officials satisfied, no suspicion would be aroused among the passengers. The more excited and incoherent she became the better for them, and with malignant tact they used every means to increase the poor girl's trepidation. The reward was a large one. Escape easy. Within two hours' drive Ed Smith was waiting.

A sudden thought came to Leverett's mind which caused him to start perceptibly. Only an imaginary scene, but strangely vivid. Suppose—suppose a set of miscreants should take it into their heads to abduct a helpless woman in some such manner, for the purpose of robbery or something worse! The idea was so perfectly terrible—so ghastly, that, imagining some one he knew in such a situation his heart seemed to stop beating for an instant. He had this picture before his mind, when a piercing scream rang in his ears, seeming to penetrate and leave trembling his very soul.

Impulsive as a boy, impressionable, sympathetic,



Leverett was out of the car and across the station platform before he knew what he was doing. There was a little crowd of curious, pitying people gathered about, through which he shot, pushing them aside as if they had been cornstalks.

Olive had just been forced into the carriage. One of the men was upon the driver's seat, and the other had climbed in after the girl, and was in the act of closing the door after him, feeling that the hard work of the job was about over. But he had one obstacle yet to overcome, as he perceived when he felt the carriage door suddenly caught and held in an easy but iron grasp, and looking up, saw Henry Leverett's pleasant and good-natured blue eyes looking straight into his.

"This is all right of course," said the broad-shouldered young fellow, "but an idea occurred to me that I'd like to be sure of it."

"Certainly," replied the man in the carriage in a low voice, "anything you want to know, though I hope you won't keep us long—it's one of the most difficult cases to manage we ever had."

"Yes—I should think so," said Leverett, trying to get a look at Olive, who had sunk back, exhausted, into the dark recesses of the carriage.

"Taking her to the Asylum over at West Rochdale," said the conductor, who was standing at his shoulder; having said which he turned and walked toward his train.

Leverett began to feel that he had made a mistake. He had an idea of getting back to his seat in the train as speedily as possible, when a trembling, eager, soul-stirring voice from the carriage stopped him.

"Do not believe them! It is all a lie! They are taking me——"

There was the sound of a blow in the carriage, and the voice stopped with a little muffled cry of pain. It was unfortunate, in the interest of art, that a plan which had been carried out up to this time, with



consummate skill, should have been endangered, at the moment of its success, by the commission of such an error. That blow was a most serious blunder.

The ruffian realized this the instant he dealt it, for Leverett turned upon him.

"Is that the way you treat your patients?" demanded he, hotly, his face almost in the carriage.

"Our treatment is our own affair," replied the man, "and you have no concern with it."

"You will certainly allow me to speak to the young woman?"

"I'm very sorry, but it would not do sir; she's very excitable, and you are causing her more suffering by letting her hear all this, than you imagine."

Suddenly the tremulous voice from the carriage, speaking quickly, to say it before they could stop her:

"Look in my sachel—my letters—they threw it on the driver's seat—do not believe them—do not ——" She was stopped again, but this time it was not with a blow. Leverett glanced up. The man on the driver's seat was putting the alligator-skin traveling bag under the seat. Quickly the one in the carriage spoke, pulling out some papers:

"Here is my certificate sir. Here are all the necessary papers—just glance over them—you will see it is all right."

"I don't know anything about your papers," replied Leverett, "but if you have no objections I will look into the lady's sachel," and he moved toward the front wheel of the carriage.

"I *have* objections," quickly answered the man he addressed, starting up as if he would get out. "That is private property! *I have objections, sir!*"

"Then I will look at it whether you have objections or not," said Leverett in the same cheerful, easy voice, as he stepped upon the wheel.

"Here! Stop that man! Don't let him get up there!" shouted the other, jumping out of the car-



riage. "*Look out, Jerry!*" he added in a sharp quick voice.

Here another grave error was made. The man upon the driver's seat had not the self-control of the other. He knew that Leverett must not get the sachel, and seeing him mounting the wheel and thinking of no other way to arrest his progress on short notice, he gave him a terrific lash with the short tough whip he held in his right hand. The next instant his ugly throat was in a grip that nearly split it down the middle, he felt himself lifted and shot through the air, the sensation of flying followed, and after that the less agreeable sensation of landing in a confused heap on the boards of the platform some twenty feet from the carriage.

When he looked up everything seemed to be revolving with great rapidity, but by watching carefully when the vehicle from which he had just been thrown swept before him, he saw that Leverett had jumped down with the sachel in his hand, and was facing his confederate who had sprung forward to meet him.

"Give me that! You have no right to it! Give it here I say!"

"I'll look at it first," said Leverett, his suspicions now thoroughly roused, and his pleasant open face fired with indignation.

The other seized the valise as if to snatch it away. His arm was not quite broken, but it was lame for two months from the blow with which it was knocked away. He turned and called for a policeman. Fortunately for him none were in the neighborhood. He went to find one. His companion, who had recently taken a trip through the air, limped after him. They would return and make the fellow pay dearly for this. They would see to it! He would be sorry for this! Just wait! And they hurried away.

Leverett gave one look into the little traveling



sachel—closed it—turned to Olive whose white face was peering from the carriage, and extending his hand said, "Come this way please."

He felt the hand he held out caught as if by a trembling, frightened child; a clinging hold—an eager, trusting, tremulous hold. Olive had found a friend at last. A friend! *A friend!* A friend at last.

All this took place in a moment. The train had not yet moved out. Leverett led her quickly across the platform and gently assisted her into the car.



## SECOND COUNT

### *PROMISE UNDER DURESS*

IT is very delightful to arrive in Boston.

- I. Simply to arrive. To come within the indescribable influence. To breathe it—see it—bathe in it—feel its inspiration in the very bricks and stones under one's feet.

Those who have so arrived know this. Those who have not are ignorant of it, and seem to regard the matter in a humorous light. They are in the majority, consequently with regard to this phenomenon humor prevails. Possibly there is something funny about it; that the entire number of persons who breathe Boston air, natives, strangers, travelers, tramps, no matter what, should be affected in such a remarkable way. It is freely conceded that no other city has such an influence. To outsiders it may not be unlike an exhibition at which the audience is edified by the antics of those who have inhaled laughing gas.

If strangers and pilgrims are so charmed to reach the city which was once on three hills but is now on three hundred, how much more delightful must it be to one whose home is there, and especially such a pleasant home as that to which Edith Kimball returned after her college course was completed.

First, before even looking about, she had a long visit with her mother, who was temporarily something of an invalid, and for that reason had not felt quite able to go to Northampton and see her daughter graduate, although she had hoped to be able to do so.

But Edith gave her the most complete and vivid account of the whole affair, and a great deal more



besides. And though Mrs. Kimball did not know it, it was nevertheless a fact that Edith's description was much more enjoyable than the actual exercises would have been. For, when listening to her, it was not necessary to hear the class prophecy read, and that alone was a great gain. Edith described fully and vividly the most interesting part of the programme, adorning the account with bright comments of her own, graphic and effective delineation of the characters involved, anecdotes historical and incidental about them, and in a word made it thoroughly interesting to Mrs. Kimball, who reclined upon a lounge in her own room, and smiled lovingly and proudly upon her only daughter.

Edith, besides being an impulsive girl, was an impulsive talker. She was not one of those who simply talk as if suffering from a chronic freshet of words; who create a flood wherever they appear—a general inundation from the melting snows of their vocabulary, causing universal panic and wild struggles to escape from the rising waves of sound. Not that kind of a talker, or anything of a similar nature. It was always a pleasure to hear her. She had that delicate girlish grace in talking, with little amusing peculiarities of emphasis and a lingering upon certain words, that would have made it charming to listen, whether she said anything in particular or not. But in addition to this, she always *did* say something in particular, and quite often something very particular. She was bright, full of ideas, with a sense of humor that never failed, giving the most commonplace subject a sparkle and life that made one listen with delight. She was never at a loss for something to say; the time in which to say it seemed rather to be what she required. It made no difference whether the subject that occupied her thoughts was serious or humorous, grand, trivial, interesting, dry, used up, or entirely beyond her knowledge; she would go right on about it, odd fancies and original ideas, sometimes laughable, sometimes cryable,



crowding to the front in her mind, waiting and clamoring for a chance to get out between her very animated lips. It was really to be regretted that there was no other way for them to escape, for often before a twentieth part of them pushed their way through, the subject would be changed, and instantly another lot would rise up and take their places, so that in this way many interesting things would be crowded back into her mind and never be called out again.

But because Edith had an exhilarating sense of humor, it must not be imagined that she had no deep feeling. Quite the contrary. It was because she deeply sympathized that she quickly detected the ludicrous, the incongruous, the laughable. It was because she deeply sympathized that her whole soul was absorbed in whatever her mind was upon, so that she lived with it for the time, and consequently discovered many new and interesting facts about it. It was because she sympathized, also, that the sadness, the pain, the misery, the loneliness which she saw, went directly to her heart, and with little loss in the transmission. So that she could bring tears to the eyes as easily as smiles to the lips, the more readily because tears came so easily to her own. She felt with others. She was with them. Her life was side by side with the lives she knew, or heard of, or thought of. Their tears and their laughter were hers. She felt their pain and their joy as if it were her own.

A modern philosopher of an unspecified variety had at one time taken occasion to inform her that this was all wrong; that we should never allow ourselves to feel anything but unadulterated joy; that it was injurious both physically and mentally to permit the idea of pain or suffering, either in ourselves or others, to occupy our thoughts.

But such a thing was out of the question with Edith. It was impossible. She had no material from which to construct the barricade of selfishness against



which the certain facts of misery, suffering and pain in the world about her should beat and cry out in vain. Her mind was not strong enough, callous enough, toughened enough to resist them. It may be an advantage, physically, to have a tough mind. But Edith's was tender, and she gave that sympathy which is so precious, so sweet, so essentially human—for beasts are without it—to all who suffered, as she was happy with those who laughed.

It is very possible that she did not weigh quite as much, and perhaps was not physically as strong as she might have been had her mind been out of the reach of the woes of others. She was rather slim, and looked above the medium height. Hers was a face of rare intelligence, illumined with a pair of the most sympathetic hazel eyes. She had received every advantage in her bringing up, and was a favorite in the rather exclusive set in which she moved.

After telling her mother about the graduation for two hours and a half, she was obliged to stop, and she did so feeling that she had not nearly finished. A gentleman called to see Mrs. Kimball on business, and as it related to some houses she was having built, she felt compelled to see him. While he was calling, Edith went out to look around the place.

The Kimball house was not in the city proper, but in one of the handsome suburban districts which had a few years before been annexed. It was a great, square, patriarchal house, with porches and large windows, and was vine-covered on three sides. The rooms were large, the ceilings high. There was a wide hall, and a broad staircase at the further end of it. The drawing-room was rather stately, but that was owing to its great size, for the furnishing was comfortable and inviting—broad Turkish divans, deeply cushioned chairs, finely carved oaken tables covered with books and magazines, a Chickering grand piano, the floor carpeted with soft, springing Axminster. In it one could enjoy the openness and



freedom of space, in the midst of the most luxurious and solidly reposeful surroundings.

The two things, however, which contributed most to this enjoyment were not in the furnishing itself. One was a great open fireplace, overflowing, on this summer day, with luxuriant plants and flowers which seemed to be growing there. The other was the large conservatory that opened off at one side of the room, and which was kept as fresh and beautiful at this time of year as in winter. Palms and other tropical plants lifted their great leaves nearly to the roof; climbing vines covered the walls and festooned themselves here and there; and a little fountain played the most appropriate music for the occasion, its drops spattering down on the shining leaves of water plants that grew in and around its basin.

Edith went through this room and into the conservatory; then she visited other rooms, and the kitchen, and ran upstairs to the great nursery to look at the doll-house of her childhood—which needed dusting out badly, the spring house-cleaning having evidently been overlooked. Then she ran down and out to the stables, where she addressed the horses in tones of affectionate endearment which they must have understood. Thence, after looking up into the hay-loft, she went about among the blossoming shrubs and plants scattered over the lawns, and inspected the flower-beds, asking the gardener about his rheumatism, at which he was so greatly pleased that he was glad he had this affliction.

At this moment she thought of something she *must* tell her mother before she forgot it, and hurried in, hoping the horrid man was gone. She met him coming through the big hall, and noticing that he limped and seemed to be in pain, spoke to him so suddenly and with such animation that he started back against the wall, and was then compelled to ask her what she had said. She answered that she wanted to know if he was *much* hurt, and how he did it, and what it was, and whether there wasn't



*something* they could do. He thanked her and replied that it wasn't much,—that a plank had fallen on his foot just before he came up, and bruised it a little, that was all.

"Oh, I'm *so* sorry," she said, straight from her heart; "and I know something that will do it ever so much good—wait here or—or sit down," and she flew upstairs.

The man stood a moment, and then seated himself in one of the easy chairs. It was only a few seconds before Edith was down again with a yellow labeled bottle.

"There—when you get home—Oh don't get up—you must take some of this—I'm afraid it hurts you to stand, doesn't it?"

"A little, Miss, but I'll have to stand up to go home. How much shall I take?"

"Oh no—you mustn't *take* any, that would be dreadful—why it may be *poison*!"

"Poison!" he exclaimed, somewhat alarmed.

"Oh, it may not be, but you mustn't drink it—it's to bathe it in. Is the skin broken?"

"No, but I wouldn't wonder if some little bone might be," replied the man, becoming more mystified.

"Well, then it's *just* the thing. It says on the label, for Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Contusions, Burns, Scalds, Lacerations, Swelled Joints, Sore Throat, Ulcers, Chilblains, Bee Stings, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Eyes, Backache, Headache, Sciatica—you must have *some* of those things?"

"Yes, Miss, I guess I have," he replied, a little dubiously.

Edith looked at the list again, going over it to herself with little emphatic nods of the head, and forming the words with her lips. Now and then her pretty eyebrows contracted, drawing themselves together and upward as if she felt the very hurts and twinges suggested by the names she read. Particularly did "Bee Stings" affect her, for she gave



a slight shudder and drew in a little short breath through her front teeth, giving the peculiar sound of one in pain.

Suddenly she looked the man full in the face.

"Perhaps yours is a Contusion," she said.

"Perhaps it is, Miss," he admitted.

"Yes, I'm afraid it is," she repeated dismally, handing him the bottle.

"What am I to do with it?" he asked.

"Oh—yes! Take some of this—pour it out you know—and put water with it, and bathe the place. It's very simple."

"How much water goes with it?"

"Oh—that isn't—well—perhaps it says." She took the bottle away from him and scanned the yellow label again. "Yes—here it is. 'Directions. Bathe the diseased part freely with the extract.' It doesn't *say* anything about putting water in, does it? Perhaps you'd better not, after all. But it's really very good for things. It's Witch Hazel, you know."

The man thanked her very much, and putting the bottle in his pocket, limped away. Edith watched him, with her expressive face full of sympathy, and then went to her mother's room.

The next few days were so taken up by social requirements, the receiving of calls, renewing acquaintances with old friends, attending afternoon teas, lunches and receptions, and the numberless other things invented to occupy the time of fashionable young ladies, that Edith found very little opportunity to talk with her mother—that is, to have real old-fashioned heart to heart confidences. There were hundreds and hundreds of things yet to say. The trouble was that when she did get a brief hour with her, there were so many matters of the present to talk over, and so



much to be said about them, that some others which she wished very much to tell were put off and off. A large number of them have not been told to this day.

Mrs. Kimball knew that one of Edith's classmates was coming in the autumn to visit them. She knew this because she had given Edith permission to invite her. She had often heard her daughter speak of Olive Gray when she had been at home on former occasions, and knew that there was a very close friendship existing between the two young ladies. But there was something Edith had never told her about her friend, because she had not known it herself.

One day they were lunching together at home quite late in the afternoon. Edith had been speaking of Olive, and wishing she were there, telling her mother how much she loved her, and what a charming girl she was. Suddenly she said,

"Oh mamma," (she could not give up calling her mother by that dear child-name), "Oh mamma, you don't *know* what a peculiar life Olive has had—why *I* didn't know until last term—it is the strangest thing—and so sad, too! Just think, she has no father or mother or *anything*—not a single relative to her name—not even an aunt! Think of being entirely destitute of aunts—life must be a barren waste! Imagine waking up in the morning and knowing you are auntless! I wish she could have some of mine!" and she laughed her light, rippling, musical laugh as she thought of Aunt Susan Duane, who was very peculiar.

"The poor dear," said Mrs. Kimball, calm and serious always, as if in the shadow of a sadness; "how did such a thing happen?"

"Oh, it was *very* sad, mamma;" Edith's voice was all tearful in a moment; "you see, her father brought her there when she was a little bit of a thing, and very soon after that he died, and she didn't know any one, and——"



At this moment a card was brought in. Edith stopped. The servant waited near Mrs. Kimball, who did not seem to notice the interruption. Her eyes were upon Edith, fixed in a peculiar vacant stare.

"There's a card, mamma," said Edith. Mrs. Kimball did not move. "Mamma!—*Mamma!* Why, what is it?"

Mrs. Kimball started a little, turned, and, taking the card, held it in her hand.

"Nothing. You say her—her father——" and she stopped, silent. Then she said, "Wait a moment," and looked at the card. "Say, I beg to be excused."

The servant went to give the message. Edith rose quickly, and, gliding to her mother, had her arms about her neck in a moment. "Mamma, I'm afraid you overdid yesterday," she said tenderly.

"No, I am only a little nervous," said Mrs. Kimball, rising, and gently unlocking the affectionate embrace. "I really don't care for any lunch. When you have finished, dear, come and sit with me," and she turned and moved quietly toward the door.

"I don't either, and I'm going with you now," said Edith, following.

"No, no," remonstrated the other, turning. "You will displease me very much if you don't eat something, dear. You need it; you have been out all the morning."

Edith stood watching, with an anxious expression, the tall form of her mother as she passed out of the room. Dressed always in rich black, with exceedingly beautiful white hair, a large, commanding figure, and having a rather stately yet entirely gracious bearing, Mrs. Perrin Kimball was certainly a striking object. To strangers she was rather awe-inspiring. To friends, respect-inspiring. To her daughter, love-inspiring. The indescribable subdued quiet that gives the sign of sorrow passed through—suffering that cannot be forgotten—was upon her always.



And it became her wonderfully. It added a poetic charm.

When she had closed the door of her room after her, Edith turned quickly to the table and dutifully took two or three mouthfuls of food—she did not notice what. Then, after hurriedly dipping her dainty pink finger tips into one of the bowls of scented water, she threw the little napkin aside and hastened to her mother.

Mrs. Kimball was lying back in an easy chair, and as soon as Edith had pushed an ottoman close to her and dropped down upon it, with her arms in her mother's lap, the latter asked her to finish what she had begun to tell her about Olive Gray.

Edith related all Olive had told her. She became so absorbed in it, and so sympathized with the people she described, giving such a glowing and touching account of the dear old Cap'n's kindness and goodness—for Olive had talked constantly of that—and entered into the story so entirely and self-forgetfully, that she had nearly finished before she noticed that Mrs. Kimball was very white—unusually white—and that there was a peculiar set expression on her face.

“Oh, mamma!” and Edith rose erect, thoroughly frightened. Then a sudden thought flashed through her mind; struck, beating in great throbs, into her heart; thrilled her very soul. She turned away, as if stunned by it. After an instant she looked at her mother. Each saw that the other knew.

“Mamma! —— If she should be! If she *should* —— Oh, Olive — Olive — *Olive!* If it should be true!”

She stood before her mother, who said nothing; who sat motionless—white.

“Do you think there is a *chance* of it, mamma? Oh, I know you do! I can see you do! But I'm afraid you don't think there is very *much* chance! Mamma, dear, you have no idea what a lovely girl she is—I could never tell you, and if it *should* be that she



— Oh, mamma! ” and she sank down with her face on Mrs. Kimball’s breast, and her arms about her.

There was a silence of several minutes, during which neither moved. Then Edith felt the loving touch of her mother’s hand, caressing her light brown hair gently. She raised her face to Mrs. Kimball’s, and met her calm, sorrowful gaze.

“ You must not think of it so—so seriously,” was what she heard her say. “ It is only a possibility—perhaps not even that. I have been disappointed many times—many times. But the—the incident about his death was painful to me.”

There was a short silence, Edith sitting with her eyes on the floor.

“ He might have done that you know, just that,” Mrs. Kimball went on in a low voice; “ and when I think of it—” here she stopped briefly again; “ and that I was to blame for it all——”

“ Don’t, mamma! Don’t think of it! It isn’t so!” impulsively putting her hand over her mother’s lips.

“ Yes, yes, my child,” gently pushing it away; “ I do not even pretend to myself, or to you since I told you the truth about it, that I had any excuse—any reason. And it is because you know how deeply penitent I am that you love your mother still.”

“ I would love you anyway!” said the girl, her arms about her mother’s neck again. “ You *know* I would—nothing could keep me from loving you—*nothing*!”

Mrs. Kimball sent a note the very same evening to Richard Merriam, Esq., of the legal firm of Merriam & Bostwick, asking him to call upon her at his earliest convenience, as she wished to consult him on a matter of importance, and requesting that he send word by bearer when he could come. The reply, type-writ-



ten, and signed Richard Merriam per F. B., was brief and to the point. After the usual formula of date and address, it simply said:

"Replying to your favor of 19th ult. I beg to say that I will call upon you next week Thursday (24th) at 4.30 P. M."

"Nearly four days! It is astonishing what a business that young man has," exclaimed Mrs. Kimball. The firm had had charge of her affairs for a long time. Indeed, when old Merriam was living, he had been her husband's adviser. As he knew all about the property, the investments, mortgages, and condition of the estate when Mr. Kimball disappeared, she naturally left matters in his hands. It was an old, staid, reliable firm then. There was no rush and hurry. No appointments a week ahead to be kept to the second. But upon the death of Merriam Senior, Merriam Junior took his place, and since that time, which was some five years back, there had been a decided change. The young man had hardly begun to practice when his extraordinary talent was recognized, and his reputation as one of the sharpest, shrewdest, most acute and successful young practitioners in the country spread and grew with rapidity. Ingenious and effective in argument, measuring with unfailing accuracy the character of the judge before whom he appeared; knowing intuitively and instantly the caliber of every man on a jury, he was able to adjust himself to the situation, and make every point tell.

It is hardly realized what an immeasurable advantage is gained in nearly every walk or run of life, by thoroughly knowing your man. If the salesman knows his customer; if the speaker knows his audience; if the doctor knows his patient; if the politician knows his constituents; if the poker-player knows his opponent; if the writer knows his public (and his publisher); and if, in each and all of these cases, he is able to take advantage of the knowledge, he will come to the surface with a few



bold strokes. But to no one is such knowledge of greater advantage than to the lawyer.

There is, before the judge or judges, before every man on the jury, before every witness, before the learned counselors on the other side, before the accused and the accuser, the plaintiff, defendant, and other parties in interest, in a word before and around them each and every one, a breastwork, more or less penetrable, having spots weak and strong, thin places and thick ones, its character varying in countless ways, formed of the personalities of the man behind it, his likes and dislikes, opinions, prejudices, hatreds, pride, ambition, ignorance, weakness, poverty, greed, sympathy, love, fear, and so on, and so on. Exceptionally favored is the attorney who sees this fortification at a glance, and can aim his shafts so that they will fly over or under it, or through an unguarded opening; who knows when it must be attacked and broken down before he can send a shot in; who comprehends when it is impenetrable and indestructible. Such a man is a dangerous opponent and a mighty ally. And such a man alighted from a cab before Mrs. Kimball's door at precisely half-past four on the following Thursday afternoon.

He was under the medium height, spare, his chest and shoulders narrow, his nose quite thin and prominent. He looked younger than he was, and he appeared older than he was, and his age was twenty-nine. His thin boyish face was smooth-shaven, and while it was boyish, it had an old look. Sandy hair and a penetrating grayish-blue eye, with a pale, somewhat impassive face, gave him a light, faded-out look. He was dressed in black, wore a silk hat, and was an inveterate smoker of cigarettes.

Merriam told the cabman to wait, and quickly running up the broad steps, rang the bell and was shown in.

Although Mrs. Kimball kept him waiting only a moment, he looked at his watch and muttered,



"I said half-past four—she ought to have been here."

The fact was, and it is hard that it must be said, Merriam heartily disliked and disapproved of women in any form. Young, old, plain or pretty, he could hardly endure them, and he thought seriously of giving up all business connected with the female section of the public. It was purely a business dislike, but as he was all business, it was entire and absolute.

The secret of his success was his ability to read character, to feel the mental pulse and take the mental temperature with his eyes and ears. Of course, with this he had the quickness of a flash of lightning to take advantage of his knowledge. He saw in an instant the proper move; whether he must appeal to reason, selfishness, hate, pride or prejudice; whether he must throw the man off his guard by an ambushed attack, or cause him to waste his force in violent rage. In a word, although he always knew what to do, and did it with a coolness and dexterity extremely unusual, nevertheless the basis of his power was the fact that he knew his man.

And he *didn't* know his woman. That is, he didn't *know* her, as he did his man. He could guess at her perhaps as well as anybody, but she would not come under any rule. His intuition failed. Given the same surroundings, facts, influences, and she would not do the same thing twice—unless you adopted it as a *rule* that she wouldn't,—and then she would. It was foolish for a man with an absolute knowledge in a certain department to waste his effort in another department in which he had to proceed by guess-work. And even if, by patient effort and deep study, some idea were gained of her personality, where were you then? What good did it all do when you came to the attack? Utterly without logic, swayed out of all reach by impulse and personal feeling, and never swayed in the direction you expected, what could you do? It was mere waste of



time. There was not enough in it to warrant the labor involved. This was Mr. Merriam's conclusion, and although he was perfectly gentlemanly with the sex (unless he had one on the witness stand), he regretted exceedingly having to come in contact with them. When business compelled it, however, he got along as easily and quickly as possible by working solely on their personal prejudices, which he quickly discovered. Or better still, if he were in a position to do so, paid no attention whatever to their opinions, favorable or otherwise, not caring two straws whether they were convinced or not so long as the result would be unaffected.

But he was known to be so admirable a lawyer, so wise an adviser, so indefatigable in defending interests, and so quick to avenge injuries, that he had his hands full of business, and the half hour he devoted to Mrs. Kimball was torn away from much more important interests.

He learned in a moment the nature of the business upon which she wished to consult him, told her it was extremely unlikely that this Miss Gray was her daughter, and asked if he could see Miss Kimball.

Edith was receiving a gentleman caller in the drawing-room, and Mrs. Kimball sent word to her that she would like to see her in the reception room. Edith begged the gentleman to excuse her a moment, and went to her mother. She knew Mr. Merriam, and shook hands with him pleasantly, although apparently at too great length, for before it was over he began to question her.

"Your mother has told me of this—of this matter of your friend at Gap Harbor. About your age?"

"Yes, I should think so; or perhaps——"

"Didn't she ever tell you?"

"Oh yes—why she said one day——"

"Well, what was it?"

"It was—let me see—it was seventeen, I think,—but that was three years ago."

"Then she'd be twenty now, wouldn't she?"



"Why yes, of course!"

"Then," turning to Mrs. Kimball, "the age is correct, I believe?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Kimball.

Merriam spoke in a thin, dry monotone which ran easily and quickly, and had a peculiar penetrating quality, so that, though he always spoke quietly, his words shot through any other talking that was going on, no matter how boisterous or enthusiastic, and impressed themselves indelibly upon the mind. He had an odd manner of repeating a word or two now and then in the midst of a sentence without the slightest pause or break. It was his method of gaining a little time without showing, by hesitation, that he needed it. The habit had grown upon him, and he did it unconsciously now, when there was no necessity whatever for resorting to the expedient.

"Does she resemble you—resemble you at all?" was his next question.

"No, I think not," said Olive, reflecting, "except that we are both *very* fond of each other."

"Hardly to be taken as evidence," said the young lawyer, a dry and crackly smile twitching his thin mouth aside for an instant, and a faint twinkle glinting in one eye.

Then he rapidly questioned Edith, drawing out every point so far as she knew, regarding the appearance of the man who had drowned himself, and not permitting her to wander from the direct line of investigation for an instant. She grew more and more annoyed when, just as she began to be enthusiastic and correspondingly eloquent in answering a question, his cold, dry accents fell upon her with another interrogation, or a sharp, feelingless "That is all!" or a hard, "One moment, please!" or even, —and this was the most vexatious of all, a "Yes—we know all about that." In a very few moments he had learned of the letter which the Cap'n regarded as *instructions*. Upon this he dwelt at more length.

"Do you know anything about the—about the



appearance of this letter—the style of handwriting—the way it began or ended—whether written in ink or pencil?”

“No—Olive didn’t tell me,” replied Edith, “but she said that when she read it she felt——”

“Yes—naturally.—Was it easy to read?”

“No, she said the lines were tremulous, as if her father thought——”

“Did she tell you what it contained?”

“Oh yes—and it was so sad—so desolate and wild! Why it almost made me——”

“Well, what was it?”

Edith gave Richard Merriam a flashing, indignant glance, which had not the slightest effect upon him. He seemed merely to regard it as a feminine characteristic which occasionally had to be tolerated before the reply to a question could be obtained. This time the delay was unusually long, for the impulsive girl stood motionless—really indignant. Merriam waited what he regarded as the usual time for such a disturbance and then said, “Well?”

There was still silence, and Mrs. Kimball, knowing what annoyed her daughter, endeavored to help matters along. “Come, Edith, don’t be foolish, dear,” she said.

“But mamma—it is so *perfectly* vexatious to be taken up in this way! Why he won’t let me tell *anything*!”

“What do you want to tell?” inquired Merriam, in the same dry, matter-of-fact tone that always broke in strangely upon Edith’s feeling words.

“You ask me a question,” she said, turning on him warmly, “and when I begin to answer it, and just as I get to the *important part* of what Olive *said*, or what we really *thought*, you interrupt me!”

“Can’t you tell your—tell your mother what you really thought, and let me have the facts in the case?” asked Merriam, not at all impertinently, but as if he were suggesting a compromise in the best of faith,—which he was.



"Come, Edith," Mrs. Kimball said, soothingly, "tell him about the letter."

Edith complied, but in rather a chilly manner, for her enthusiasm was extinguished—which was exactly what Merriam desired. He learned the contents of the letter without further delay, thanked her, and said that was all. She walked demurely out of the room, omitting to say he was welcome or to bid him good afternoon, which he only regarded as an extraordinary saving of time. Edith afterward remarked in the hearing of several friends that she thought he was *perfectly* horrid—a very unusual statement to come from her sweet and charitable lips.

As soon as they were alone, Merriam turned to Mrs. Kimball.

"The last request in that letter,—the one having reference to the keeping of the child from her relatives, leads me to think it may have been written by your husband."

Mrs. Kimball said nothing.

"I consider it worth while to follow up," he went on, "and will have it looked into if you wish."

"Why do you say, *if I wish?*" she asked, keeping her voice calm with an effort.

"Mrs. Kimball," said Merriam rising, "I have just eleven minutes more. If we take matters as they are, we can arrange—arrange all that is necessary in this interview. But if I have to argue with you to establish facts that we both—that we both know, it will take several more meetings. At one time our firm was proceeding in this same matter, and would have followed it up, had you not instructed us to discontinue. Let me know, then, exactly what your desire is at present."

Mrs. Kimball rose from her chair with almost a gasp. It was a strange picture for an instant. She, haughty, tall, imposing, frowning upon the young



man as if she could have crushed him. He, small, spare, his face expressionless, utterly unmoved, standing before her, simply waiting.

There was a moment's pause. Then Mrs. Kimball controlled herself, and speaking in an intense, low voice, every word emphasized by a pause before it, she said, "My desire is that you follow up this matter to the end."

"I will send a man down early next week," he said at once.

"Can you not—can you not see to it personally?" she asked; "I would much prefer it, as you—as you seem to be *so well acquainted with the circumstances*." The last few words a little bitterly.

"I am sorry to say it will be impossible, Mrs. Kimball; I have not the time."

"But don't you ever take a vacation?" she asked, persuasively.

"A what!" exclaimed Merriam. He understood the word, but was startled at the idea it suggested.

"A rest from your labors," explained Mrs. Kimball. "You need it, I am sure. You *don't* look strong."

"I took a vacation once, and it was the only—the only time I was ever sick in my life. Good afternoon," and he moved toward the door.

"Mr. Merriam—one word," she said, following him. He turned, with his head in his listening attitude, a little inclined one side, and waited. "I wish to say that at the time Mr. Kimball disappeared I may not have caused as—as thorough a search to be made as it was my duty to do. You are my adviser, and it is right that you should know how——"

"All this is entirely unnecessary, my dear madam," interrupted Merriam. "I know all about the case."

After waiting a moment, Mrs. Kimball asked quietly, "How can that be possible? You were a mere boy."

"Admitted—but I took an interest in the affairs of the firm." Then hurriedly looking at his watch



he added, before she had time to speak again, "I shall have to—have to say good day."

He hurried out, jumped into the cab, lighting a cigarette almost as he did so, and was whirled rapidly down the smooth gravel drive, and out between the high, vine-covered gate posts.

Mrs. Kimball went to her room and lay down. She had been very much moved. She usually was when Mr. Merriam called. His summary manner of ending discussions regarding her business interests—almost invariably bringing her down with a shock instead of persuasively and delicately urging her around to his views on the subject, generally left her in an unpleasant frame of mind. And yet she was impressed, at the same time, with his great ability, and suffered no small vexations to deprive her of his services.

On this occasion she had been more stirred up than ever before. Until now she supposed him ignorant of the delay she had caused in the search for her husband—the fatal delay, as it now seemed possible. And yet he knew it all. He had taken an interest in the affairs of the firm!

Yet, though it was a shock to her, made doubly shocking by the sudden and unfeeling manner in which the intelligence had been conveyed, she knew that all the more because he was so thoroughly acquainted with the affair, should it be left in his hands. Mrs. Kimball was a sensible woman. That is, considerably above the average in this respect. No one is absolutely sensible.

When Mr. Merriam said he had taken an interest in the affairs of the firm, he did not exaggerate in the least. He was not given to exaggeration—unless something was to be gained by it—and there was no advantage here. From an early age he had spent all his available time in his father's office. Not studying. Not writing or drawing pictures. Merely watching the people who came in and listening to what they said, and what was said to them. He



was not twelve years old when his father discovered that he had ideas of his own about these people, each and every one, and that often these ideas were of value. Mr. Merriam Sr. might be occasionally deceived, Mr. Merriam Jr. never. When Mr. Merriam Sr. made a false estimate of a man and proceeded upon it, Mr. Merriam Jr. protested.

One day his father took him into court with him. It was like taking a young duck to the water, or a piece of coal to the fire. Though scarcely in his teens he frequently gave hints to the Senior Merriam during the progress of a trial, or to other lawyers he was friendly with if Mr. Merriam was not concerned in the case, which broke down or crippled the opposite side. Once, at the age of fourteen, he was instrumental in having an important case that his father was defending and likely to lose, thrown out of court on grounds that had occurred to no one. And as it was a matter of time, the plaintiffs never recovered.

The boy was simply a prodigy, that was all. What young Hoffman at present is to Music, and the boy Wexley to Sculpture, was little Richard Merriam to the Law. From his criticism of the arguments to which he listened with unflagging interest, it was evident that he recognized the vital importance of adapting them in construction and manner of delivery to the personality of the Court; this even before soundness of logic or brilliancy of oratory.

His father was a large man, and a fine impressive speaker. With an audience, and perhaps with most Judges and Juries, the heavy and positive manner of stating a thing and drawing an inference is most telling. But one day as the Senior Merriam was beginning an argument before a Circuit Judge,—a small-sized man with a large head, he was interrupted by a pull on the sleeve.

"You'll lose it if you don't come down—that man doesn't want to be bullied," whispered the boy.



"How do you know?" hastily inquired the father.

"Don't I see the man?" was the reply.

"Nonsense!" and the elder proceeded, and got into trouble in three minutes. He was interrupted and called to order, and finally lost the case.

Richard was so disgusted that he did not speak to his parent until the next morning.

It will readily be understood from the foregoing, how this young man happened to take an interest in the affairs of the firm at an early age, and why he was so thoroughly posted upon the facts in the Kimball case.

While Mrs. Kimball was recovering her strength and equanimity, something occurred to her that she had forgotten to say. She therefore wrote a hurried note to Mr. Merriam and sent it immediately. In it she begged that if, upon investigation, Olive Gray were found to be really her daughter, she herself should have the privilege of breaking the news to her.

Merriam was not at his office that evening when the messenger came. He therefore found the note with his regular mail the next morning, and talked the reply off to the stenographer in the same monotonous tone in which he had dictated the score of answers that preceded it. "Mrs. Perrin Kimball—South Myrtle Avenue—Dudley Park—Dear Mrs. Kimball—In reply to your favor of yesterday just at hand—I beg to say that your wishes shall be respected and the young lady—What's this?"

"From Judge Pardee, sir," said the office boy, who had brought a note. Merriam opened and read it.

"Send over and say I will consent to the postponement if he will serve me with his affidavits two days before the hearing—have you got that?"

"Yes sir," said the stenographer, who knew he was addressed without any apparent sign of it. The office boy went out quietly.



“—Kept in ignorance of anything that may be developed—Respectfully—Chas. E. Stetson Esq.—Hudson Pump Co.—511 Water St.—City—Dear Sir—Your favor at hand—” And on he went until the end of his morning mail was reached. The stenographer then left his private office and Merriam took down several volumes bound in yellow brown leather and began a careful search for something.

A telegram was handed in shortly after. He read it and rang the bell. The office boy came to the door and waited. After finishing what he was reading Merriam said, while turning over the leaves to find another place, “See if that Perrin Kimball letter is gone yet—if not, stop it and send in the stenographer.”

It had not gone. The stenographer came and stood near Merriam’s desk with his note-book in his hand.

“Add this to Kimball: P. S. I have decided to go down and attend to the matter personally, but—have you got that?”

“Yes sir.”

“It will be some days before I can get away—that’s all.”

The train would have left Bergmont while  
5. Henry Leverett was occupied with the men who were trying to take Olive away in a close carriage, and thus fulfill their part of the devilish bargain, had not the conductor seen what was going on, and been interested in the outcome of it. Therefore he held his train a moment, and in that moment the affair was over.

But as he gave the signal to the engineer, and the heavy line of cars moved slowly and solemnly out of the station, he felt quite certain that the impulsive young fellow had made a grave error and got himself into trouble. So did the little crowd of bystand-



ers, baggage men, track men and loungers who had witnessed the affair. The final catastrophe, after Leverett had thrown the man from the box of the carriage and seized the little sachel, came so quickly that no one comprehended it.

Therefore it was that a moment or two later when the conductor came upon Leverett hurrying back to see if he had any cologne or salts in his valise, which was in the Pullman, he spoke to him as follows:

"I'm very much afraid sir, that I'll have to hand you over when we get to Portland."

"Oh, by Jove!" said Leverett, suddenly, "I never thought of that! Those fellows! That's a shame! Can't you telegraph back?"

"It won't do any good, my friend, they'll telegraph ahead. I dare say there's an officer waiting for you now."

"For me! What do you mean? Hold on a minute—I want to get something out of my valise—those ladies in there are afraid of her yet," and he brushed the conductor aside and disappeared into the next car.

Soon he returned with a silver case in which was a bottle. He hurried to Olive, who was leaning back against the car window looking very white.

"I don't know that cologne is good for anything," said he, rapidly unscrewing the top of the case, "but it wouldn't do any harm even if you—" He had slid out the bottle, and it contained a dense black liquid.

"By Jove—that's ink!" said he, standing confused.

Olive smiled faintly. A shadow of color spread itself over her face.

"I forgot that I filled it with——You see I'm going on a yacht, and cologne isn't much use there——I'm really very sorry that this occurred," and he glanced helplessly about the car.

"Thank you, it's no matter. I feel better and don't think I need anything at all," said Olive, and then he felt a wave of gratitude surge out toward him, and for



a moment had an impression that she had spoken it with her lips. So strong was this feeling that he was on the point of making some sort of reply, when it dawned upon him that she had said nothing, but was only looking at him from the depths of her dark eyes, and that there were tears in them.

"I'll go back and see if I can't find—oh—much obliged." The latter to a lady who turned and proffered a bottle of smelling salts from the seat in front of Olive. He took it and handed it to her, saying: "There you are. I thought *something* would turn up."

Olive thanked him and smiled again faintly.

The lady in front arose and came round to her, and soon after several other ladies in the car, reassured by the fact that there were no demoniac shrieks and wild laughter proceeding from where Olive sat, went to her to see if they could be of assistance. Curiosity then set in, and it was not long before every lady in the car, and several from the next one, were crowding about her.

Leverett, seeing that the young lady would now be taken care of, took the opportunity to withdraw. He felt that his part of the work was done, and was afraid he would be thanked or something of that kind, which would be embarrassing. As he made his way through the car the masculine portion of the passengers, which was now left high and dry, the feminine element having been drained away, tried to stop him with questions and compliments. Some of them rose and pressed along after him, so that he found himself quite surrounded when near the rear door, and had to stop and say a few words. The conductor came in while he was in this situation, and pushing through the throng addressed Leverett in a tone which showed annoyance.

"Now look here, my friend, how about that lady's ticket? It was only to Bergmont, and I took it up."

"How's that?" inquired Leverett. The gentlemen gathered about, interested.



"Why those men who had charge of her gave me her ticket as far as Bergmont, that's all, and here you've got her on the train again. What have I got to show for it?"

"A damned thick skull," replied Leverett, in a pleasant voice.

There was a laugh from the passengers who heard this, and more joined them.

"Look here," said the conductor, flushing—but it was noticed that he did not approach any nearer to the young stalwart before him, "look here, you'll have to be a little careful before you try to run *this* road! We know what *we're* doing. We were notified by the Rochdale people three days ago that this case was coming up. They've wired on to Portland by this time, and you'll find a nice little warrant waiting for you."

"You're entirely mistaken, conductor," replied Leverett; "if there's any arresting when we get in, it will be performed on the men in charge of this train, from you down to the news agent. You will then have an opportunity of answering for having permitted a lady passenger to be maltreated in the way she was,—permitted! By Jove, you actually assisted those two devils—actually assisted them! Yes, and you came within an ace of convincing me it was all right, after I went there to look into it!" And Leverett felt his indignation up again, and he showed it on his open, honest face—so plainly did he show it that the conductor thought it expedient to retire several steps, and move aside still further as the young fellow pushed through, and, opening the door, left the car.

An investigation followed, and Olive was questioned at considerable length by the ruffled ticket-taker. He gradually realized the situation, and when he did, he was a very different man. Seeking out Leverett he had a quiet talk with him. He hoped no complaint would be made, and that the affair might be kept as quiet as possible. He had been



completely deceived. The men came to him with a certificate and everything in proper form; they told him the lady was peculiar, always having the idea that something had been stolen from her and that she was being forced to go to prison. Everything in her actions corresponded to this. How was he to know?

The train rolled, clanging, into the Portland depot. The chief of police, with several officers, was waiting for it. Dispatches had been received from Bergmont, and they wanted full particulars. The train for the Northeast was held back until all possible information had been obtained. The conductor and brakemen were placed under arrest, and held for examination. Olive's baggage was picked out, and the checks on the trunks secured by the detectives, so that the corresponding checks might be quickly identified should they appear. They also took the three tickets which the scoundrels had given.

As for the young lady who was most concerned in the bold piece of villainy, she had regained her tranquillity, and went through the searching examination with such grace and quiet composure that she won the admiration of the burly officers, and even of the chief himself, who handed her into the train and gallantly raised his hat as it moved out. Her trunks had been re-checked and she was passed through to her destination. This was before the Interstate Commerce Law—but that would have made no difference.

Leverett had also been questioned, and he exhibited a good healthy desire to "bring those fellows to justice." He even took one of the officers aside and said, "If you caught those chaps, would there be any way by which I could see them privately for a few moments?"

"What do you mean?" asked the man, looking at him with some suspicion.

"Oh, I'd like to see them, that's all. Say—see here. Between you and me, I'd like *so much* to get



my hands on that fellow's throat again, that if five hundred dollars would be any object——”

“Oh, I see,” said the officer, smiling. “I’m afraid it couldn’t be done. At any rate, the first thing is to get *our* hands on them.”

It ended in Leverett’s offering a liberal reward for the apprehension of the miscreants, and having somewhat relieved his feelings by so doing, he resumed his seat in the train.

As a general thing, when Leverett had before  
6. him a magazine devoted to yachting and other outdoor sports, it was not a difficult feat to keep his attention upon it. For this reason his conduct, after he had seated himself, and taken *Outing* from his valise, was unusual and astonishing. He held the book before him for some time—indeed he did not know how long, before he discovered that no reading whatever had been going on. He was as ignorant of the article on the page before him as if it had been in Chinese. He did not even know the title.

At first he was unaware what had occupied his thoughts. It certainly was not the rescue of that beautiful girl in the forward coach—that is—the young lady in there. He considered that as something done and out of the way—and—wait—yes—He began to remember. It was a face that had been in his mind—only a face, and very pale always, with eyes that seemed to speak to him—eyes he could not forget. First it was a glance, appealing, asking for help, searching for a friend; then a fearful, frightened, despairing look; after that, an eager, white face, and eyes waiting with a gleam of hope; then, when he held out his hand, it was one great joyous “I have found you!” and afterward, from their deep-down depths, in a brief instant, he was overwhelmed with a heartfelt gratitude. That was all. He said



it to himself. That was all. And then he took up his magazine and tried to read.

It was a failure. He did not see the article before him. He saw the face. Those wonderful eyes spoke to him again. And the train thundered on. And the sun began to come very slantingly through the windows.

Finally Leverett flung the magazine on the seat at his side, and rose up blindly. He had come to a sudden determination, which was to go forward and see that face again—if it were still on the train. But as he looked, it was there before him. Olive Gray had come into the car, and stood there, a little flush of color mounting to her face.

"I am going to change at the next place—and I came to——"

"I'm awfully sorry you had all this trouble—really. And I was just going in to look you up; now, if I'd been a little livelier I might have saved you this crossing between the cars."

"Oh it was nothing," said Olive glancing down, for his eyes were looking at her with a frank admiration; "I'm used to climbing about—and rather like it."

Leverett felt that this was his last opportunity of seeing this very charming girl, and he was making the most of it. Her face was certainly beautiful, and wonderfully expressive, and a beam of sunlight glinting through some tinted glass at one of the upper windows touched her hair on one side into glowing, quivering threads of copper bronze. When he saw the lithe, graceful figure it was not at all difficult to believe her modest little assertion that she was accustomed to climbing.

His silent admiration might have continued some little time had he not suddenly become aware that she had raised her eyes and was looking in his face.

"I want to thank you," she said, with a helpless expression, "but I—can't."

"You have," replied Leverett quickly, "more



than I deserve. It was nothing at all. Do sit down here—I didn't mean to keep you standing like this."

"No—I can't, really. I must go back to the other car. My things are there."

"Let me go with you then, and help you off the train with them."

"Thank you," she said simply. Then she turned and he followed her. They went through several cars, and across as many jumping and quaking platforms where the gusts of wind tore madly. But a strong arm and a steady hand supported her—a hand in which she had perfect trust, for she had taken it once before.

They had hardly reached Olive's car before the train began to slow up for Wickford Junction, where she was to take the branch line. When it had come to a stand-still, Leverett took her sachel and one or two parcels in one hand, and after stepping down, turned and offered her the other. She sprang lightly to the ground, and would have taken her sachel from him, but he would not permit it.

"Is that your train?" he asked, indicating a line of cars on a siding, with a peaceful looking locomotive quietly smoking at the head of them.

"Yes. Will you have time?" following him as he moved toward it.

"Lots of it," said he, cheerfully, and he turned and taking her hand again, led her protectingly through the throng of passengers, baggage-men, porters, and other varieties of railway people. He said it cheerfully, but he had a very peculiar feeling as he glanced down at that trusting girl at his side. It so happened that at the very same moment she glanced up at him, and their eyes met.

When he had placed her sachel and parcels in a seat, he stood irresolute an instant, with a new thought.

"Thank you," said Olive, her eyes full upon him, and a little bit of a choking sensation rising in her



throat, for she felt his kindness deeply; "thank you, —*for this*," she added quickly, "I don't know how to thank you for the other."

"The other's all right," said Leverett. "You don't seem to realize that you have a better language at your command than—than the kind that is usually spoken."

"Good-bye." In a faint voice, holding out her hand to him, "I don't—want to hurry you, but I'm afraid you'll miss your train."

"Good-bye," said Leverett, taking her hand in both of his.

And then she said with a desperate little effort, looking in his face, "Won't you please—tell me your name?"

"Certainly—glad to, because then you will give me yours. I'll write it down for you." He released her hand which he had been holding, and felt in his pockets for a piece of paper. "I'll write it down for you, so you won't forget it."

"Oh, I won't *forget* it!" she said quickly. But he had pulled out a bunch of papers, and was looking for a blank piece.

"There's our business card," said he, turning out a piece of pasteboard with the firm name printed thereon, "but that won't do any good, because all I am there is *son*. This'll do," and he scribbled his name on an unused portion of a letter, and tore it off. "Can you read it?" said he, looking over it as she did, and bending so close to her that a rebellious wift of her hair which had become quite uncontrollable was blown in his face by a very accommodating breeze from the window. Even in that hurried moment he realized that it had a delicate fragrance of its own, sweeter than any artificial perfume.

But this was only an instant, for she turned to him quickly, and brushing back the truant lock, and tucking it under the masses of her hair with a pretty severity, answered, "I'm afraid I can't—quite."



"I don't wonder," said he, "it's Henry Leverett."

"And mine is Olive Gray. Oh—there's the bell—I'm afraid you'll be left."

"I think I'd prefer to be," said he quickly, "if you would let me look out for you to the end of your trip."

"Oh, no, you *mustn't*! I shall be perfectly safe—this conductor knows me—they only have one, you know."

Leverett at that moment wished they had a hundred, and that they were all scoundrels.

"There! Your train is moving! Can you catch it?" said Olive, quite excitedly.

"I can if you tell me you do not wish me to go with you," replied Leverett, in a low, earnest voice that others now in the car could not hear.

"I can't tell you that," said the girl, returning his frank, blue-eyed look with one from her deep brown eyes, "but you don't know how far——"

"Then I can't catch the train," he stopped her by saying emphatically, as if that settled the matter.

And it did.

7. There was a moment's silence between them, for now that this phase—or, as it might be more appropriately called, this Division of the rather unusual line of Railroad occurrences which had so hurried on their acquaintance, was suddenly ended, it left them rather at a loss what to begin the next one with, and they stood looking at each other as the train they had just left moved rapidly away, the locomotive puffing and straining furiously.

Suddenly Olive exclaimed, "Oh—your baggage! You left it there!"

"That's a fact," admitted Leverett. "I suppose I'll never see that valise again."

"Can't you telegraph?" she asked.



"A good idea," said he, starting toward the door; "I can wire the Chief of Police at Bangor and have it arrested on arrival." He left the train and disappeared into the telegraph office. Olive, watching him, sat down slowly, and found herself hoping he would *not* miss *this* train.

It had actually started, however, before she saw him emerge from the office, and with an easy bound or two spring lightly upon the step. He came in and seated himself by her side. It was the first quiet moment they had had together.

"Where are you going, anyway?" was the easy manner in which he began the conversation.

"To Williamsport," she answered, "and I'm afraid it's ever so far from where you want to go."

"It's exactly where I want to go," he rejoined, pleasantly, "if you're going there. I really think," he went on, noticing that what he had said had slightly embarrassed her, for a faint flush came into her face, "I really think, Miss Gray, that as I started out to see you through this thing, I have the right to finish it up."

"I'm sure you have if you want to." And then she said in a lower tone, with feeling in every word, "How good—how *good* you were to begin."

She turned away from him toward the window, and in a moment added, without looking at him, "If you hadn't, I don't know what would have become of me!"

"By George, those fellows were *terrors*!" he said with sudden indignation. She turned her face to him quickly, and he saw that it was very white.

"Look here, don't think of it! What's the good? Listen!" he said, for she turned away again, "I want to tell you something. It's very important!" She turned to him.

"Where did you—where did you come from?"

And then they both burst into merry laughter at his clumsy but good-natured attempt to divert her thoughts. When they were serious again she



answered his question by saying, "I came from Northampton. I have been to school there."

"Not at Smith?"

"Yes." Nodding her head once daintily, and looking to see what then.

"Why I know a—" He stopped.

Something prevented him from going on and telling her that he knew Edith Kimball. He could not mention her name. There seemed to be no reason for this—and yet he simply could not. Therefore he changed the subject quickly. Afterward his conscience spoke to him in strong language.

They became very well acquainted, these two young people, in the short ride from Wickford Junction to Williamsport. It was not really such a very short ride, but it seemed so. Olive told him how Cap'n Smith would be waiting for her, and that they would have to drive seven miles before reaching home. She said the Cap'n would be pleased to see him, and would certainly invite him to return home with them, though of course it was so far she was afraid he could not. Leverett told her he must leave Williamsport as soon as possible and resume his journey, and therefore, though he would be greatly pleased to do so, it would be impossible for him to accept any invitation which the Cap'n might be so good as to extend. He said he hoped he might meet her again some time—though he felt in his heart that it was impossible. Indeed, as they drew near the end of their journey together, a sudden conviction came upon him that it would be better if he had not obeyed his first impulse; it would be better all round if he had gone back to his valise and his seat on the Bangor train.

The Cap'n was astonished to find Olive accompanied by a stalwart young man with blue eyes, light closely curling hair, and a sandy mustache. Olive at once introduced Mr. Leverett, and explained that he had been of great assistance to her on the journey, *great* assistance, and that he was going back on



the train in the morning; she would tell him about it when they reached home—she *could* not now.

“Then, sir, I has to thank you aforehand for that consarnin’ which she’ll tell me about arterwards,” said the Cap’n, feeling that he had made quite an elegant little speech. He gave Leverett a hearty grip that was returned as heartily, and that was appreciated on both sides, and invited him to return home with them, saying he could either “set in the starn-sheets along o’ one o’ the chists,” or, if he preferred, he could “set for’ard and work the steerin’ gear.”

Leverett felt compelled to decline the invitation, though with a great wish in his heart that he could accept. The Cap’n left him and went to look after the trunks. He looked round for Olive. She was standing near the horses, her face away from him. He went toward her quickly. She heard him coming, and turned. He had intended to speak to her. It was the last opportunity he would have. He had a dozen things on his lips to say. But he said none of them. He stood before her and was silent. Neither of them spoke for a moment. Then he stammered out, “I—I think I won’t wait. Good-bye Miss Gray.”

Olive put her hand in the one he extended and said quietly, “Good-bye.”

He held her hand an instant. Then released it, and walked rapidly away.

Although the locomotive was in the habit of  
8. getting up at an early hour every morning  
—Sundays excepted—and taking his bath  
and rub-down, and light breakfast of thinly  
cut shavings and hashed wood, to be soon  
followed by a heavier meal of logs and coal, preparatory to hauling the train from Williamsport to Wickford Junction, Cap’n Ed’ard Smith arose the following morning at a much earlier hour. Indeed, such a start did he get over the aforesaid loco-



motive that he arrived in Williamsport before the grimy monster was out of bed. It was a good hour before the time for the train to leave.

The Cap'n proceeded directly to the single hotel which Williamsport complained of, and asked the proprietor, who was shaving himself in the wash-room, and whose name was Fuller, whether Mr. Henry Leverett had come on deck yet.

"Say, Cap'n, do you know that man?" asked the proprietor, eagerly.

"I cannot say as I knows him *thorough*," replied the Cap'n, "but I knows him well enough to know that he's a-goin' back to the Harbor along o' me, or else I'm a-goin' to some other place along o' him."

It will be seen that Olive had told the Cap'n about the villainous attack upon her and of Leverett's timely interference and her rescue from what might have been worse than death.

"Wall, sir," rejoined Fuller in a loud voice, coming toward the Cap'n, his chin covered with lather, "I'm out fifty cents on that chap unless I can git a hold of him at the deepo if he should try to leave."

The Cap'n was surprised, and asked for an explanation, which the proprietor was only too willing to give.

"The man come here an' signed in the register, an' ast for the best room we had. He looked all right—darned if he wasn't a good lookin' fellow now, an' I wouldn't a thought it of him. I marked him down for the bridle chamber, an' he went in an' et a hearty supper, an' went out as if he was goin' on a stroll, an' that's the last thet was seen of him."

This did not seem possible to the Cap'n, and he said so. He asked if they were sure he was not asleep in his room. The proprietor at once took him there, and they looked all about, even under the bed, and in the closets. Finally the Cap'n said he would go over and watch for him at the train.

"You needn't bother yourself," said the other. "I'll attend to that—don't you be afraid."



Now the Cap'n was not in the least in doubt as to Leverett's honesty, and besides he did not want the man who had assisted his Olive in a time of sore need, annoyed for a mere trifle. He therefore offered to pay the bill himself.

"Why, do you owe the feller anything?"

"I owes him so much," replied the Cap'n, "that there aren't anythin' as I've got what he couldn't have for the askin'."

"Wall, if that's really so, I don't mind takin' the fifty cents of ye."

Mr. Fuller's claim was immediately satisfied.

The train left for Wickford, and Leverett had not appeared. The Cap'n was puzzled, and began to be a little alarmed as well. He felt certain that such a man would not do a small or mean action like swindling a hotel out of a meal. It was that very circumstance that made him feel anxious, and fear that something had befallen the young fellow. It was possible he had been followed by the scoundrels whose horrible purpose he had frustrated;—perhaps there were confederates on the train and they had come with him and taken some villainous revenge.

He finally laid the matter before the town authorities, and a search was made at once. But the missing man could not be found, nor could they learn anything about him. The only light upon the mystery, and it was a very faint one, was the fact that two or three loungers who were occupying chairs near the door of the hotel after supper, had seen a man come out who answered the description of Leverett, and turning to the left, walk rapidly in the direction of the river.

They searched all along the docks and the banks above and below the town, but there was no trace. Finally it was given up.

At a late hour that night the Cap'n reached his house on the shell road. Olive had been waiting for him. As he came along the veranda she noticed that his step was heavy and slow. It was so differ-



ent from usual that she was filled with alarm—not knowing but he had been ill—or perhaps hurt. She opened the door for him. He came in silently. She stood watching him. —

“What is it, uncle?” she finally asked.

“I aren’t seed him,” replied the old man, sadly.

“Why, where was he?” she inquired breathlessly.

“There aren’t nobody as kin tell what has become of him, an’ I—I’m afeard as those men as he interfered with has done harm to him for doin’ it.”

A low cry escaped from Olive. The Cap’n started toward her.

“No no—tell me!” she whispered, motioning him not to come to her.

He told her all he could of the strange disappearance and the fruitless search. She listened without moving; her eyes darkening strangely—indescribably.

When he had finished she stood a moment looking at him. Then she said, almost in a whisper, “Good-night,” and went to her room.

After she was gone, the Cap’n sat for a long time motionless, his head bowed down. Then he slowly rose and went to the locker under the window—the chintz-covered locker where he kept his most precious things. Opening it and putting in his arm he drew out the old Calcutta paper, which, upon special occasions, he used to divert his mind. Until nearly morning he sat with it before his face, spelling his way slowly through the story of a shipwreck that particularly took his fancy, and when he had come to the end he read it over and over again.

9. Edward Smith, waiting for the scoundrels he had employed to deliver Olive Gray into his hands, his mind vulturous, feeding upon his own carrion imaginings, was a most repulsive spectacle. Everything had been so planned that there would be no chance of escape for his vic-



tim, no possibility of succor arriving in time to save her. Ingeniously as the arrangements for her abduction had been devised, the safeguards against discovery were still more ingenious. Pursuers could not fail to be thrown off the track. It was as nearly sure as such a thing can be. Therefore Edward could safely indulge in thoughts of his fiendish victory, interspersed at times with a mental effort to hit upon some way by which he could avoid or postpone paying his accomplices the remainder of the money which would be due upon completion of their work, and which he did not possess.

It was a rude blow to the fellow when he received news of the complete failure of the undertaking. Only one of the two men who were to have brought him the object of his brutal passion arrived at the rendezvous. He had his arm in a sling. The other was laid up at a farm house, quite ill from the rough handling he had received.

There were hard words spoken, and many unkind remarks made, of which Henry Leverett was the subject. Ed's anger seemed to know no bounds. It threatened to end fatally, for he was plethoric—full to the eyes with unhealthy blood and an unhealthy temper, and his passion swelled the veins on his forehead and neck, and bulged out his temples alarmingly.

But his friend did not linger to see any possibly happy outcome of this furious rage. Instead, he departed very suddenly and made his way by devious routes not generally patronized by the traveling public, toward the center of civilization from whence he had come. He was so entirely changed in appearance that it would hardly have been dangerous for him to proceed by rail, but he never took chances that he could avoid. He had delivered over to Ed Smith a pocket-book and several small articles belonging to the young lady he had nearly succeeded in capturing, after having carefully removed what money was therein contained, examined it carefully



for any marks or peculiarities of a dangerous nature, and transferred it to his own wallet.

When young Smith had recovered somewhat from his violent spasm of anger, he began to think what he had best do. He felt certain that Olive and his father would suspect him of being concerned in the attempt which had been made upon her. He must do something to clear himself from this suspicion, that was evident. As an *alibi* is one of the simplest methods by which to establish one's disconnection with any particular affair, criminal or otherwise, it is not strange that this claim was the one he decided to put forward.

It was a consequence of this determination that Cap'n Smith, upon going to the village the morning following his dejected return from Williamsport, was told that his son had arrived in town the night before. The old man stood speechless. Although Olive had said nothing to him, nor he to her, about suspecting Edward of so base a villainy, yet each knew that the other did suspect it; it was understood and taken for granted, though neither of them had put it into words.

And yet he had the audacity to come to Gap Harbor hardly more than a day after the outrageous attempt. It seemed incredible.

But the Cap'n was still more surprised when he was informed that Edward had been out on one of the fishing boats for more than a week, and he took occasion to look up one of the crew of the vessel, and question him. He was told that it was true his son had been with them, and that they had taken him aboard from one of the Canadian ports where they had run in for bait. It was very surprising. He went home and thought it over, as he smoked with Mazey.

Olive did not leave her room that day. Otherwise the Cap'n would have told her what he had heard, and what it gave him reason to hope. It was a fearful blow to him to suppose his son guilty of so



terrible a thing. He had tried not to think of it. But now that there was some ground for supposing it might not be true, he pondered upon it continually, and even said a few words to Mazey on the subject.

It was after the sun had gone down, and the evening grown into a hazy twilight, that Olive came into the little parlor which was eloquent on every side and even above with her oddly conceived decorations. The Cap'n was sitting there alone. He rose as she came toward him, and took the hand which was extended to him. He felt its feverish heat, and noticed a little tremor pass through it now and then. He had been anxious about the girl all day, and now his anxiety increased.

"You doesn't seem yourself noways, young leddy," said he kindly, his calm, steady eyes upon her face questioningly, "an it would a' seemed better for ye not to a' comed on deck."

"Uncle," she answered, in a low voice, "do not think of me—it is nothing. But—if you could go over to Williamsport to-morrow—and—" she stopped. The Cap'n understood her.

"Sartain I will," said he kindly, seating Olive in an easy chair. "Sartain I will. Has they brung you everythin' you wanted to-day?"

"Yes, everything, thank you. I want to ask you if—" she paused a moment and then said suddenly, "I want to go with you."

"Over to the Port?"

"Yes."

"Will you be able for to do it?"

"Yes—yes—I *must*, uncle!" She leaned toward him, her voice sinking to a breathless, earnest whisper; "I cannot stay here—I must go over—it seems as if I could find him! Think—*think* what he did for me!"

"It are jist as well for ye to go," said the Cap'n.

They were both silent for a while, and then the Cap'n's voice broke the stillness.

"I allow as I had a fear Ed'ard might 'a' been into



that thing as they tried to do." Olive started up with a sudden fire in her eyes, and turned toward him. "But if so be as he warn't, it are hard to give him the credit o' doin' it. He come into port last night an' has been on a fishin' sloop for nigh on eleven days."

Then he told her all he had learned, and of his hope that Edward was innocent, and how it did not seem as if the boy could have gone so low as that. They were talking the matter over when Olive happened to look out of the front window. She rose at once and went quietly out into the little front hall. Stopping at the foot of the stairs she turned to the Cap'n, who had followed her.

"He is coming here," she said. "I—I do not want to see him—so soon." Then she climbed slowly up the little brass-trimmed stairway, and going into her own room, closed the door.

About ten minutes later there was a gentle knock. She opened the door and the Cap'n was there. She asked him to come in.

"I come for to put somethin' to ye," said he, in a low tone, standing with one hand on a little chintz-covered chair.

"What is it?" she asked.

"It are somethin' regardin' which you can do jist what you pleases and no words spoken. Ed'ard is down below, and he's been a-sayin' to me as how he's heared o' that there time you had, an' are most worried and put about for fear as we'd think it was any o' his doin'. If he could be allowed to tell this here to you, he'd like amazin' for to do it. If not, would I pass the word to you myself? Now I knows you hasn't been feelin' shipshape to-day, an' I'll jist report the same, an' say as I passed the word faithful;" and he moved toward the door.

"No, uncle," said Olive, touching his arm, "you may say I will come down."

The Cap'n looked at her a moment and then went slowly out.



Olive, for the first time in her life, was anxious to see Ed Smith. If he were at the bottom of the base plot against her, he would know what had befallen the fearless and strong one who had defeated it. She would go and see. She would *see*. A feeling that she could read what was in his mind took possession of her. It was this that caused her to appear at the door of the parlor a few moments later.

The lamps were burning, and Mazey had come in. The bulky form of young Smith rose awkwardly before her as she entered the room. On the wall behind him and a little to the left, so that it brought the two heads side by side, was the ugly fish she had painted the evening he had come for money, and treated his father and old Mazey so roughly. She was surprised to notice the marked resemblance between the two faces.

He stood facing her, unable for a moment to speak. Even his brazen and bullying assurance was put to a severe test. Besides, he stood in her presence once more, and that alone caused his heart to beat heavily and his face to redden.

It was in a thick voice that finally, with an effort, he broke into the rather awkward silence. He repeated, in substance, what the Cap'n had told Olive a few moments before. He said he knew he had been pretty rough and wild, but he was trying to do better, and it was a terrible thing to him to be suspected of such a thing as that.

"How did you know you were suspected?" asked Olive, suddenly.

"I—I only thought you might—because of what I'd done—and the way I treated you. I know I hadn't ought to 'a' been so rough—I'm sorry for—for all I did—and wish I hadn't done it—it was only because I—I—" and now he felt the searching eyes upon him, and stammered and whined on, blindly, apologetically, incoherently, for he had the feeling that he must keep on, and yet he had no clear idea of what to say. Finally he stopped. There



was a silence. It seemed very long to him. His eyes did not dare look into the eyes that were fixed on his, and they moved restlessly about the room.

Olive had been standing near the door, watching him intently. She now slowly approached him. His restlessness increased. He had not counted on this. He had supposed he could blurt out what he had to say, and maintain the attitude of a man who was suffering a great injustice. He had done his blurting, and now he seemed to be under examination. It was intolerable. He conceived the idea that he would get away, and mumbled something about being sorry to trouble her, and as that was all he had to say, he would go.

"Wait," said Olive, as he moved away. He stopped. She was very near him. "Will you look at me a moment? I want you to look at me."

The small whitish-blue eyes were turned toward her, and there was a strained-open, alarmed look in them.

"Cap'n Smith tells me you have been on a boat for the past week, and only came in last night. I want you to tell me if that is true."

"Of course it's true!" said Ed, in rather a loud voice.

"It is not true," said Olive, her lithe figure drawn to its full height before him, and every muscle tense. She spoke quietly, but with an emphatic pause before each word. "It is *not* true. I can see it as plainly as I see you standing there. You have not been at sea at all—you have been in Williamsport!"

Ed started, and his expression changed.

"You *have* been in Williamsport," Olive went on, intent only upon wringing from the man what she wanted to know.

"I have *not*!" shouted Ed, his doggedness and brutality beginning to assert itself.

"You have! You deny it with your lips, but admit it with something stronger than words! You have been there. You were there yesterday—and



you must tell me—you must tell me—this I *will* know—what was done to—to the man who disappeared there—who disappeared night before last—what was done? Where is he? You know where he is!”

“No, I don’t know where he is,” said Ed, and he was looking in Olive’s face.

There was silence for an instant. Then Olive turned away slowly, and her eyes rested upon the Cap’n.

“It is true,” she said sadly, “it is true, he doesn’t know—he doesn’t know!”

A quick step was heard at this moment on the veranda, and an instant later a solid, ringing knock at the door. The Cap’n hastened out and opened it.

“Hullo, Cap’n!” said a hearty voice, and his hand was seized in a grip he had not forgotten. Still holding on to his hand, the proprietor of the grip entered, and pulling the delighted but speechless old sailor after him, stood at the parlor door.

Olive saw him, and a cry of joy burst, uncontrollable, from her heart. In another moment both her pretty white hands were held by Henry Leverett.

Although Leverett would have been glad to  
10. keep those soft little hands in his for an indefinite length of time, he soon discovered that the time he was permitted to do so was exceedingly definite, and very much limited. In fact, they were withdrawn almost immediately, and their fair owner retired a step or two and stood perfectly still, the loveliest embodiment of feminine confusion that the young man had ever seen.

“We were very much alarmed about you—that was the reason,” said she, as if explaining something very frightful, and not knowing exactly what she said or why she said it.

“About me!” said Leverett, in a frank, hearty



tone that set everything right at once. "By Jove! I think you ought to be—I feel as if I'd been around the Cape, Cap'n!"

"The Cape!" echoed a deep bass voice in the corner, which was Mazey's. The Cap'n stood waiting, anxious to hear what had occurred. But Leverett noticed Mazey's open-mouthed interest, and was looking at him.

"You know pretty well what the Cape is, I see."

"Well I jist does, sir," replied the delighted old salt, hobbling to his feet, his one eye blinking most animatedly.

"This here are Jonathan Mazey, as were one o' my reliablest mates, an' as I'd like to introduce," said Cap'n Smith, and added, with much show of formality, "Mr. Leverett, Mr. Jonathan Mazey."

After Leverett had shaken hands with Mazey, he turned and found himself face to face with Ed Smith, who had not moved since he came in. He turned toward the Cap'n, as if for an introduction. There was a moment's pause. The two men looked at each other. One with a frank, open glance of questioning. The other with eyes half averted, yet not quite—the look of a cur not knowing whether or not he will be struck. Ed knew perfectly well who this man was, and what he had done. And he knew, too, from her intense concern as to what had befallen him, from her heart-cry of joyous relief when she saw him, and the impulsive greeting that followed, that Olive Gray felt something more than a friendly regard for the broad-shouldered stranger. He knew all this, and he felt the kindling of a fierce fire within him.

"This here's my son Ed'ard, Mr. Leverett," said the Cap'n.

"How are you!" was Leverett's cheerful greeting as he wrung Ed's big, coarse hand.

"The same to you," mumbled the other, and he knew from the iron grasp in which his hand was held that he faced a man of powerful build. It was this



knowledge that checked his violent impulses for several weeks. It was this that prudently held him back when he was wild with jealous anger—insane with the thirst for revenge. That grasp of the hand clung to his memory, until the time when memory and all else was swept away by the flood of his passion.

As soon as he could he bade them a gruff good-night and left the house.

It did not take long for them to learn the manner of Leverett's sudden departure from Williamsport. He had gone out for a walk about seven in the evening. The fact was, although he did not tell them so, that for some reason he dared not name even to himself, he felt utterly lonely and wretched after saying good-bye to Olive. Had he stopped to consider the circumstances it would not have seemed possible to him that this could be so; it was something like a dream in which a man suddenly finds himself wrought up to a most remarkable degree, a condition it would naturally take weeks or months or even years to induce, and yet into which he enters at a moment's notice without question.

But Leverett did not stop to consider. He only knew that he was unspeakably lonely—that something had gone out of his life which left it blank—unresting—groping. He did not know, to a certainty, what it was that he missed. He did not take account of the remarkable fact that the something had never been in his life until that very day—and pretty well on in the day at that. All he realized distinctly was, that he was wretchedly unhappy, that he had a vague longing upon him, and that he must walk rapidly—no matter where.

This being plain to him, he walked. He did not know that he started to the left and turned to the right, and then to the right again and then to the left. But he was soon made aware of his whereabouts by a rough voice calling out, "Hello there! Be you wantin' to git aboard?"



He saw in the fading light, that a vessel of some kind was leaving an old wharf. The ropes had been cast off, and she was even then moving slowly, the light breeze catching at a great patched and weather-darkened sail, as it rose higher and higher with the regularly recurring little jerks—each one accompanied by the singing of the blocks—with which a sail habitually spreads itself.

"Where bound?" asked Leverett quickly.

"For the Gap—hurry up young man, you aint got no time to waste!"

"Gap Harbor?" shouted Leverett suddenly very much interested.

"That's what I said—but you're too late now, an' we can't put about for ye!" and the captain of the sloop turned away, giving no more attention to the matter, for the vessel's stern had passed the end of the wharf, the distance between being already ten feet or more, and rapidly increasing.

"How long does it take you to make it?" said a voice behind the skipper which caused him to turn suddenly.

"Jingo!" was his sole remark, as he looked at Leverett.

"What's the matter?"

"You k'n jump a few feet, or I'll be durned."

"Yes—a few. Will you get there by nine?"

"Nine *what*?"

"O'clock."

"Yes, if the wind's fav'able wen we git outside, we'll sight it by nine to-morrer night; if 'taint we won't."

Leverett regarded the skipper a moment in blank amazement. Then he glanced at the craft upon whose deck he stood. "Did Burgess design her?" he asked, looking at the captain. He had been informed by Olive that Gap Harbor was seven miles from Williamsport.

"Who?" asked the captain. But no one answered, for Leverett had walked aft to see whether there



was any chance of getting ashore again. But a five hundred foot jump was a little beyond his limit.

When he had decided, in that instant, to take passage on the sloop, one thought only was in his mind. But that thought filled every part of it—every crevice and corner, so that there was not a particle of room left for another to squeeze in. It was the thought that he would see Olive Gray once more—only once more; that he would take her exquisite little hand in his and look down into the depths of her wonderful eyes again, and this for the very last time. The very last. That would end it. With this thought sweeping everything before it, he measured the distance with a glance, took an easy running jump, and alighted on the deck with the lightness of a cat.

But now that he was on board, there was plenty of time to reflect upon what he had done. The wind was not "fav'able" when they got outside, and it was nearly forty-eight hours after leaving Williamsport that he sprang ashore at Gap Harbor. In the mean time he had come to his senses. The whole affair was a mere incident. Taking the girl's part when the scoundrels set upon her at Bergmont had given him a slight interest in her, that was all. It was quite natural too. He could not be blamed for that. Even Edith Kimball would not reproach him for such a thing. In fact, he would tell her all about it when he reached home; how he had had the pleasure of helping a college friend of hers—if she were a friend—through a little scrape. Yes, and had even gone down to Gap Harbor to see if the young lady reached home in safety. Perfectly square. Entirely right. If Edith had assisted a friend of his out of a difficulty he would be only too glad to have her follow it up, and see it out. By Jove, he'd be displeased if she didn't!

And as Leverett went up into the village of Gap Harbor to inquire the way to Cap'n Edward Smith's, his mind was entirely settled to make a brief and



pleasant little call, just to see if Miss Gray was all right, then bid her a hearty and friendly adieu, and leave the town as soon thereafter as possible. All that nonsense about taking her hand again, and looking once more into the fascinating depths of her eyes had been completely put down and out of the way.

Therefore, as has been seen, he crossed the veranda with a light, quick tread, and knocked heartily at the door. When it was opened he grasped Cap'n Smith warmly by the hand, and pushed his way toward the parlor, where he had seen Miss Gray as he came down the path. He heard the low cry of gladness that she could not repress, felt the trembling little hands in his, saw the eyes he had tried to banish from his mind illumined with a joyous light; all this occupied barely three seconds, but in those three seconds the senses which he had come to were scattered to the four winds, and all the foolishness he had so successfully mastered was rampant again, sweeping everything before it,—uncontrollable—overpowering. He struggled for a few moments, but for once Henry Leverett was in the grasp of something a thousand times more powerful than himself, and although he did not acknowledge defeat, and had a vague idea that when he got away by himself he would be able to throw his fierce adversary, or escape from him and run for his life, it was a weak hope, and his words belied it and were untrue to it when he asked if he could call the next afternoon, as he would probably be there a day or two looking around to see how the yachting was in that vicinity.

The Cap'n urged him to remain at his house during the time he should be in Gap Harbor, and was really disappointed because he would not; and when Leverett finally bade them good-night, insisted on going to the village with him to help him look up a comfortable lodging. The two trudged down the old shell road together, the young man's thoughts



lingering upon the lovely girl he had just left at the door of the Cap'n's house—the last radiant look she had given him, the last expression of her beautiful face, the touch of her hand as he held it again for the briefest possible moment; and then he went back to her impulsive welcome and thought it all over again and again and again, and was simply and utterly bound to her, hand and foot and head and heart and soul, and whatever else there is. It was very quickly done, but there could be no doubt about it, and by the next morning he acknowledged as much to himself.

The Cap'n walked beside him, and was very happy that the brave young fellow was safe, and that he had an opportunity of seeing him again and letting him know how grateful he was.

But there were three walking down the road that night; for behind them, and not far behind either, was Edward Smith.

II. The following afternoon Leverett called at the Cap'n's. He had been scarcely able to wait for the time to come. The morning seemed interminable. The night had seemed interminable for that matter. He had scarcely slept an hour. He did not want to sleep. He was in a high fever. It did not seem to be a painful fever, for he enjoyed every symptom of it, or, to speak more correctly, every variation of the one great symptom, which was Olive Gray, Olive Gray, Olive Gray. His brain burned hot, his eyes stared bright, his pulse throbbed, his heart seemed bursting, and it was all Olive Gray—only Olive Gray. Every motion, every look, every feature of her sweet face, every touch of her hand, every word she had said, every tone of her voice, everything about her that his recollection could seize upon, was gathered up and thrown into the feverish flame that



consumed him, and made it the more intense. He stumbled out of bed and walked about the room, much to the alarm of the good people who had, at the Cap'n's request, taken him in. By the first faint glimmer of morning light he dressed, and then walked down by the water, up on the hills, in every possible direction.

How the morning was passed Leverett could not have told. But he got through it in some way, and sat in the Cap'n's parlor about two o'clock, waiting for Olive to come down. Would she give him that dear little hand when she came? Would she show, without thinking, that she was unspeakably glad to see him, and then be filled with the most lovely confusion? These questions and innumerable others of a similar nature crowded into his mind. They were all answered very shortly and in the negative. No, she would not do any of these things.

Miss Gray's behavior was very different from that of the evening previous. It was so different that it completely astonished Mr. Leverett. She was another person. He had not met this young lady before. It was necessary to get acquainted all over again, but he set about it with the greatest good nature. In the first place her greeting was most formal. She bowed with a charming grace, and allowed a faint smile to resuscitate the little dimples near the corners of her mouth for a moment. But it was a smile she might have used upon any occasion, and with any casual caller. She did not offer Leverett her hand. And after this she became actually cold and distant.

All this was such a surprise to the young man that he found it difficult to converse. As for giving utterance to the things he had thought of saying, it was simply out of the question. He asked her some questions about Smith College, which she answered quietly and in the fewest possible words. They talked demurely on other subjects. After a time the Cap'n came in. The call, of which Leverett had



had the most enchanting visions, was at an end. He walked back to the village thoroughly disheartened. But he slept well that night, and in the morning was himself again.

Why Olive had adopted this course cannot be told. It is always difficult to assign an exact reason for what a young lady does, especially when there is a complication of circumstances. She could not have assigned one herself. It simply came so. There was no help for it. It was the result—the unavoidable result—of what had gone before; of their peculiar meeting, acquaintance, and her forgetfulness of the previous evening. Because men possess but one kind of Logic, they stupidly conclude that there is but one. This is an error. There are two kinds. Masculine Logic. Feminine Logic. The difference between them is that one is founded upon reason and the other is founded upon itself—it is not dependent upon any outside affair whatever. Both kinds are inexorable. Olive's behavior was the result of Feminine Logic.

She was actually sorry, in her precious little heart, that she was compelled to treat one who had been so good to her in such an outrageous fashion. She felt sure he would go away disgusted, and never return. Had he done this, there is no denying the fact that she would have been exceedingly unhappy, for had he not been very noble indeed, and shown himself a fearless hero and a true friend? What is it about a friend in need? She had certainly been in need. Therefore was he a friend to her indeed.

But this friend of hers did not call the next day, and what made the matter worse was that the Cap'n, who went to the village in company with Mazey, could not find him, and was told, upon inquiry, that he had gone over to Williamsport.

The consequence was that Olive suffered the pangs of remorse. And a further consequence was that when Mr. Leverett appeared at the door the following morning about half-past nine, he received



a warm welcome, and had the little hand in his once more.

He had come to see if she would go out for a walk. And she would. While he waited for her in the parlor, he noticed, for the first time, its odd decoration.

"It makes a fellow feel as if he were under water," said he, as she entered with her hat and gloves on. "When I first caught sight of it, I came near trying to swim a stroke or two."

They talked a few moments about the different fish and reptiles that calmly gazed at them from various parts of the room. He told her all she needed to make the illusion complete, was to paint the ceiling with the under side of lily pads, as if they were floating on the surface there.

"I'm afraid it would be so realistic you would never come in," said Olive.

"Miss Gray," replied he, "if I saw you here, I would certainly dive in and pull you out."

Not a great while after this lily pads began to appear, one by one, along the edge of the ceiling, their long green stems coming up the walls and branching out to each leaf.

It was a jolly good walk they had that day, as Leverett said to himself on his way back to town. And the next day he happened along, and thought he would just stop in and see if she would like to take another. Mrs. Dunks, to whom he had been formally presented the day before, received him with great cordiality.

It must be confessed that Nancy Dunks regarded Mr. Leverett with great favor. There was a particular reason for her so doing—a strong reason. She felt that if such a thing *should* happen as Olive being persuaded by some one to leave the Cap'n, it would result in the old mariner's being absolutely obliged to seek feminine consolation. That would soften his heart as nothing else would. She looked upon Mr. Leverett as a possible means to this end.



Therefore she received him with a little dip of a courtesy that shook the house, and a smile that made the door seem narrow by contrast.

"Won't ye come into the parlor, sir, an' sit down? It would make me most happy, indeed," said she.

"Thank you," replied Leverett heartily, as he followed her into the little halliway. "Is Miss Gray at home?"

"She is, an' I know as she'll be glad to see you sir!"

"I wish I had equal confidence," laughed Leverett. "Will you tell her I shall be very glad indeed if I can see her?" He went into the parlor, and turning at the door, added, "Tell her I'm waiting in the Aquarium."

"What term did I understand you to apply to my marine decorations, Mr. Leverett?" asked Olive, frowning with mock severity, as she came into the room a moment later.

"I beg your pardon," said Leverett honestly, as he stood perfectly entranced by the brilliant, laughing eyes, with the pretty frown above them, "but you ought to feel complimented when a person is affected by the realism of these things as I am. I actually tried to hold my breath until you came down. When a man is waiting for you under water you ought not to keep him long."

"If you really feel it as keenly as that, I'm afraid I ought not to make you come in here at all. It must be distressing to try to talk to a person rationally when you feel that you are at the bottom of the sea, with horrible-looking fishes drinking in every word."

"No, I like it, really, Miss Gray. There's a novelty in it that you can't appreciate. Here I am, as it were, talking to a mermaid."

"Oh dear!" said Olive, laughing. "And please tell me what *you* are then."

"A devil-fish," answered Leverett.

"I *ought* to have one here!" and Olive looked



about the room as if she had made a culpable error. "There, he could sit in that corner, and enjoy life. Imagine what decorative possibilities there would be in his long tentacles—is that what you call them?"

"No," said Leverett, "I just say radiators."

"Well," laughed the girl, "radiators then, branching out in every direction, and taking hold of everything within reach. I think I'll put one in."

"May I sit as a model?" asked Leverett humbly.

Olive turned her eyes upon him and seemed to be thinking for a moment. Then she said quietly, "No, I have a better one."

The two went out together, this time to what was known as the high cliffs, a place Olive fancied more than any other. The high cliffs were several hundred feet above the water, which had battered and gouged its way almost under them, forming a series of those great hollow sounding-boards which so intensified the report of the thunderous blows of the ocean. Following along this height some distance a gorge or ravine prevented further progress, and on the edge of it, overhanging the ocean on one side and jutting off into this ravine on the other was a rocky ledge or promontory. To reach this place it was necessary to descend a few steps if approached from the cliff. It presented the appearance of a large, shaded grotto with a level mossy floor, inclosed on two sides by the massive piled-up rocks of the cliff, and on the third by the trees and bushes growing up from the steep sides of the ravine. Toward the sea only was it open. But it was so decidedly open here that one instinctively kept at a respectful distance—at any rate after once looking down. It did not seem so dangerous at first, for some small tough little shoots of trees and shrubbery grew in the crevices of the rock along the edge and formed an illusory barrier which in a measure satisfied the eye, although it would have been a far from satisfactory safeguard had a person inadver-



tently lost his balance in that vicinity. But pushing these branches aside and glancing below one was at once filled with a desire to hold on tight to whatever happened to be within reach.

As Olive looked over, so as to find the place which would make the most frightful impression upon him, it happened to be Leverett who was within reach, and he was very glad of it, too. But instead of paying attention to Olive's exclamations of awe, and directions as to looking down, which he should have done, he thought only of the hand which clung to his so tightly, and of the exquisite daintily-rounded arm which he ventured to press close to him at a moment when its owner seemed most filled with enthusiastic horror at the idea of falling on the jagged rocks far beneath. He was just thinking how softly white that arm must be, judging from the fascinating little zone of pearl white wrist that now and then darted into view above her glove, when she turned suddenly and said, "Now do *exactly* as I told you!"

"I will," he answered meekly, and then added by way of a feeler, "if I can without breaking my neck."

It was a successful one, for she said at once, "Dear me! It won't break your neck to shut your eyes, will it?"

"No, not if I do it quietly," he answered, "and don't try to go far with them closed."

"Oh, I'll hold you," she said, reassuringly.

Leverett, upon hearing this, closed his eyes at once. Olive held his hand with both of hers as he put his head over the edge.

"Now open them," was the next order. He obeyed, and was rewarded by an unusual spectacle. The rock of the cliff had split off in such a way that it receded inward, and they seemed to be hanging out over the ocean which foamed over masses of broken stone hundreds of feet below.

After this they were content to stay in the fur-



ther end of the grotto, and, indeed, it was pleasanter there. For the foliage of light birches and other trees growing among the rocks overhung it, and it was surrounded by cedars. Leverett went through the pretty and time-honored ceremony of cutting their initials on the trunk of a white birch, although he acknowledged to himself grimly that a chestnut would perhaps have been a more appropriate tree.

It was from this that questions naturally followed as to Olive's name—whether she had a middle one, and so forth. Then he suddenly turned and asked her whether she were a niece of the Cap'n's. So it happened that while he carved away at the "O. G." she told him in a few simple answers to his questions her strange life-story. And it came about, too, that as he began on the "H. B. L." she asked if he was in business in Boston; upon which he gave her in a few graphic words, which came out in spasmodic jerks between the strokes of his knife, a decidedly humorous and pathetic account of his struggles to be the "Son" in the mercantile firm of Judson Leverett & Son.

The carving was nearly finished, and they were beginning to feel very well acquainted with each other, when, happening to look behind her, Olive was surprised to discover that they were not alone. Leverett had just asked her a question, and noticing that she did not answer he turned toward her. Following the direction in which she was looking he saw, seated on a large stone not thirty yards away, no other a person than Ed Smith.

"Hullo, Smith!" shouted Leverett with jovial good nature, "when did you come up?"

The man addressed did not answer. Leverett at once started toward him, thinking he had not heard. He was stopped by a gentle touch on the arm. Turning he saw Olive's eyes fixed on his face with a look of alarm.

"Please don't go," she said, in a low voice.

At that moment Ed Smith rose and disappeared



down a steep path that led to the foot of the ravine and thence to the water.

Leverett looked at Olive for an explanation, but she gave him none.

They went home soon after this, Leverett observing that Olive seemed strangely silent and absent-minded. He declined her invitation to come in, and bidding her good afternoon at the Cap'n's gate, walked down the road, very much fearing the recollection of her loneliness, which he had been the means of reviving, had made her unhappy. Perhaps, even, she was ill. He stopped suddenly and stood in the road. He stood some time. Then turning, he walked rapidly back to the house. He would see her. He must go back. He must know. If she were lonely, perhaps he could stay and try to cheer her up. If she were ill, he could go for a physician.

Mrs. Dunks answered his knock, and before he could speak had almost paralyzed him with a most extraordinary contortion of her face, which eventually resulted in the winking of one eye. Then she beckoned him to come to the parlor door. He advanced timidly and looked in. From Mrs. Dunks' behavior he was prepared to view a scene of carnage and slaughter.

Olive was painting something on the wall. He looked more closely. It was the beginning of a devil-fish.

Mrs. Dunks retired, leaving Leverett at the door. He stood a moment looking at Olive. She was so absorbed in her work, or her thoughts about it, that she did not know he was there. Over her pretty sailor waist dress of light flannel was a dainty apron.

Upon her forehead was a real frown. She was standing motionless before her work. It was evident that something troubled her.

Leverett advanced quite near. Suddenly she turned and uttering the same low cry of joy, was by his side and her outstretched hands caught in his, almost as on the first evening he came. And he, before



he thought—before he knew—had permitted the one word “Olive!” to break from his lips as he felt her hands in his and drew her close to him, and looked down deep in her face.

She knew the word and the look he gave her came from his heart. She knew it and for an instant was held by it, looking in his face.

It was only an instant, and she was away, standing back frightened.

“I—I thought you were in some danger and—” She stopped; then turning suddenly to him, said in a quivering voice, “Oh, it was cruel of you to come in like that!”

Leverett was about to make some sort of an excuse, but before he could speak Olive was gone. He scarcely knew how she went, but had a general idea that she had flown up the little brass-bound stairway.

He waited a moment in doubt. An idea then occurred to him. He took out his pocket-book and rapidly scribbled a note on one of the leaves. This he tore out, and hunting up Mrs. Dunks, begged that she would hand it to Miss Gray. Then he left the house.

Mrs. Dunks, having read the note, took it up to Olive’s door and knocked. The door was opened a fraction of a crack, and a tearful voice said, “What is it?”

“A written communication,” was the widow’s grandiloquent announcement.

“Please hand it to me through the—through the crack,” said the pathetic little sobby voice.

Mrs. Dunks did so, and the door was closed.

Olive read with some difficulty these words:

“Forgive me please, Miss Gray. I really did not mean to do any damage. Do believe what I say and try to overlook the matter this time. I am going after my yacht and will be away several days, so you will have a complete rest from me, which is what you need.

“H. L. B.”



Leverett was absent two days. He attended, 12. during this time, to a number of matters besides the getting of his yacht, among which may be mentioned the recovery of his trunk, which had gone off to some distant point in Maine, the tracing up of his valise and fishing rod, the notifying of the firm in Boston that owing to unusual delay he would be absent some little time, the receiving of certain dispatches relative to the unsuccessful pursuit of the wretches who had attacked Olive on the train, and the sending of one to Richard Merriam, Esq.

Merriam & Bostwick were the attorneys for the firm of Judson Leverett & Son. Young Leverett had known Merriam in college, although they were not in the same class. Therefore, being familiar with the young lawyer's keenness, he sent him an impulsive telegram to the effect that he must come up immediately and look into a most important case; that the matter of expense was not to be considered as life and death were involved.

It will be seen by this time that Henry Leverett was thoroughly and overwhelmingly in love. Every other thought, impulse, ambition, intention, aim in life had disappeared from his mind, swept away and utterly annihilated by the one firm purpose, the unshakable determination to win the heart of the beautiful girl he had met but a few days before. He did not reason it out or arrive at a decision of any kind. He simply knew, from the moment his eyes met Olive's in the little sea parlor at Gap Harbor, that for him nothing else could be. Reasoning with himself would have been absurd; as well reason against the resistless flood of the tide. The voice of his conscience, if it spoke at all, was like a whisper amidst the mighty roar of the advancing torrent.

But though beyond the reach of reason, he knew instinctively what was right and honorable, and as soon as he found an opportunity he sent a letter to Miss Kimball which read as follows:—



WILLIAMSPORT, ME., *Wednesday.*

*My Dear Edith :*

I suppose it is most base and despicable to ask for a release from our engagement, but honestly, if I were to be shot for it to-morrow I could do nothing else. I have fallen in love Edith. It was not intentional, believe me. I tried not to for a while. I thought of you, and all that, but it threw me and held me down in a way I never conceived possible. I can see now that I have not really loved any one before. Then what can I do but ask you this ?

I have not said a word to her and shall not until I hear from you. Even then, it is more than likely she will not allow it to go any further, but still, you ought to know this.

Sincerely yours,

HENRY B. LEVERETT.

Please address answer to Gap Harbor, Maine.

- During Leverett's absence, Ed Smith made
13. two attempts to gain an interview with Olive. The first time, he went to the house and asked to see her. She sent down word that she wished to be excused.

The second time, he watched his opportunity and suddenly made his appearance while Olive was in the parlor reading. She was startled by the thick voice coming suddenly upon her in a sort of breathless desperation.

"Miss Gray, I want to have a few words with you."

She rose and looked at the fellow, who stood before her almost pale with the violence of his emotion.

"A few words with me," repeated Olive.

"Yes."

"About what ?"

"About myself and—and about *you* !" he replied, with an emphasis that burst uncontrollably upon the words.

"You must excuse me," said Olive, going toward the door. "I prefer not to talk with you about either."



She left the room and went upstairs, Ed following her with his eyes until she was gone. The Cap'n found him waiting there when he came in, an hour or more after, and spoke to him. Ed made no answer, but, turning, walked slowly out of the house, and down the road.

When Leverett returned to Gap Harbor he found Olive friendly, but distant. Her greeting seemed to be cordial, but yet one that might have been extended to a mere acquaintance; which called up the dismal reflection that it was really all he was.

At first, too, she seemed disinclined to take long walks with him, and when they were together at any distance from the house he observed, with pain, that she did not appear to be happy; on the contrary, seemed restless, absent-minded, apparently fearful of something. Once or twice, at a slight sound behind them, she turned suddenly, with a little gasp of alarm, and then stood still, breathing hard for a moment. When he would have gone to her, she motioned him away, pretending it was nothing, and giving a little forced laugh.

It is needless to say these symptoms filled Leverett with alarm. The feeling grew upon him that Olive was not happy in his presence. She had treated him civilly at first, only as a return for the assistance he had rendered her. Now she was becoming weary of him.

But one evening she forgot everything, and so did he, in the presence of a sunset. They had gone upon a hill not far from the Cap'n's to see the mighty King of Day evacuate the field of his fiery conflict. His retreat, whether orderly and calm, as he sinks majestically through a cloudless sky; accompanied by instant rout and extinguishment, as he is suddenly overwhelmed with massive storm-clouds; or whether in any other of the countless fashions of his vanquishment, is always masterly—wonderful—awe-inspiring.



On this occasion it was an awful combat. It was a fearful struggle for the mastery. It was a fight to the death. It was the Killing of the Sun.

Although they knew it was but an illusion—a sham battle; that the monster's life was really in no danger; that he would rise the following morning as from a refreshing sleep; yet Olive and Leverett forgot even where they stood, while the impressive conflict raged in the western sky.

It had begun as the fiery Monarch neared the horizon, when a thin line of clouds moved rapidly upon him from the north. It was the charge of a light brigade. The foremost warriors disappeared even as they drew near, dazzled to death. But the rank moved on unflinching. It was a ruse; so insignificant an attack would hardly be noticed; before he awoke to his danger there would be a solid band across his front, hemming him in; while he struggled to free himself a heavy force would spring upon him; he would be taken unawares, and easily overpowered. This strategic movement was partly successful. The cloud-band was finally drawn across his face. The heavy attacking force, with solid black front, rushed down upon him.

But they were too late. A piercing, scintillating flash and the sun had cleared away the flimsy obstruction. There was no struggle, and he was ready for the heavy attack.

The first mass hurled itself upon him athwart. But it was no longer frowning and black. It was dull red, and then red, and then fiery red, and then white-hot; blazing, falling in burning masses, scalded, split into seething fragments, from among which the great orb glared as he tossed them behind him, asking whether any others dared come to the attack. Even as he glared, more were upon him. He had but overthrown the advance-guard. Now the solid battalion was closing down. In a moment the awful struggle began. So terrific was it that the thunders and the hissing and the mad roars seemed to shake



the air, and the mighty force of collision and disruption to make the earth tremble.

Overcome for a moment, unable to melt and rend so great a force, the Sun is obscured—thrown down—buried—the clouds piling themselves upon him. Can they hold him there till his breath is gone! Can they endure this blaze of heat but for a few moments!

Not they. Even now ominous, dull-red spots appear upon them, growing steadily brighter and seeming to seethe and smoke until, with sudden collapse, they give way, and fierce shafts of red light, splitting the openings into great ragged rents, burst through and through, burying themselves even in the farthest sky. In an instant the whole mass is ablaze, molten and white with terror, and struggling to escape. But escape it cannot. It is held, while the furious monster plays with it, turning it into a thousand colors, hurling it above him, throwing it this way and that, his mighty globe swelled to twice its normal size, and glowing a quivering living red, as if his huge sides shook themselves with laughter.

But laugh not yet, King Sol. You see not the hurrying rush of the reinforcements. They run from all the northern sky. They come on the wings of the wind. They are upon you. It is no play now. It is life or death. You rout them bravely at first, but they are legion, and your strength is waning. They have you down again. They are piled three deep upon you.

A breach! A shaft of light! He is coming again. The clouds are rended and shattered.—No! They have closed the gap. They have him down. He turns them red, but they hold him. Their edges are burning with fire, but still they hold him. His light is turning to purple. He is strangling. Tighten the grip upon his throat! Quick! That glowing place to the north. He will break through there! Close it! Block it! Do not mind that your vitals are burning—that the sky above is a mass of fire—that his great shafts blaze out behind you in every



direction. Hold him down! Hold him down! For it is the death-struggle of the Sun! He grows weaker! Weaker! His light is purple—darker purple—fading every moment! There is one gasping, quivering burst of radiance. It is the last. He sinks back, dead.

Leverett turned slowly from the glowing sky, red even to the eastern horizon with the terrible heat of the battle—the victorious masses of cloud burning still from their mighty conflict with the King of Fire. He felt something very near him. It was Olive. She had unconsciously pressed close to his side as she became absorbed in the marvelous sight. Her gloveless hand was resting on his arm, trustingly. He looked at it a moment, feeling that his strength of resistance was slipping away. It was such a dear little hand; such a delicate white little hand, with faint tracings of veins in almost invisible blue, and a dimple to mark the place where each finger should grow. The temptation was too much. His lips were upon it hot with burning kisses. Olive turned quickly. She could not have taken it away had she tried.

There was a sudden rush and rustle in the bushes near them. Both turned, and saw Ed Smith bound into the cleared space some distance away, and run heavily down the rough wagon road by which they had come, disappearing in the fading light.

“What does the fellow mean?” said Leverett, turning to Olive.

“I—I don’t know—exactly,” faltered the girl, “but if you don’t mind, I think we’d better go home.”

About the middle of the forenoon of the  
14. day following, Richard Merriam Esq. alighted, valise in hand, from a team which he had hired to convey him from Williamsport to Gap Harbor, and made immediate inquiries for one Henry Leverett. He was given the required



information as to Leverett's rooms, and proceeded thither at once.

The welcome he received was most hearty, but he cut it short, and proceeded at once to business. Leverett gave him an account of the attempted abduction, and with a series of sharp incisive questions Merriam drew forth all the points that could be used in ferreting out the guilty parties.

But although Leverett mentioned the name of Olive Gray and Cap'n Smith many times, there was not the slightest allusion on Merriam's part to the fact that he had heard these names before, or had any other business with the owners of them than that of which Leverett spoke. Nor did he give any sign or hint that he suspected the reason why Leverett lingered in Gap Harbor.

"You must take me up to this Smith house," said he, "I want to ask the girl herself some questions."

"All right," said Leverett, "we'll go this evening."

"Perhaps *you'll* go this evening," said Merriam, "but I shall be on my way—on my way to Boston by that time. I'll go now." Saying which, he rose and threw away the cigarette he had been smoking.

"Not at all," remonstrated Leverett. "You are going with me on my yacht this afternoon. I need you. It's very difficult to get a man to help me navigate."

"You'll find it extremely difficult to get *me* to help you navigate," replied Merriam, dryly. "My boy, I never was on a yacht in my life!"

"Then it's time you were," answered the other good naturedly. "If you should have a case involving a yacht, you ought to be familiar with the thing."

"Point well taken," said Merriam. "But really, I couldn't assist you in the—in the least. I don't know the rudder from the dog-watch."

"Can't you pull a rope when I tell you?" Merriam was hesitating, and Leverett pressed up on his advantage. "See here, you never had a good time



in your life. You're getting so confoundedly dried up I can hear your bones rustle! I want you to give in once, and enjoy life."

Merriam finally—and it was a most unusual thing for him—did give in. He liked Leverett exceedingly, knowing exactly what manner of man he was, and decided to spend the afternoon in his company, just to see how it would seem, and also to gain what knowledge he could on the subject of yachts.

Leverett sent word to Olive that a friend had unexpectedly come down from Boston, and he was going to take him off for a sail. He added that he would take the liberty of bringing him to call on her in the evening.

The two men went out through the narrow pass of the Gap about four in the afternoon. Leverett was an admirable sailor, and, though he had taken but two trips in his yacht since it arrived, he felt thoroughly acquainted with the boat and with the water in the neighborhood. Several old salts, with whom he had struck up an acquaintance, "made so bold" as to warn him that he had better not get caught outside in a blow "with that there cockle-shell of a thing." But he was fearless, and never hesitated to take chances.

But there was another man with Leverett on this occasion whose nature was quite the reverse. Richard Merriam never took chances. His methods were precise, absolute, covering all contingencies. Possibly, then, the superstitious can attribute to him the misfortune which followed, and the peril in which the two found themselves in the course of a very few hours.

Ed Smith, from a place of concealment, saw Leverett and Merriam board the yacht, his eyes glittering with the evil which he wished them. Had he known that the light, bird-like little vessel, which shortly after spread its white wing, skimmed swallow-like across the bay, and darted out through the narrow pass, was doomed to destruction; had he been



permitted to foresee that it would never enter that Gap again, his joy would have been uncontrollable.

His first intimation that there was a possibility of such a thing came an hour and a half later, when he happened to look at the northeastern sky. He stopped suddenly in his rapid walk, and for several minutes stood perfectly still. His practiced eye, familiar with every weather indication which served to warn sea-workers of approaching danger, detected the beginning of a cloud-shape whose appearance announced sudden danger. At first he feared he was mistaken. He could not see so clearly as he once could. Therefore for a while he watched a small dark mass on the horizon twist itself into a shape which is, to a mariner, as the head of a serpent to a woman.

Suddenly Ed turned and ran up a road which wound in steep grades along the side of one of the hills back of the town. Leaving the road he dashed through a wooded place, and came out on a rocky ledge, clear of trees, where he commanded a view of the harbor.

He was not mistaken. Even now the smacks were coming in, and occasionally a schooner which although accustomed to rough weather, was in danger near the perilous rocks each side of the Gap. His own schooner he had sold, and his evil wish for disaster to others was unmixed with any selfish anxiety concerning his own property.

The black cloud shot rapidly up the sky, but to Ed it seemed hardly to move. Its mass was torn and twisted by violent whirling winds. When it broke upon the water there would be mischief. If once it swept across the mouth of the Gap a vessel's chance of getting in was lost. Trembling with anxiety, fearing every moment to see the little white-winged yacht dash in through the dark and narrow opening, he kept his eyes riveted in the direction of the pass, hardly breathing as he watched.

There was an ominous roar. A dull and dreadful



howling as of wild beasts under the earth, broke upon his ear. The storm-cloud burst upon the ocean. The yacht had failed to make the harbor. Now they must try to weather the gale outside!

A great joy crowded the breast of Ed Smith until its pressure nearly choked him. He stood drinking in every sound of the furious storm, feasting his eyes upon the flying, wind-swept clouds, upon the white-flecked water of the harbor,—even in that sheltered place answering the lashings of the storm with foamy anger. He stood there until the darkness descended upon him and he could see no more.

The Cap'n and Mazey were sitting together  
15. before a fire in the sea parlor, listening in silence to the roar of the gale outside. Above the shrill whistle of the wind would come an occasional deep boom and crash as the great seas hurled themselves against the face of the rock a short distance away.

The lamps were burning rather dim, and notwithstanding the fire, which had been kindled because the air was chilly and damp, a spirit of gloom and foreboding seemed hovering over the place.

There was a loud crash outside and quite near, as if timbers had fallen. The Cap'n rose at once and went to the door, followed by Mazey, who carried with him the three-legged stool upon which he had been sitting, and which he preferred to any chair. He was so accustomed to picking it up and carrying it in his right hand when he went about the house, that it was now a habit.

The Cap'n opened the door and looked out, the wind blowing his thin, white locks so that they stood straight back from his head.

"Can you make out what that was?" he asked, without turning.



"It were the roof o' your small shed, sir," promptly reported the old mate.

"That there roof couldn't a' been carried away—I made it fast to the chimbley when I seed this blow a-comin'."

"That may be, but the chimbley's carried away as well," replied Mazey.

"Durned if you can't see more with that there one eye o' yours than I can with two!" Having uttered this tribute to Mazey's power of observation the Cap'n closed the door and went toward the fire, muttering to himself a general condemnation of chimneys in general. "These brick an' mud mummies—you can't place no reliance on 'em whatsoever," Mazey heard him say,—and he believed every word,—“they'd orter build a chimbley o' timbers an' make it fire-proof onto the inside of it.”

The two old sailors settled down again and listened to the storm. There was great trouble on the Cap'n's mind, for he knew that his beloved adopted daughter was in distress, and for that matter he himself was very anxious. Sadie, who used to help about the house before the advent of Mrs. Dunks, had brought word from the village that Mr. Leverett and his friend had failed to get in before the storm broke. She told the Cap'n this in the little front hall, and Olive who was in the parlor heard it. He saw her go by him and up the little stairway soon after, and her face was very white. She had not been down since. Yet there was nothing to do but wait.

The silence between the two men was a heavy one, thick with gloom. The language of silence is far more significant—more impressive—more powerful than the language of words. When it is happy, what exquisite happiness! When it is angry, how intense—how bitter—how implacable the anger! When contemptuous, what withering, scathing contempt! When gloomy, how dark, how oppressive the gloom! The silence of grief is grief unutterable.



The silence of gladness, gladness that cannot be said. The silence of love, a yearning tenderness beyond the power of telling.

Olive came into the room, but neither heard her. Her step was light. The rustle of her dark, close-fitting dress could not be heard above the whistling wind. Very white she looked and very beautiful, her eyes seeming unnaturally large, and mutely asking for some word of hope.

She touched the Cap'n on the shoulder lightly. He stood before her at once. Mazey, always true to his limited knowledge of etiquette, rose also.

"I want to speak with you," was all she said.

"Yes, young leddy—so ye shall," said the Cap'n in a cheerful voice, although his heart was sinking at the thought of what she would ask him.

"The storm—is it—is it very bad, uncle?"

The poor old Cap'n knew not what to say.

"You need not tell me—I see from your face that it is," and she turned away and walked slowly toward the door of the room.

"We've seen wuss blows 'n this here, eh, Mazey?" suddenly spoke up the Cap'n, happily thinking of this easy way of putting it.

"Aye aye, sir," said the ever-faithful old mate, only too willing to do something toward relieving Olive's anxiety. He would have been perfectly delighted if he could have taken Leverett's place in the yacht, aye, and been drowned, too, to serve this girl.

"Now," said the Cap'n, as Olive turned toward them, "we're a-jist a-goin' to take the widder home, bein' as it's blowin' up so lively. Stan' by, sir," he added to Mazey, "an' git her ready."

"Aye aye, sir!" gurgled Mazey, in deep bass, and he disappeared with his stool into the next room.

Olive hurried to the Cap'n and in quick, excited words begged him, after leaving Mrs. Dunks at home, to go on to the village and ask for news of the yacht.

"But I doesn't likes to leave ye alone here that long," he said, tenderly.



"Never mind about me, uncle," she was holding his hand tightly, "don't you see I must know—perhaps we can help in some way—*Oh! If I could help him!*" Then suddenly remembering herself she turned her beautiful tender eyes full upon him. "I suppose you think I am—foolish, uncle. Perhaps I am."

"I doesn't think so, young leddy—not noways," answered the Cap'n, soothingly, "not noways; the more we thinks of any one, the more we is consarned on their account."

"Yes, uncle," and the dark eyes sought the floor.

"Now don't ye be disheartened, an' I'll go to the village an' inquire. He might 'a' got in at Pigeon's Cove; there aren't no tellin'."

The Cap'n pulled on his pea-jacket and his cap, and in a moment Mrs. Dunks came through the room followed by Mazey, and the three went into the little front hall together. Olive stood silently by the window and Mrs. Dunks did not see her. As the door was opened and the wind and noise of the storm burst upon them, Mrs. Dunks spoke up:

"Isn't it a awful night out, Cap'n?" said she, and then rattled on as they tried to hurry her away, "indeed, I do pity them as is caught outside in this storm, if any there be—"

"Is she swung clear?" shouted the Cap'n to Mazey, knowing the widow's words were piercing his loved one's heart.

"All clear, sir," came the hoarse bass gurgle through the moaning wind.

"Make fast an' tow 'er out inter the chann'l."

"Aye aye, sir!" And at that moment the door was closed and Olive was alone.

For some time she stood like a statue, perfectly motionless—forgetting even that she had a body to move. It was a strange feeling that seemed to be creeping upon her, a feeling as if she were losing herself—going out of herself. Slowly and without knowing it she sank down upon a chair, and sat



with her eyes staring wide open, yet seeing nothing before her. Her senses seemed leaving her—a numbness was extending itself over her whole body, leaving her brain doubly active. She thought not of herself, only of what seemed to be coming before her. It was water. Tossed, seething, foaming water. And then a terrible driving blast of wind filled with spray rushed past, and at once the storm beat about her, and she was in it, not fearing it for herself, no, no—for some one else—one who was all the world to her—one she loved even to adoration—one she would give her life a thousand times to save, for had he not saved hers? And he was in this storm—she looked through the driving foam—through the crashing seas—and as she looked she saw a light boat with broken mast and sail dragging, driven before the gale—tossed—battered—overwhelmed by the raging water that broke upon it, yet still weathering the angry blows—still driven on—on toward dangerous reefs. Now she could see *him* holding to the frail, tossing support; not alone holding himself, but gripping with one hand upon a companion, so that he should not be swept away—and still they were driven toward dangerous reefs! There must be some help for them! She tried to cry out, and springing to her feet, hurried forward unconscious that she was still in the room.

A voice she knew startled her. It was like a blow upon the head. It recalled her to herself, and the recalling was painful, like the first using of a limb after it has been benumbed with sleep or cold. She pressed her hands against her forehead and stood bewildered, looking about vacantly. Before her was a misty, shadowy figure, at first very faint, but as her sight returned, growing more and more distinct until she saw standing in the doorway facing her the bulky form of Edward Smith.

“I knocked, but you didn’t answer.”

Olive turned slowly from him and moved away. She gave him no thought, for her mind was upon



what she had seen. It seemed a reality yet—could it have been a dream?

“I suppose I can speak to you.”

Olive hardly hears him.

He comes nearer to her, glancing this way and that to be certain they are alone. Then, in a louder voice, one that makes her turn to him, “I say, I suppose I can *speak* to you now!”

Olive looks at him a moment before answering.

“What do you wish to say?” she asks quietly.

“I ain’t nothing to you—I know that! Ha—I’d ought to! You’ve told me plain enough!”

“I told you only the truth.”

“Yes,” he said in a lower but more intense tone, “yes, you told me the truth; and I’m going to tell *you* the truth now! I ain’t had a chance like this before.”

Olive looked at the fellow steadily. She was beginning to realize that she was alone with him, and knew instinctively that no sign of fear must escape her. Therefore, although she would have turned from his loathsome presence and left the room, she stood unflinchingly before him, her eyes upon his face.

“You can’t do that again!” he muttered, shaking his head from side to side, “so don’t you try it!”

She said nothing.

“Once you could. *Once* you could throw me off with your eyes—*once* you could a’ held me back with ’em—but not now—not when I think o’ *him*!” He looked at her an instant, a red glitter growing in his bloodshot eye; then suddenly broke out: “Haven’t I done what you said—gave up my bad ways, worked, kept sober—an’ for what! To see you bring him down here! To see him following you everywhere—never taking his eyes off you—standing by your side—my place by rights—”

“You are mistaken,” said Olive quickly, but she could not stop the torrent of his words now that it had broken loose.

“Yes mine—*mine*!” he went on excitedly, “and



that man forcing me out! That's what makes me desperate, an' I tell you now, whatever it is that's between him and you—"

"There is nothing between us!" Olive said this so suddenly and with such emphasis that Ed stopped and stood looking at her. It came like a stone in his path. And Olive, who was truthful in all things, spoke in sincerity. Although she knew Mr. Leverett loved her, and though he was dearer to her than life, yet nothing had been spoken between them.

"Oh—nothing!" repeated Ed, looking at her with distrust in his eye.

She did not answer again.

"Then I'll go," said he, after a moment of indecision. "I'll go—if there ain't nothing between you. That's all I want to know." He turned and went toward the door. Hesitating there for an instant he came back into the room and approached the wide window, out of which he made a pretense of looking.

Olive, when he turned away, had gone toward the further side of the room, and, as if the interview were ended, sank listlessly upon the piano-stool and ran her fingers lightly over the keys.

Ed turned and looked at her. Her back was to him. Her careless attitude as she sat sideways, something as if she were upon a horse, with one little French-heeled slipper showing behind, the other before her upon the pedal, was full of unstudied grace. He watched her hands as they wandered trippingly with little bird-like flights this way and that, sometimes running out on each side where he could see them, and then darting back out of sight. He saw the bewitching little motions of her head as she unconsciously marked the time of what she was playing, the dark glowing hair twisted into a rich braid and fastened behind in a simple coil, excepting below where it was too short to control and frizzed itself into tiny close curls on her white rounded neck. The music fell upon his ear, each note fanning the flame that consumed him.



And Olive sat there as if she had forgotten his presence; yet she knew the music she was playing so carelessly was holding him back as it might have held a wild beast.

She came to the end of an exquisite bit from a waltz, a movement full of grace and lightsome swing, and in the brief pause before beginning something else, she heard his voice:

"That's pretty music you're playing."

She hesitated an instant, for what he said surprised her. Her fingers were just pressing upon the notes again.

"There's a pretty good gale on to-night."

Her heart leaped up so that she almost gasped. Her hands refused to push down the keys. She waited to catch anything more he might say. Now his faintest whisper could not have escaped her.

"A heavy sea running—a nasty sea that breaks an' sets over."

For a moment she did not move. She did not breathe. Then she realized that she was being watched. Controlling her arms with an effort she struck a few notes, but her ears did not hear them; she listened only for what he might say of the storm.

"If there was a yacht out there now, it would go down."

A sudden breathless cry, and Olive was upon her feet, one hand tightly holding the folds of the piano cover.

Quickly Ed shot out the words, "*I see there ain't nothing between ye!*"

"Why should this concern you?" said Olive with intense indignation.

"You know why!"

"Who put my personal affairs in your charge?"

"You wouldn't have anything to do with me. You found a better one! A city chap! A gentleman! You——"

"That's enough!" She was close to him, her eyes blazing into his face. "I have listened to you while



you talked about yourself—if you are going to favor me with your opinion of other people I will not stay!”

“Look here!” said Ed excitedly, and standing before her as she would have moved toward the door; “I don’t stop at much now!—There ain’t nothing I care for nor no one—I’d murder a man for you—I d—”

A faint distant report above the sound of the storm had caused this sudden break in the midst of Ed’s passionate rush of words.

Olive stood statue-like, her face taking on the whiteness of marble. Both listened.

Another faint report seemed to beat itself weakly upon the wind. Ed went to the door, opened it, and stood listening a moment. Then he closed it and turned to Olive.

“There’s some one on the rocks.”

“Who is it?” she questioned in a single whispering breath.

“How do I know?”

“You *do* know!” She had come near him and was looking in his face.

“Well, what if I do!”

“They are on the rocks!” The words came quickly, breathlessly. “On the rocks where the Caroline went down—those dangerous reefs!”

“Yes, I know,” replied Ed sullenly.

But she did not notice the malignant look in his eye.

“They can’t get ashore from there! The rope—the raft—you can reach them—you can reach them if you go quickly—oh, hurry!”

“Hurry!” repeated Ed in a strange voice.

She looked at him an instant, not understanding.

“What do you mean?” her lips formed the words, but there was no sound.

Suddenly she started back.

“You will let them drown! You will not help them—because you think he is—”

“I’m sure of it. It couldn’t be no one else. I



saw 'em get aboard the yacht an' his friend carried a revolver.—An' there it is again," he added, as another report was heard.

"You would let them drown, and do nothing, when they are so near you can almost hear their cries for help!" She looked at him for an instant, but he stood impassive.

Suddenly she started toward the door. He moved quickly before her.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"No matter," she replied.

"Yes it is matter. Where are you going, I say?"

"Where you refuse to go!" and as she said it, she made an effort to pass him.

"No you don't!" he exclaimed brutally, jumping quickly in her way again.

Now she knew the depth of his baseness. Now his inhuman selfishness was revealed. Suddenly turning she darted toward the window, and before he knew it had sprung upon the cushioned locker before it. He heard the crash and shiver of breaking glass, but at the same instant he caught her by the waist and swung her back into the room. She tore his hands from their hold and ran toward the door again, but again he intercepted her, and she stood before him panting, white with anger.

"If you are such an inhuman wretch that you will not help a drowning man, you shall not prevent *me*!" and she made a desperate attempt to pass him, but he held her back.

"Coward! coward! coward! coward!" she poured out the words hotly—rapidly.—"Never speak to me—never *look* at me again! Beast! If there is justice on earth you shall pay for this—it is murder—murder!"

Again the muffled report of a revolver was heard.

"Hear it again!" she moaned, turning away as if to find some means of escape. "Oh I beg—I *beg* you!" her voice was appealing now, "Think what you are doing!"



"I know what I'm doing," was all the reply he gave.

"If you have any regard for me, go and help them! I will pay you," she added with a sudden thought, "I will pay you—anything I have—anything you ask that I can get—*anything!*"

Smith looked at her as she spoke these last words, and a new idea seemed to come to him.

"Yes—I'll help them—I'll help them if you will pay me what I want."

"Yes, yes, I *will*—all the money I have—any I can get—perhaps I can get more for you—"

"I don't want your *money*."

She looked at him questioningly.

"You know what I want—it's you. You yourself. Nothing else. *You*."

Olive slowly backed away from him.

"What else would make me risk my life for him? What else? But for you I'd risk anything—an' I'll do it. *Now* it rests with you to save him, not me. Give me your promise, that's all I ask,—for I know you'll keep it,—give me your promise, an' I'll get a line to 'em if I have to swim for it. But you'll have to answer quick—they ain't got much time—it's life or death!"

"This is a crime!" whispered Olive; "*A crime!*"

"Crime or no crime it's his only chance," said he, quickly; and he turned and went toward the door, as if ready to go.

"Do you mean," asked the poor girl, her voice quivering, "do you mean that you would extort a promise from me by such a—"

"No. Do what you like," he replied, "I don't extort nothing." And he turned away from the door.

"Oh, stop—wait!" she cried out to him in agony. He stood still again. "I must think—give me—a little time! How can I decide so soon?—all I ask—all I ask—is a little time!" And she sank upon a chair, covering her face with her hands.



He gave her only an instant, but in that instant her thoughts swept backward to the day of her peril, when Henry Leverett's strong arm had saved her, when his firm hand was stretched out to her as she was sinking to what would have been worse than death. And now he was in peril—he was sinking—she would save him—that was all. There could be no question—nothing should stand in the way of it.

“Listen! That shot was fainter! They're going down! They're going down! It's your only chance now! If you want to—”

“Go! Save him! Save him!” Olive was by his side. “I promise what you wish! I will keep my word if you save him!”

“When? Say when? I must know that.”

“Anything—as you please. Oh, do not delay—only save him—that's all I ask!”

But before he went he made the cruel bargain complete. Within the week she must keep her word. Within the week, or he would not move. Within the week, or a life would be lost. And she promised. She would have agreed to any conditions then.

He wasted no time when the final word was spoken. Shouting to her to bring a light, he tore across the road and over the narrow strip of ground to the low cliffs, down which he climbed and slipped and jumped until he reached the place where the raft and the rope were kept.

It was raining now, but Olive did not know it, as she hurried after with a lantern, following along the uneven rocks, springing from one to another, with no thought of her own danger, thinking only of a life she had promised her own to save.

“Where are they?” shouted Ed from the bottom of the wall of rock, where the waves seemed to throw themselves with all the strength that was left them. “Do you see them?”

“No—not yet,” she answered, as loud as she could, with a sinking of the heart.



"Look! quick!" he called back to her, his voice coming faintly through the spray and the roar.

She ran along the very edge of the black abyss, straining her eyes into the darkness as she went; listening with her whole soul for some sound that should come up with the crash of the waters.

It was more than half an hour later when  
16. Olive tried to open the door of the house, and could not, because her strength was gone. But as she tried, the Cap'n heard her, and opening it, caught her in his arms as she would have fallen in.

"Marciful Jane! Are this here you?" was all he could say. He had supposed she was in her room.

"Uncle," she gasped, "please go—please go—and help them!"

"Help who?"

"The—yacht is wrecked—on the rocks!" and she sank upon a chair.

"Stan' by lively!"

"Aye aye, sir!"

The Cap'n and Mazey started for the door. As they reached it, Ed entered, dripping with water.

"How is it Ed'ard?" asked the Cap'n.

"Go down and give 'em a hand," was the surly response. "I've got 'em ashore."

"That we will!" and the two disappeared into the storm.

"Well, I pulled 'em out, didn't I?" demanded Ed, fastening his eyes upon the white face that was turned to his.

"Yes," she replied.

"I don't know whether his friend 'll ever come to, but *he's* out of it, an' that's all you wanted of me." He gave her a sharp look, and passed through to the kitchen.

A few moments later the Cap'n and Mazey assisted



Leverett into the house. As they entered he was begging them to go back and help his friend, assuring them that he needed no further assistance. Nevertheless when they left him, he tottered and had to support himself by the back of a chair.

After he had seen the Cap'n and Mazey go to Merriam's assistance, he turned and his eyes rested upon Olive. She had risen and her face was away from him.

Only a few moments before, while in his darkest peril, when all hope seemed gone, his strength failing, holding Merriam's senseless body with one arm, clinging to the wreckage of his yacht with the other, her form had appeared upon the frowning cliff against which he expected every moment to be hurled. She stood there an angel of hope—of life—of light. He knew she had aided in his rescue, although he was ignorant of how much she had done—what a price she had paid that he might live.

He entered the room, the tears flooding into his eyes, and would have thrown himself at her feet. As he tottered toward her, she turned her pale face upon him.

"Olive!" His whole soul seemed to enter into the broken voice with which he spoke her name. He went toward her. In an instant he would have held her in his arms. But he was prevented.

Ed Smith stepped quickly before him. Leverett stopped, looking at the fellow in surprise. Then he heard a low moan, and saw Olive turn away and sink down upon a chair.

"Come in here and get dry," said Smith.

Leverett suffered himself to be led from the room.



# THIRD COUNT

## *ASSAULT WITH INTENT TO KILL*

It is not always an agreeable matter when  
1. young ladies receive letters from young gentlemen asking for releases from matrimonial engagements. In very many cases a decided aversion to this class of correspondence may be observed. This aversion, nine times out of ten, results from appalling ignorance and hazardous inexperience. Ignorance on the subject of the young gentlemen involved. Inexperience in that branch of existence known as married life.

And yet, what can be done? How are young ladies to acquire the necessary knowledge and experience which shall teach them to avoid what is dangerous, without being subjected to the possibility of making fatal mistakes? In other matters of far less consequence they are forewarned and forearmed. A very little experience gives them a wholesome dread of deep water, a profitable inclination to retire from the brink of a precipice, a salutary distaste for intimate contact with fire, an encouraging tendency to avoid the society of snakes and other reptiles, and a cheering aversion to living upon the same footing with mice. But in the region of dangerous matrimony there seems to be no warning—no life-saving antipathy. On the contrary, though there must follow in the great majority of cases poisonous, smarting stings, heart-burns, soul-contusions, drownings of sentiment, headlong tumbles from the most romantic heights into the mud and dirt of the utterly common-place, yet the victim is beckoned on by every hand, urged forward by every voice.

As nature refuses to give the danger signal, it is



hopeless for mortals to try to supply the deficiency. Those who have tasted the cup can say nothing to those about to drink. Though they lift a poisonous draught to their lips, yet no word can be spoken, no hand can reach out to strike the enchanting goblet from their grasp. It is the most delicious beverage ever conceived of by man. Words cannot tell its charm. Poetry, song, and even music struggle in vain to give an idea of its delightsomeness. It is served in a crystal glass, it is sweetened, and sparkles and foams, and its fragrance strikes through to the very soul. Those who come within its enchanting spell must drink. They seize the cup; they swallow the liquor down, and say it is good. And after a time the unpleasant fact is revealed, that not only does the dose they have taken fail to agree with them, but they find it equally difficult to agree with the dose.

Although there are undoubtedly exceptional cases, nevertheless, a young lady should be given a realization of the fact that an exception is less likely to occur than that which falls under the general rule. The matter should be made the subject of careful study and investigation, and a lectureship established at every boarding-school and seminary in the land, for the special enlightenment of the female mind. It could, perhaps, be made a department of mathematics, but is of sufficient importance to occupy a chair of its own. A record of all marriages should be kept, and the absolute amount of happiness or unhappiness resulting from each be ascertained. Also the ages at which the happy marriages occurred, and other data concerning them. From this could be learned the exact ratio of the happy to the unhappy, and, with a little figuring (which the young lady should be compelled to do herself on the black-board), each member of the class could find, on any particular day the exact chance she stood of making a fortunate union. This she should be required to calculate with precision at least once a week, and be



prepared to give before the whole school, if called upon to do so, after the devotional exercises in the morning.

If, after such thorough instruction on the subject, a young lady ever received a request that the engagement between herself and the requestor be considered at an end, she could hardly avoid a feeling of the most thorough intellectual joy which it is possible for mathematics to bestow.

Edith Kimball, one very sunshiny morning, broke open an envelope addressed to her in Henry Leverett's bold but awkward handwriting, and read such a request as the above. She had no more than finished the first three lines of the letter when she sprang to her feet with an exclamation that could not mean anything but wild delight. Hurriedly glancing over the page, but not stopping to read it, she ran out of the room, flew down stairs, and alarmed her mother by bounding into the room where she was looking over one of the morning papers, and throwing herself into her arms.

Edith was certainly filled with joy. But it was not the unerring and discriminating joy which must flow from the appreciation of a mathematical formula. It was not derived from a knowledge of the extreme improbability of her making a happy marriage, calculated on the ratio of chances up to that day of her life. Had such a calculation been possible, on the limited knowledge of the subject then at hand, she would have been the very last person in the world who could have availed herself of it.

"Mamma—mamma! Read the rest of it—quick! I've only read the first part—I'm afraid to look at the other for fear he takes it back! Oh, *do* read it!"

Mrs. Kimball glanced over the letter, but before she came to the end Edith had said half a dozen times, "*Does* he? Oh, *does* he? Why don't you tell me, mamma!"

"No, dear, he does not take it back," said Mrs. Kimball, in a soothing voice.



"Isn't that *perfectly* lovely!" exclaimed the girl.

"Why, Edith," remonstrated her mother, gently, "it doesn't seem quite right to speak in this way about it."

"But I can't *help* it—it's right to say what we really *feel*, isn't it? It would be deceiving if I didn't, and I wouldn't deceive you, mamma, for the world!" and Edith, embraced her mother tenderly, at which Mrs. Kimball could not help smiling. Suddenly she started up and looked very much alarmed. "I'm afraid he'll send another letter saying he didn't mean it—I've heard they often do, mamma. Would it do any harm for me to telegraph?"

"My dear child!" exclaimed her mother, "Why, you mustn't do anything of that kind. You know better!"

"Yes, of course, but can't I do *something*?"

"Do you feel quite sure that you wish to comply with his request?"

Edith turned and looked at her mother as if perfectly thunderstruck that she should ask such a question. Finally she said, in an injured tone, "Well! Do you *suppose*—if—if I hadn't ever *seen* such a person as Arthur Eggleston, that I would make Henry marry me after sending such a letter as this?"

Mrs. Kimball smiled upon her daughter calmly, not at all as if she had been utterly routed for asking the astonishing question.

"And besides," went on Edith, as emphatically as ever, "*besides*, haven't I been thinking for *months* of writing the very same thing to *him*, and now all I've got to do is to say, 'Certainly, Harry, go and be happy, and may Heaven bless you both!'" extending her delicate hands as if in benediction over an imaginary couple. Then suddenly overcome by the drollery of the idea, she burst into a merry rollicking laugh, and before it was over her mother suddenly missed her, and upon investigation found that she had flown upstairs and was sitting at her



little cherry writing desk, answering Mr. Leverett's letter, with the most serious countenance imaginable.

Her mother watched her a moment, and soon saw that she was very much in doubt over the matter in hand. So she went to her and put her hand on the pretty, vivacious shoulder.

"Oh—I'm so glad you've come. Do you think it would *do*, if I just let him know—just—inadvertently, you know, that I—that—?"

"No, dear, I wouldn't say anything about it," replied Mrs. Kimball.

But it might make him feel *better*, you see, and—and I'm quite positive it would *me*," and Edith laughed again. But finally she said her mother was right, and it really *wasn't* best to say anything about it at all.

She wrote as many as eleven releasing letters that day, but none of them suited her. She tried several times the day following, but again her efforts went into the waste-paper basket, torn in such very small pieces that no inquisitive mortal would have been able, by the aid of the most extreme ingenuity, to patch one together and read it, though what object a mortal could possibly have in trying to do so Edith did not stop to inquire. Perhaps she had an idea that if the notes were not torn to shreds, there was a possibility of their being pieced together and other names substituted, so that she would be made, thereby, to release any number of young men, when she only intended to liberate one.

Notwithstanding the haste she was in to send a reply, it was several days later when the answer to Leverett's letter was finally mailed.

The very next day a dispatch was brought to the house which affected the mother and daughter so deeply that they were silent a long time; Edith sobbed upon her mother's breast, and tears from the tenderest place in her heart came into Mrs. Kimball's eyes.



That evening they took the Boston & Maine express bound north.

Persons who have remained beneath the surface of water or other liquid until they are unconscious, and who have therefore passed through all the stages of drowning, and experienced all the annoyances connected therewith, are exceedingly averse to being rudely pounded, shaken and kneaded back to life. This is the universal testimony of all who have been snatched, in this way, from what is popularly known as a watery grave. Whether this aversion arises from a glimpse these persons may have caught of the beautiful land beyond, or whether it merely results from a disinclination to be placed in a position where they will have to do the work of passing away all over again, has never been fully explained. Judging, however, from the fact that not one of them, after restoration to life, has ever been known to make a voluntary effort to reach the place he may have seen, but that all, on the contrary, have shown a marked inclination to remain at a safe distance from anything bearing the least resemblance to water, the conclusion is inevitable that the latter explanation of their desire to be let alone is the correct one. To state the case as it is, then, and not try to disguise the taste of a disagreeable fact by dissolving it in a flood of words, the disinclination to return to life is evidently the result of pure laziness. These people merely wish to shirk the trouble of dying again. Such indolence should not be encouraged.

Cap'n Smith did not encourage it by unnecessary tenderness in his methods of pumping the water out of and the air into the bodies of half drowned men. His proceedings in such cases were always marked by considerable violence, so much so indeed, that a person watching the affair from a little distance would



be quite likely, not knowing the facts in the case, to imagine the old man had become so infuriated with a presumptive enemy that he had knocked him senseless and was pounding and kicking him to death.

It was near the fire in the little marine parlor that Richard Merriam Esq. submitted to the Cap'n's rolling and squeezing and pummeling and mauling for nearly twenty minutes, without a sign of life. Leverett stood near, ready to assist. Mazey held a bottle of brandy. Ed Smith looked on from the other side of the parlor where he could command at the same time a view of the stairs. Olive had gone to her room.

Leverett was very anxious, and mechanically felt for his watch now and then, forgetting that it, too, needed resuscitation. The Cap'n, although nearly winded, redoubled his exertions as time went on, until it seemed as though there were more danger of death from violence than from drowning.

He was working near the patient's head and turned toward Mazey to order another dose of brandy. At that moment he felt a weak hand seize hold of his collar, and at the same time heard an attenuated voice murmur, "Send out for a policeman!"

Everybody looked at Merriam. His eyes were open and fixed intently on the Cap'n's round, red perspiring face. The old sailor, much relieved at the successful termination of his labor, attempted to rise, but though the hand on his collar was weak, it clung tight and held him down. He turned to speak to Merriam, but Merriam spoke first.

"As sure as there is a God above us," said he, "I'll get you six months for this."

Leverett at once explained to Merriam that he had been nearly drowned, and that this gentleman was only trying to revive him.

"It's a cursed lie," said Merriam, becoming more and more indignant. "The old ruffian has broken every bone in my body. This is a conspiracy. I'll have every one in the house indicted." He looked about the room to see how many warrants it would



require, when his eyes happened to light upon the wall. He at once released the Cap'n's collar and lay gazing at the sea weeds, lily pads, frogs and crabs, and at the great fishes that seemed to blink at him in the dim, flickering light.

"Look here," he called weakly, his eyes turning to Leverett, "I can't swim! Why don't you pull me up on the bank?"

Leverett laughed and told him he was all right now, reminding him of the unfortunate excursion on the yacht. It was not long before everything was clear to Merriam's mind.

"And who is that venerable pugilist?" he asked in a low voice, indicating the Cap'n, who was wiping the perspiration from his neck and head.

"That is Cap'n Smith," answered Leverett.

"*That's* fortunate," exclaimed Merriam, sitting up with sudden interest. "Cap'n!"

Cap'n Smith turned to him.

"May I have a few moment's conversation with you in private?"

"Sartain you can," replied the old man, surprised.

"Not to-night, I hope," put in Leverett.

"Leverett," said Merriam, in a weak but impressive voice, "I am going to take the first train out of here. Do not waste your time and mine by going into a useless argument against it. That train leaves Williamsport at six-thirty in the morning. It is now—it is now—where the deuce is my—Oh!"

"At any rate let me introduce you to the Cap'n; there's time for that."

"Go on."

"Cap'n Smith, my friend Mr. Richard Merriam."

"How-dy-do," said Merriam, trying to stand up; finding himself unable to, he shook hands with the Cap'n sitting on the floor. "Excuse me for not rising," he said hurriedly, and then with a faint twitch of his mouth, added "Quite an appropriate apology for a drowning man—'excuse me for not rising.'"



"Lay to where you are," replied the Cap'n, heartily.

"Thanks—I will lay to for the present," returned Merriam. "Leverett have you got a cigarette?" he asked, turning to his friend.

"Sorry to say I haven't," Leverett replied—"that is, you couldn't smoke 'em, they're soaked."

"Well, dry 'em out quick." Then he turned to Cap'n Smith. "I must beg your pardon, Cap'n, for foolishly construing your vigorous efforts in my behalf into a case of assault and battery."

"Don't feel nowise alarmed," answered the old sailor good-naturedly, "they mostly always hits at me when they first comes out of it."

"I don't wonder at it," remarked Merriam. "Perhaps I must thank you for pulling me out of the water, as well as pumping the water out of me," he added.

"No, my son Ed'ard fished ye out," said the Cap'n.

Merriam at once staggered to his feet, and assisted by Leverett, went across the room and stopped before Ed Smith.

"Accept my thanks," said he, his penetrating gray eyes taking the fellow in at a glance.

"And mine," added Leverett extending his hand.

When Merriam crossed the room he expected as a matter of course to shake hands with the man who had been instrumental in getting him out of the water. An immediate change of mind resulted from his inspection of the fellow. And it did not surprise him in the least, as Leverett's hand was extended toward Smith, to see him draw back with a singularly malicious look in his eyes, and turning abruptly from them, leave the house.

Merriam's quick-moving eye rested for an instant on Leverett's face. Leverett also turned to look at Merriam, but the latter's gaze was then on the wall. In fact, he thought he saw at that moment a curious resemblance between the representation of an ugly



mouthed, bull-headed fish before him and the man who had just disappeared through the door. Such was his habit of thought, even in trivial matters, that nothing could come before his mind without being instantly turned, weighed, tested, sifted, and considered with reference to its surroundings. It required no exertion on his part to do this. To refrain from so doing would have called for strenuous effort. The intellectual flash of recognition when the likeness between the face of the man and the face of the fish illumined his mind for an instant, photographed upon it every possible significance of the resemblance, with the line of investigation to establish the correct solution clearly drawn. Within the beat of a second he had mentally said that one Olive Gray probably painted the fish; to said Miss Gray the man she had fishified was for some reason extremely repulsive; said man had but this moment refused the hand of one Leverett; from evident character of said man and said Leverett there is likely to be trouble.

After this Merriam submitted to a rubbing-down and was wrapped in a blanket, while his clothes were drying on lines stretched over the kitchen stove. A blue flannel shirt and a pair of antique trousers had been found for Leverett, and after a protracted search in various lockers, Merriam was fitted out in a similar manner. He was soon able to walk about and wanted to proceed at once to business.

"First I will see Miss Gray," said he.

"Great heaven!" exclaimed Leverett in his ear, "you don't want to see her in that rig, do you?"

"It is a matter of no consequence what the rig is, so long as she can answer questions." As it was an interview with a lady, he was anxious to have it over as soon as possible.

"But hold on, you—you don't look respectable!"

"If Miss Gray regards clothes as an evidence of respectability, I will draw up an affidavit setting



forth the fact that I have a suit hanging over the fire," answered Merriam. "In fact," he added, "she can go out there herself and view the—and view the remains."

A singular vein of humor seemed to have been exposed in his dry nature by the unusual experience he had just passed through.

"But she may have retired—she— Look here, Merriam, she's had a pretty tough time this evening getting us out of the water, and I'm afraid it's been too much for her. She didn't look right at all."

"Getting us out of the water!" exclaimed Merriam. "Did she have anything to do with that?"

"She had this much," answered Leverett, "that it was she who found us, and if she hadn't come at the moment she did, we wouldn't be here!"

"All the more reason why I should see her before I go."

"You're not actually going in the morning?"

"I actually am."

"But you won't have time to—"

"I will if you don't occupy the whole of it in futile bickering. Isn't that the young lady?"

Leverett turned quickly.

Olive had come down and was standing in the doorway. She was smiling a little, and yet with the smile was a look of such unutterable sadness that even Merriam felt it. Leverett went to her and took the hand she offered him with eager tenderness, but even as he did so she gave a little suppressed gasp of pain, drawing it away quickly. He saw that she must have been hurt, for a handkerchief was bound round the wrist.

"Forgive me," he said, speaking in a low voice, earnestly, tenderly. "Do forgive me—I didn't know you were hurt."

"Oh, it's nothing," and she laughingly put her left hand in his, "only a little scratch. I'm so glad you are safe at last," she added in a lower voice.



The smile died away from her lips, and as it did, she raised her beautiful eyes to his face, and he looked into them for a moment. But he did not know the depth of meaning in the look she gave him.

Her hand had been cut by the broken glass of the window, when she would have gone to help him and could not.

He introduced Merriam, and she received him with her captivating girlish grace and sweetness, yet with the same sadness over all. Not a look or a tone had been lost upon him since she appeared. After speaking to the Cap'n a moment, she turned again to him.

"We expected you this evening," she said with the least little bit of a smile.

"Yes,—I always try to keep appointments," he answered in his dry seriousness, yet with the faint twitching at one side of his mouth, showing that he was reveling in merriment—in his way.

"I was very anxious to see you to-night for two reasons," he went on in a cold, matter-of-fact manner, as if they were sitting in his office in the city; "first, to express gratitude for what you have done this evening; second, to—"

"My part of it was very little I'm afraid," Olive interrupted, smiling; "only holding the light, you know."

"My opinion is," rejoined Merriam, "that you did more than that." He looked at her a moment and then said rather suddenly, "How did you hurt your hand?"

A deep color came into Olive's pale face. For a moment she could not speak.

"I cut it trying to open a window," she finally answered, with a forced calmness. But she felt Merriam's gray eyes studying her, and colored again.

Leverett was telling Cap'n Smith something about the storm, and did not notice Olive's embarrassment.

"Second," Merriam went on, "to have ten



minutes with you on business. I leave in the morning and want to finish to-night. May I?"

"Certainly," said Olive.

"Thank you." He turned to Cap'n Smith. "Cap'n, Miss Gray is going to give me ten minutes. After that I must see you for perhaps half an hour. Shall we go into the next room, Miss Gray?"

"Oh, I say!" put in Leverett, approaching the others, "this is too bad—it is, by Jove!—Miss Gray, don't let him trouble you with this to-night—it's merely about those railroad fiends—he's going to look into the matter, you know."

But it was about something else as well, and Merriam quietly said, "I am sure Miss Gray would prefer to have it over."

Olive consented to the interview with perfect good humor, assuring them that she felt as much like it as she ever could. It was finally arranged that the others should retire into the little dining room adjoining, leaving Merriam and Olive in the parlor. It was accordingly done.

The Cap'n, Mazey and Leverett talked over the storm, and the narrow escape of the two young men. Leverett made fairly rational responses to the questions asked him, although his thoughts were not upon what he said, but rather upon the sharp, monotonous tone of the questions Merriam was asking in the next room, and the brief responses of a low musical voice that struck through to his heart, though he could not understand a word that was spoken.

It was perhaps twenty or twenty-five minutes after the three left Olive and Merriam in the parlor, that the young lawyer opened the door and stood an instant, in an uncertain manner quite unusual with him. He then came into the room where they were. There was a very peculiar expression upon his face, and he was evidently aware of it, and making an effort to cover it with his usual expressionless mask.

"I find—" He hesitated an instant.



"Anything the matter?" asked Leverett, going toward him, for the man certainly looked as if he might be ill.

"No—that is I—perhaps the water affected me more than I thought."

"Where do you feel it?"

"It's of no—no consequence," answered Merriam, "but I don't know that I can finish up this business to-night. Perhaps I'd better wait over—until—the next day."

"That's more like it," said Leverett much pleased.

At that moment Olive appeared at the door with a questioning look upon her face.

"Merriam doesn't feel quite right—the sea-bathing was too much for him," said Leverett, meeting her as she advanced into the room.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," was Olive's earnest response.

Merriam, hearing her voice behind him, turned and met her sympathetic glance. But he turned away again quickly. He did not wish them to see the flush that had spread itself over his usually pallid face.

It cannot be denied that the young man was singularly affected. But it was not his recent salt-water experience that was responsible therefor. He was in great danger of making another plunge, and this time not into the sea.

Nancy Dunks had of late renewed her delicate  
3. attentions to the Cap'n, having made up her mind that the proper time had arrived for bringing matters to a crisis. So far, indeed, had she gone in her "strange behavior" that the old salt was beginning to understand her meaning, and it filled him with a very well-defined alarm.

On the day of Richard Merriam's arrival in Gap Harbor—which, as will be remembered, was also the day he was persuaded that he ought to know some-



thing about a yacht,—Mrs. Dunks had struck terror to the heart of Cap'n Smith, and, inductively, into the bosom of Jonathan Mazey.

They were enjoying their after-dinner pipes under some maple trees at the side of the house. The silence between them was the silence of peace and content. Although the Cap'n had remarked that there was a "feelin' into the air as if somethin' was a-brewin'," it had not yet manifested itself to such a degree as to disturb him.

All at once a voice, which proceeded apparently from an open door at the rear of the house, was lifted up in song. It was a rich voice, too rich indeed, and not only cracked in the middle register, but exceedingly broken in the regions above.

"It's the widder," said the Cap'n, very quietly, after listening awhile.

"It are, sir," assented Mazey.

"She are taken to singin' of late."

"An' a-actin' werry strange-like, as well."

"*As well*," the Cap'n repeated.

The singing was now growing louder in a manner plainly indicating the near approach of the warbler, and a silence fell between the two men like that between katydids disturbed in their remarks by an intrusive stranger.

"Everythin' is finished up, Cap'n, an' snug an' tidy," with which remark the massive form of Mrs. Dunks rolled before them.

"We're much obleeged to you, eh, Mazey?" said the Cap'n.

"Aye aye, sir," gurgled the bass voice of the old mate.

"Would ye step this way an' see for yourself, Cap'n?" in Mrs. Dunks' most suave and seductive tones.

"It aren't nowise necessary, Mrs. Dunks; your word's enough."

Upon hearing this indication of Cap'n Smith's confidence, Mrs. Dunks became visibly affected.



She gave two or three hysterical snorts and went through the motions of brushing away tears. "Ah, Cap'n!" she murmured, in a voice which she shook violently and with considerable effort to represent emotion; "Ah—it's so kind of you—to say—that! (sob) It quite affects me!" And she apparently tore some more tears from her eyes in a most desperate fashion, as if they had been bees stinging her, and then turned away to convey the impression that she wished to hide further evidences of her weakness.

After looking at her in consternation a moment, Cap'n Smith rose and edged over near Mazey, who also stood up when the Cap'n did.

"Wot has I said to 'er?" he inquired in a hoarse undertone.

"You said as her words was enough, sir," reported Mazey, in a ghastly, hollow roar that could have been heard a quarter of a mile, but which represented his idea of a whisper.

"It seems to have stove 'er in," said the Cap'n, glancing uneasily at Nancy's heaving form.

"It do, sir."

"Ah," broke in Mrs. Dunks, turning herself and going toward them, "you doesn't know what kind words is to me as is lonesome and sorriful. Ever sense your poor dear wife was took to speres above, I've *tried* to do what I could for ye; I know I can't never take her place, but—"

"No, you *can't*!" suddenly broke in the Cap'n.

"But what little I *can* do for ye—"

"You does it, an' we're greatly obleeged to you for the same, an' any time as you wants anythin' in the way of fish or clams over to your place—"

"Oh, *Cap'n*!" shouted Nancy, in a deeply injured tone, "What is clams to the feelinks of a lonely widder!"

The Cap'n was put out for an instant. An idea occurred to him, however.

"Any time as lobsters would go nigher the spot—"

"Ah, no," said the widow sadly, shaking her head



slowly from side to side, "it ain't clams *nor* lobster as I wants."

"Would a few crabs seem to—"

"No. It ain't clams nor lobsters *nor* crabs! It's feelinks, Cap'n, it's *feelinks*!" saying which she put her apron to her eyes and agitated her shoulders up and down.

The Cap'n edged still closer to Mazey.

"Wat's that as she wants?" he whispered.

"Feelinks," came back, in the same hollow, wheezy roar.

"What's them?" demanded the Cap'n.

"Never heerd on 'em, sir," replied Mazey.

The Cap'n glanced uneasily at Nancy, and stood irresolute for a moment. Then he cleared his throat and advanced toward her.

"Mrs. Dunks!"

Nancy looked at him with red eyes. (She had been rubbing them.)

"Whatever them things is," he went on, "whatever they is, I'll git 'em for you, if they're to be ketched in these waters!"

"Oh, Cap'n!" exclaimed Nancy, in an exultant tone, starting toward him with arms extended.

The Cap'n retired precipitately toward Mazey, calling out, "Marciful Jane! She's a-draggin' 'er anchor! She'll run foul of us!"

Mrs. Dunks, however, seeing the consternation she had created, stopped short, and determined upon another plan of attack.

"Can I speak to you in the house, Cap'n, on a very particular matter?" she asked pleasantly.

"Sartain you can," said the Cap'n.

Mrs. Dunks at once started toward the house. The Cap'n gave Mazey a look, and followed after Mrs. Dunks. Mazey picked up his stool and hobbled along after the Cap'n, carrying his pipe in his disengaged hand. Mrs. Dunks marched in at the kitchen door. The Cap'n followed her, suspecting no evil. Mazey came to the door, and was about to



enter when the widow suddenly appeared before him.

"It was the *Cap'n* I wanted to speak with, not you," she said with an engaging smile, and slammed the door in his face. He tried to open it, and it was bolted. With unruffled calmness he placed his stool on the ground, seated himself on it, put his pipe in his mouth, and holding it there with one hand while his elbow rested on his crossed knee, smoked peacefully.

Disturbing sounds came from within, but Mazey sat undisturbed. He heard the dull thud of overturned chairs, and sounds as of hurrying footsteps, but gave no sign. He heard the *Cap'n* shout in a voice of alarm, "Sheer off! Jam your helm hard a-port! Sheer off!" Yet he smoked his pipe and serenely gazed at the bolted door. It was simply one of the squalls that a mariner regards as unavoidable in the regions infested with women. Having done what he can in the way of shortening sail and making all snug, he awaits the result with grim, philosophical equanimity.

The door before which Mazey had stationed himself was suddenly unfastened, and *Cap'n* Smith emerged in a state of considerable excitement. His face was flushed. His collar and cravat were disarranged, and his thin hair showed a tendency to stand on end.

"She have been a-actin' most sing'lar!" said he, hurrying toward Mazey.

"Wot are she done, sir?"

The *Cap'n* looked back at the door nervously. Then he took Mazey out through the front gate, and stopped by the side of the road.

"She were overcome by somethin' an' pitched up agin' me head on," he said excitedly.

"Couldn't you git clear of 'er?" asked Mazey.

"I cleared 'er the fuss time, but she run foul o' me while I was tackin'."

The two discussed the affair in low tones for



some time. It seemed evident to both of them that something must be done.

"Mazey," the Cap'n finally announced, with slow impressiveness, "this here might suit them as is youngish an' spry, but it aren't never a-goin' to do for me. I were spliced onct, an' atween you an' me I are ontirely satisfied. It appears to me like as there's on'y one thing for to do; I must turn to an' write her a letter. It are an exceedin' onusual business for me, sir, an' you'll have to stan' by."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Mazey would have stood by had the Cap'n decided to blow the old woman up with a heavy charge of dynamite.

4. The day following, which was Friday, found the Cap'n too much occupied, and too unsettled in his mind to set about a task requiring such careful mental preparation and calm deliberation as the writing of a letter ordering Mrs. Dunks to "sheer off."

In the first place, Merriam came to the house and spoke of matters the Cap'n had never discussed with a living soul until that time; matters which lay very near to his heart—which he held, indeed, to be sacred. If he had been told what was coming he might have declined to speak of these things, but the words were drawn from him before he had time to reflect, and while he yet wondered Merriam held in his hand the precious letter which Olive's father had left. His incisive questions regarding her childhood, the unsparing strokes with which he laid bare the facts concerning her father's death, the rude awakening of anxieties that had been soothed into forgetful slumber, left the poor old sailor, when it was over, in a state of extreme agitation. His mind was so much disturbed, indeed, that the fact of Merriam's questions having no possible connec-



tion with the violent attempt to take Olive from the train at Bergmont did not once occur to him. And as for composing himself sufficiently to write a letter, it was simply out of the question.

Merriam hurried away, saying he would return in the afternoon. He hired the fastest rig he could find, with the man who owned it to drive, and in less than an hour was at the telegraph office in Williamsport. From there he went to the court-house.

At half-past three he was driving rapidly out the shell road again. Alighting before the Cap'n's gate, he dismissed the conveyance, after congratulating the proprietor upon the fact that the horse had not fallen to pieces during the trip—a catastrophe of which his appearance gave every indication.

“Cap'n,” said he, coming upon the old salt pacing restlessly forward and back on the little veranda, “I want to speak to your son.”

The Cap'n stood still and stared at Merriam in astonishment. “My son!—my son Ed'ard!” he finally managed to exclaim feebly.

“Yes,” answered Merriam, “your son Edward. Have you any objections?”

“None whatsoever, sir,” answered the Cap'n, “but I aren't ontirely sartain as you'll enj'y yourself.”

“Why not?”

“Well, sir, I doesn't like to say it, but—the boy are a little rough.”

“Rough? That's just the—just the kind I like.”

“Then you'll be exceedin' fond o' him,” was the brief response.

“Yes—he'll answer all requirements—I saw that from a limited observation last night. I would never take him to be your son.” He looked at the Cap'n sharply.

“He are my son, sir, but he had a unfortinit raisin'. His mother died when he were born—”

“I don't wonder,” put in Merriam dryly.

“Not immediate, but a while after,” added the Cap'n.



"About as soon as she could get away after taking a good look at him," suggested Merriam.

"An' then he's been to sea, an' was throw'd with bad company, an' came to be rough an' wild. But for nigh to a year now he's gave up drinkin' an' rowdyin', an' I owns, sir, as I has great hopes for the boy."

"*Will Miss Gray marry him?*"

The Cap'n staggered back and sat in a chair which was fortunately not far behind him. Finally he managed to say in a thick voice, "Marciful Jane! I hopes not!"

"Um." Merriam drew the lids of his eyes down and regarded the Cap'n for an instant quizzically.

"You hope not. They were never—*engaged?*"

"N—not as I knows on!"

"You'd be likely to know it if they were, I suppose?"

"She—shè aren't never had any intention of doin' it, I'm sartain o' that."

"She dislikes him, perhaps?"

"Ye—yes, I think as she do."

"Did she decorate your parlor?"

"She did that, sir, an' it are a piece o' work—"

"Yes, I know. Were you here last night when Miss Gray and your son heard the report of my revolver?"

"No, I were down to the town to git news regardin' the yacht. She asked me to go."

"She asked you?"

"Yes sir."

"She was anxious perhaps?"

"She were indeed, sir."

"Did you leave Mr. Mazey here?"

"No, he were a-waitin' for me at the widder's."

"They were alone then?"

"I suppose they was."

"When you came back you found the gale had broken some glass in the window?"

"It broked a consid'able number o' panes into it."



"Did you ever know a gale strong enough to break window glass before?"

"Not a-shore, but when we're to sea an' a suddin' scud o'—"

"Not ashore?"

"No."

"Thank you—that is all. Where is your son?"

"I cannot tell, sir, I aren't seed him to-day."

"Is Miss Gray at home?"

"No sir, she walked out the road with Mr. Leverett, somewheres nigh to five bells in the arternoon."

"*Out* the road?"

"Yes sir."

"Present my compliments when they return. I may drop in this evening." Saying which Mr. Merriam turned and passed quickly through the gate, leaving the Cap'n in a state of the most utter bewilderment.

Upon gaining the road he looked back, and having satisfied himself that he was not observed, lit a cigarette, turned to his right and proceeded rapidly out the shell road.

Olive Gray walked by the side of Henry  
5. Leverett along the woodsy road that wound among rock-seamed hills, mounting higher and higher, now running close to the edge of the steep at the foot of which the ocean splashed and foamed, now turning inward again, where, when the weather was calm, the singing of birds and the chirping of insects were the only sounds to be heard.

Along this road they walked that Friday afternoon, giving no thought to the wonderfully blue sky above them, swept clear of every feather of vapor by the gale of the previous evening; to the exquisite tangle of roadside flowers and vines climbing



upon walls, getting into trees, twisting together and grasping each upon the other in an apparent wild endeavor to obtain a view of what passed in the road; to the songs of the birds echoing in silvery trills through the deep wood; to the splash of the waves; to the delicate fragrance of the sweet wild rose, that now and then passed like a timid shadow through the air. They knew nothing of these things and yet felt them all.

Henry Leverett had taken a new hold and pulled himself up, as he expressed it. Had the opportunity presented itself the evening before, he would have fallen at Miss Gray's feet and worshipped her. He would have taken her hand in his and let his heart run riot in an exuberance of tender caresses and endearing words. But he had thought the matter over as calmly as possible. He had not yet received a reply from Edith Kimball. It would not be the thing to speak until her answer came—indeed he had said he would not in his letter to her. Therefore he would not.

But if he did not speak, he could think. He could allow his eyes to rest upon the one so dear to him. He could be at her side—almost touching her. He could dream of the happiness it would be when he *could* tell her that he loved her—loved her—loved her!

Olive Gray, walking by his side, felt that she was with him for the last time.

It was she who had suggested the walk to the cliffs. She had something to tell him. And when she had said it, he would go. He would pass out of her life. It would be like a dream. Perhaps he would be angry, and reproach her. Perhaps he would even despise her. He would never know why she had done it. That she could not tell. And he would leave her feeling only bitterness—contempt—hatred.

The thought of breaking her word with Ed Smith did not suggest itself to Olive. It had been given



under cruel, outrageous conditions—it had been forced from her, yet she had finally yielded, knowing all the circumstances; and upon it he had risked his life. He had kept his part of the agreement. It was an agreement involving a human life. She would fulfill her part.

They walked out the road together. There was silence between them. They came to the dark woods, and still they had not spoken. It seemed entirely natural. They understood each other, and could have said nothing that would have expressed more.

Leverett kept close beside her, his eyes upon her constantly. For some time her eyes were upon the ground. Now that she was with him she could not speak—she could not tell him. She would wait a little.

They were walking under the arching branches of great trees. Suddenly Olive stopped and raised her eyes to his. He stood looking into them. He knew they said “I love you,”—said it as no words could. Before he thought he was holding both her hands in his. And then he remembered.

“Will you do something for me?” she asked, her voice trembling slightly.

“Anything you ask,” he answered.

She had intended to ask him to go—to leave Gap Harbor that night, but she could not then, and they stood there in silence an instant.

The sound of heavy footsteps caused them to turn. Ed Smith was coming rapidly toward them from the direction of the village.

When he saw them he stopped and waited in the road. After a time they walked on, he following not far behind. Leverett turned back and looked at him two or three times, showing plainly that he considered it an intrusion. But Ed followed on, paying no heed to this.

Soon Olive noticed a flush of indignation upon Leverett's face. An anxious fear came over her



that there would be trouble. She blamed herself for having brought about this complication.

"I think we had better go back," she said, after they had proceeded some distance with Ed a little way behind them.

Leverett saw, as her eyes were raised to his, that she was much disturbed.

"What does the fellow mean?" he asked quickly, in a low voice.

"I don't know, but—please don't speak to him."

"He is annoying you—I will not permit this!" And his eyes flashed a fiery look toward Ed's big, hulking form, now so near that he might hear what they said.

"But I ask you not to," pleaded Olive. "Think," she added, "he saved your life."

Leverett looked at her beautiful, pleading face a moment. Then he took her hand and drawing her arm through his, turned and walked slowly down the road.

Ed stood still as they came near, his small, restless eyes upon them both. As they passed Leverett could not restrain the open indignant glance which he shot at the man, receiving in return an ugly venomous scowl.

At the instant their eyes met, Leverett felt the hand which was resting upon his arm give a little fluttering tremor, as Olive clung tightly to him, pressing his arm close against her. Nothing can move a strong man more than this mute appeal for protection from one he loves. He placed his other hand quickly upon hers.

"Do you think I would let him touch you? Do you think I would let any harm come to you?" he asked, in a low earnest voice.

They had scarcely passed Ed Smith, and he saw Leverett's motion, and heard his burning words. He stepped toward them and touched Olive on the shoulder.

"I want to speak to you," he said, in a thick voice.



There was but one thing to do. Olive turned to Leverett, whom the slightest spark would have started into flame, and said hurriedly, "I want to see him alone, Mr. Leverett—please leave us a few moments." He hesitated. "I—I won't be long. *Please go.*"

"I shall be within call if you want me." Leverett gave Ed one more look, and turning away, walked down the road. He was completely mystified—so much so indeed, that he did not notice a very perceptible rustling in the undergrowth at the side of the road as he passed.

"What do you wish?" asked Olive, in a low voice, as Leverett passed out of hearing.

"What do I wish!" repeated Ed, with ill-suppressed excitement. "I wish to know what you mean to do. I wish to know whether you're going to put a stop to this thing! I trusted ye, an' risked my life on it—an' things have gone too far to go back! I don't stop for anything now!"

"You have no right to force yourself upon me—to persecute me—yet!" Olive spoke with a rapid utterance. "I have until to-morrow night—to-morrow night—and that short time is my own! Until then I ask you to leave me to myself."

"*Yourself!*" repeated Ed, with a meaning look down the road.

"Myself or—or what I please! Shall I be plain?" she asked with a cutting emphasis upon each word, for her indignation was rising fast. "Until to-morrow night do not speak to me—do not come near me—do not—do not *look* at me!" saying which she turned and walked away from him.

He, surprised, stood where he was an instant; then following with great strides, soon overtook her.

"Look a-here!" he said as he reached her side, "sence I can't speak to you, I'll end it another way!"

"What do you want me to do?" she asked, suddenly stopping before him.



"I want you to tell him—I want you to end it with him! That's what I want you to do. It's my right to have it done, an' if you don't do it, I will!"

"No! no!" she returned in quick alarm. "You must not speak to him! I will tell him! I will!"

"When?"

"As soon as—as I can.

"To-night then."

"Yes—if—if—" she stopped, and her eyes filled with tears. Turning to him with a piteous, appealing look, she said, "I will try to tell him to-night, if you leave me to myself. That is very little to ask."

He stood looking at her awhile before answering.

"I'll see you in the morning then."

"Yes."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"I'll go to the high cliff. Be there by nine."

"Yes."

"If you don't come, I'll make it unpleasant for some one."

Olive left him and went down the shady road. Leverett was waiting for her, and the two walked back to the house together. But when they came to the gate, she had not told him. She had put it off until evening. It was unfortunate that she did this, for he was prevented from seeing her then as he had intended.

Upon arriving at the place where he lodged, and where Merriam had also been accommodated, he found a telegram from his father, which had been sent by special messenger from Williamsport. The "Son" had never received a similar dispatch from the paternal side of the house. It was a notification that his presence was required at once in Boston. An answer was necessary, and he decided to ride over to Williamsport himself, and telegraph. There was no advantage in leaving the next morning for he would arrive in town late Saturday night,



long after business hours. He therefore answered that unless he heard to the contrary, he would be in the city Monday morning. This message was sent direct to his father, and he waited in Williamsport for a reply, should one be sent. As none had been received by ten o'clock, at which hour the office closed, he mounted the horse he had hired and returned to Gap Harbor.

It was not long after Olive and Leverett  
6. parted at the Cap'n's gate that Richard Merriam might have been seen going rapidly down the road toward the village. He was not seen, however, by Leverett, because he had passed down the road before him; nor by Olive, for she had gone at once to her room and thrown herself, sobbing hysterically, upon the bed; nor by Edward Smith, for he had taken a cut across a stony pasture to the water, whither he had brought a boat for the purpose of seeing whether anything of value could be picked up from the wreckage of the yacht.

Merriam proceeded, immediately upon reaching the village, to engage his man to find another horse and take him to Williamsport. He did not stop for supper, and consequently arrived there an hour before Leverett. He was busy all the evening, and found he would have to stay over night, as some seal or signature necessary could not be procured until morning.

It was little before eight on Saturday morning when he sprang into the aged vehicle to which he had trusted life and limb so frequently during the past two days.

"Get me there by 8:30 and I'll give you a dollar extra," said he, hurriedly.

"I'd like tu accommodate you mighty well," replied the driver, "but the kerridge wouldn't stand the strain, jumpin' over the stuns."



"Would a five dollar bill make the—make the strain any less?" asked Merriam.

"I don't know but what it would," answered the driver, and at the same time he gave the horse such a vigorous cut with the whip that it nearly resulted in Merriam's abrupt disappearance over the back of the seat.

They pounded and jolted along, the old rattling wagon yawing this side and that, the dust flying, and the horse covering himself with foam, perspiration and dirt. It was 8:36 when they astonished the mariners of Gap Harbor by tearing frantically down the street.

"Drive me out the shell road," said Merriam.

Twenty minutes later he pushed the money due, with the five dollars additional, into the driver's agitated hand, jumped lightly from the wagon, and merely saying, "You needn't wait," disappeared into the wood.

At nine o'clock Olive stood alone on the high cliff, waiting for a man utterly repulsive and loathsome to her, yet whom she had hired at the highest price she could give, to save a human life. She stood on a ledge of rock that jutted out over the dizzy height, and looked at the ocean far below playing about the great masses of broken stone at the foot of the precipice. One hand was upon the rocky wall at her back, the other shaded her eyes from the brilliant sunlight. Her face was very white this morning, for the poor girl had not slept.

With such unhappiness as hers, how could she sleep? The thought of what was coming bore down upon her until it seemed as if it would crush out her very soul. And the sense of what she had lost—the happiness—the love—the life she must give up forever, was even a sharper agony. As she



looked far below her, and thought how easily she could end it all, how soon it would be over—an instant's flight through the air, and then those jagged rocks, and after that the cool waves to wash away the stain, she was suddenly filled with an impulse to take the frightful leap into eternity. The more her mind dwelt on it, the stronger the feeling grew upon her. One push upon the rock behind her—that would be all. One push! Why not give it? Her father had ended his life in the very ocean that was now peacefully lapping the rocks below her. What had she to live for more than he?

She gradually became so possessed by the thought that she grew unconscious of everything else. Nothing seemed real. A dream-like veil was drawn before her, dulling her senses, and making the steep-down depth to the rocks below seem a mere nothing. She no longer leaned away from it upon the rock behind, but stood on the narrow ledge without support.

"Have I kept ye waiting long?"

It was Ed Smith's voice that broke harshly upon the fearful thoughts which were whirling closer and closer about her as she stood fascinated—powerless—almost carried away.

For a moment she did not move or take her eyes from the depth below. Then she turned slowly, passing her hand over her eyes as if awakening.

"No, I preferred to be here," she said quietly. The thought passed through her mind that she would come to this place again, when she found life no longer bearable, and make her escape.

"He didn't follow you, did he?" demanded the fellow, roughly.

"I think not."

"Hm!" with a sneer. "It's a wonder he didn't come!"

"He doesn't know where I am."

She closed her eyes for an instant



"I 'spose if he did, he'd be here!"

"I suppose so."

"Well, he'd better not!" Ed looked about to see if there were any possibility of interruption. He threw upon the ground a rope he had brought up with him from the boat, for he had rowed round to the mouth of the ravine and climbed up the steep trail on that side.

"This is the first chance I've had to see ye sence that night." He looked at Olive with greedy eyes as she stood in the sunlight, her beautiful dark hair touched by it into glowing life.

"Why did you wish me to meet you in this place?" asked the girl.

"Come here an' I'll tell you."

Olive left the ledge of rock, and approached him slowly, stopping a few feet away. The two stood an instant looking each at the other.

"Come here," said he, in a coaxing tone, "I want you."

"I am here," she answered, quietly.

He stepped toward her and reaching quickly out, took hold of her hand. She tried to draw it away but he held it firmly, and she finally became quiet, her eyes turned away from him, her breath coming and going quickly in long-drawn painful gasps.

"I only wanted to see you," he whispered huskily; "who has a better right?" and he attempted to put his arm around her waist.

This was more than she could endure, and with a sudden effort she broke away from him, and stood flushed and panting at a little distance.

"Do not touch me!" she said with breathless intensity. "Say whatever you have to say, but do not touch me!"

"Why, you ain't afraid o' me, are you? I ain't a-goin' to hurt you," he rejoined soothingly, going toward her at the same time. "Come now, I think it's about time I got a kiss from you!"



"A kiss!" repeated Olive with a gasp, stepping backward involuntarily as he advanced, "I would as soon think of kissing a—"

But he was so near that she turned and darted away toward the edge of the cliff—the only direction open to her.

He called to her to stop. She sprang with a lithe bound to the narrow ledge she had stood upon while waiting for him, and followed it out over the abyss as far as she could go.

"What are you trying to get away for? We'd ought to be pretty good friends. Come, come! You can't get away like that!" and he started to climb out after her.

"Wait!" she said in a peculiar voice, and motioning him back with her hand.

He paused where he was.

"I intended to keep my word with you," she went on, breathless with excitement, "but I have this one day left that is my own! I consented to meet you here so that there would not be trouble between you and—and him. I have met you, and now I wish to go!"

"Well you sha'n't go," replied Ed, "until I get a kiss from you!" saying which he moved toward her.

"Stop!" she cried out—desperate—frantic. "Do not dare to come near me!"

"My dear, you're too modest by half!" and he climbed upon the ledge.

"If you touch me—if you *touch me* I will jump over!" She was looking at him in a way that showed she was in desperate earnest.

He stopped involuntarily for a moment—but it was only a moment.

"Oh, I guess you don't mean that!" he said, jocosely.

"I *do* mean it!"

"Well, we'll see then."

He was about to advance again when he felt a light touch upon his shoulder. Looking round with



a start he saw standing behind him the spare form of Richard Merriam, Attorney-at-Law.

8. "It seems to me I wouldn't drive the young lady off such a—off such a fearfully high place," was Merriam's quiet remark. He had a cigarette in his mouth, and the words came muffled through the smoke that was mingled with them.

"Is it any of your business?" demanded Ed in a loud voice, and with a threatening motion toward the intruder.

"No," answered Merriam, carelessly. "I merely threw it out as a suggestion." He waited a moment and then said pleasantly, "May I see you a few moments?"

"See me!" growled young Smith, his brows shutting down into a malicious scowl.

"Yes," replied the other, "unless you prefer to have me meet your attorney."

Ed jumped down from the ledge and walked around to the other side of Merriam, not knowing whether to resent his cool effrontery or not.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind leaving us for a little while, Miss Gray," Merriam said in a business-like tone, turning to Olive. "It's quite a private affair or I would not ask you to go."

It is unnecessary to say that Olive was astonished. In the first place his coming had been a complete surprise to her. And then, since his first gentle remonstrance against driving her off the height, he had spoken as if it would be the greatest favor to him if she could give up the society of Edward Smith for a short period. He seemed entirely in earnest too. It did not take her long, however, to decide that she would go, and leave the question of where the favor came in for future solution. She accordingly made her way along the shelf of rock, accepted Merriam's hand as she sprang lightly down, and



with an anxious glance toward her persecutor, disappeared among the cedars and birches without saying a word.

After she had gone, Merriam coolly seated himself on as comfortable a rock as he could find, and lighted a fresh cigarette.

When conducting a business affair of any description, nothing that this man did was without purpose. Every word, every action, no matter how trivial, was intended to produce an effect. He saw in an instant the direction in which to turn his fire, and with unerring aim dropped his shells and sent his small shot into the enemy's works, accurately measuring the result of every discharge.

He lighted a fresh cigarette then, and sat puffing it in apparent abstraction. He was waiting for the other side to begin.

Smith finally broke the silence :

"You're a lawyer, I heard," he said in a rough, bravado sort of tone.

He would have preferred saying something more threatening, but a secret fear of anything connected with the law held him back. He did not know what this mysterious behavior on the part of Merriam might mean. It would be time enough to threaten or even half kill the fellow for his impertinence, when he discovered.

"A what?" said Merriam, as if he had not caught the word.

"I say I heard you was a lawyer!" repeated Ed in a loud voice, and showing considerable ill-temper in spite of himself.

"It is true," answered Merriam, "I'm practicing a little now and then." He stopped and blew the smoke in fanciful spurts about him. "In fact," he finally resumed, "I came down here on business; but it seemed to develop into a—into a pleasure excursion—sea baths, and all that."

"Yes, it did sure!" said Ed in a voice of surly amusement.



"Yes," went on Merriam absently, as if thinking of the adventure, "it did sure—it did sure. I—I swallowed a great deal of salt water—a great deal. Do you know how much they took out?"

"How would I know?" demanded Smith, becoming more irritated.

"You wouldn't know of course," admitted Merriam, "but it must have been considerable. I don't think this sea bathing is what it's cracked up to be. Do you go in often?"

"No!"

"No, I thought not. I don't advise you to." Here he meditated a moment, but soon added: "There will be no charge for that advice. I shall give it away—freely—when I return to Boston."

"Say—look-a-here!" broke out Ed suddenly, going toward him, "if you want to say anything to me, say it quick! I don't want to stay here!"

"I don't either," replied Merriam, in the same dry, monotonous tone. "But business often compels us to do disagreeable things." He looked at Ed with a steady significant stare, which was returned by the other with the evidences of rising anger.

"What I shall say," went on Merriam, looking straight into Ed's eye, "what I shall say will make you feel very unhappy. But that isn't my affair; I am acting for others." Then he carefully knocked the ashes from the end of his cigarette, and crossed his leg. "I am going to tell you a story," he announced, simply.

Edward Smith strode directly to him, looked at him from head to foot with the utmost contempt, and turning, walked away as if to have nothing further to do with him.

"This story is about a young lady you know," said Merriam, quietly. Smith stopped where he was. "In fact, she left here only a moment ago," added the lawyer.

"You'd better be a little careful what you're say-



ing!" growled Ed, approaching the other threateningly:

"I see that," answered Merriam, looking up at the powerful figure standing over him.

"If you're talkin' very free about *her*, you'll get hurt!"

"I was only anxious on your account. If in your excitement you commit any rash or foolish act, you will get into the State's prison."

"What!" roared Ed, so angry that he choked up and stood fuming, unable to speak.

Merriam eyed him carefully, and before he could recover his voice, had begun to talk with a rapid, incisive utterance. "Some years ago—fifteen, more or less—a gentleman appeared in this neighborhood with a small child clinging to him. He acted strangely, was pale, distracted; evidently not quite in his right mind. He wandered about, seeming anxious to avoid everybody. Finally, overcome with fatigue, he dropped exhausted near a house on the shell road."

Ed was now listening, a fact which Merriam carefully noted.

"One Cap'n Edward Smith lived in said house; said Smith found aforesaid man and child—took them in—braced them up in true marine style—but couldn't induce the man to tell his name or where he came from. Man had something on his mind—couldn't rest—used to go out in fishing boats with men—left his child in aforesaid house. One day there was a storm. When the schooner came in the stranger was not on board—men said he was swept into the sea—fact was he drowned himself. And the little girl was left with Cap'n Smith." Merriam paused and smoked quietly.

"Say! What are you telling me all this for?" suddenly demanded Ed.

"For your own protection. I wish to lead up to the point gently so that you will not place yourself in an undignified attitude before the Court."



"Well when you've led up to it *gently*, just send and let me know!" With a sneer of contempt, he turned and walked rapidly away, positive that nothing would detain him again.

"This girl's mother is my client."

Edward Smith started as if he had been shot.

"I see that you heard me," said Merriam dryly. "Now I'll tell you the other side of the story. The same number of years ago as previously stated, and for reasons which are ruled out of evidence, the mind of one Perrin Kimball became—hem—unsettled—or words to that effect. So much so, indeed, that he was sent to an institution. One night he escaped, broke into his own house, took one of his two little daughters, and disappeared. Owing to several unfortunate complications, search was not begun until too late. When it was finally undertaken neither father nor daughter could be found. A few days ago the possibility of discovering traces of them in this neighborhood was suggested. The matter was placed in my hands. As to the father, I find he is not within the jurisdiction of the Court. As to the daughter, the old Cap'n gave her the name of the first ship he commanded, which was the Olivia Gray."

Merriam knocked more ashes from his cigarette, which he had puffed during pauses in his story, and leaning back against the rock behind him, looked dreamily into the deep blue sky.

Suddenly Smith spoke up: "Do you know what I think?" he asked, approaching Merriam again.

"Your emotions must be conflicting," answered the lawyer.

"I think it's all *gammon*—GAMMON!"

Merriam paid no attention to this expression of opinion. Ed stood motionless a moment.

"Say," he suddenly broke out, "are you going to tell her this?"

"Tell who this?"

"The girl."



"Miss Gray?"

"Yes."

"No."

"Oh!" with a sneer.

Merriam rose and walked up to Ed with his eye steadily upon him. "My friend," said he, in quiet impressive tones, "don't imagine that *you* have anything whatever to do with my not informing Miss Gray of the facts in the case. I simply act upon the instructions of my client. I have taken the trouble to explain matters at considerable length, because you pulled me out of the water and I owe you something for it—although you *did* leave me half drowned on the rocks. If you don't believe what you heard you had better simply enter an exception and let us proceed with the case. We can argue the exception afterward."

"Argue nothing!" retorted Smith, turning upon him angrily. "Do you think I'd let you take her away! Do you think—"

"It would interfere with your plans perhaps?"

"Interfere!" he shouted in Merriam's face, becoming more and more enraged. "Interfere! Now *you* listen! Now I'll tell *YOU* something!"

Merriam quickly backed away and sank down in a sitting posture on the stone he had previously occupied. From his manner it appeared that he was becoming frightened.

9. As he saw Merriam apparently cowed before him, Ed followed him up, becoming furious with anger. It did not occur to him that he had been carefully nursed up to this point by the most judicious cushion-shots and carroms.

"That girl an' me is to be married!" he hissed out between his teeth. "It's agreed between us—an' it takes place to-night—do you hear, young man! It takes place to-night! *To-night!*"



"No," said Merriam, shaking his head, "no, it doesn't take place to-night."

"Ha!" shouted Ed, starting back in astonishment, "where is the man as'll prevent it—tell me that!"

"Certainly," replied the lawyer with quiet modesty; "he's here, sitting on this rock."

"You! You interfere with me!"

"I undertake to do so—to protect the interests of my client."

"Look here!" said Ed in an ominous tone, his face distorted with rage, "I won't take no more from you!" and he strode toward Merriam savagely.

The young lawyer rose, threw away his cigarette and walked directly in front of the infuriated ruffian.

"Yes you will," said he with a rapid utterance and in a sharp crackling tone that shot directly into the brain of the other. "I'm just coming to business now. There's some kind of a bargain or promise between yourself and that young lady—I suspected it and you have now admitted it—and we propose to learn *what it is*," shaking his forefinger in Ed's face, "before the thing goes any further!"

Smith was nearly taken off his feet by the suddenness of this attack. While he was standing dumfounded Merriam sprang upon him again.

"We propose to learn what it is, but I have seen enough in one day to convince me that you are holding that young lady by some deviltry and against her will, and I have therefore appeared before Judge McEllston of the Superior Court, and he has granted a temporary injunction restraining you from proceeding further in the matter until you have shown cause; and I hereby, as deputy, serve you with a copy of same with affidavits attached thereto in legal form," saying which he pushed a package of papers into the other's hands.

It was only an instant that Ed Smith stood holding the injunction documents. Suddenly recovering his partially paralyzed senses he started and with a



muttered curse tore the papers to fragments and flung them in Merriam's face.

"I thought you'd do that—here's a duplicate," said the lawyer, deftly pushing another package under the lappel of Ed's coat, and stepping back a little. "I'm only obliged to serve you with one," he went on quickly; "this is a favor on my part, so that you can read it and see what the Court allows you to do."

"Read it!" roared Smith, seizing the duplicate papers with the evident intention of treating them as he had the others.

"It'll cost you five dollars to get another set." Merriam shot the words from a little distance directly into Smith's left ear.

The big fellow paused, not so much because of the expense which had been suggested to him, as from astonishment at Merriam's cool audacity. He had a vague feeling that some sort of a trap had been set, and he was caught in it; and so tried, for an instant, to remember what he had said.

"That's right—don't be discouraged," were the cheerful words that recalled him to the present; "it's only a *temporary* injunction; you can show cause day after to-morrow and get it dissolved—that is, if you *can* show cause. Another thing you might try," and the peculiar twitch of the mouth to one side manifested itself on Merriam's face for an instant, "go over at once and see if the Court will allow you to put up bonds and marry the girl. Your bonds would have to be pretty heavy though to cover any possible damage. I've finished," having said which he seated himself on his favorite rock again. "My advice would be," he added in a lower tone, "to abandon the case. There will be—" at this point he struck a match upon the side of the rock, and held the blaze to a fresh cigarette, "there will be no charge for that."

"Abandon the case!" yelled Smith, going toward him fiercely, "God damn your soul, do you think I'll



—do you think I'll—" He was so furious that he stopped unable to find words sufficiently expressive.

"Go on," said Merriam quietly, "it's your turn."

"You dare to jag at me like this! You—"

"I haven't jagged at you, I merely served you."

"Well I'll serve *you*! I'll—I'll make you sorry you ever came to this place," fumed Smith, with oaths introduced before and after the remark; "I'll make you sorry you ever put your nose in my business—yes, and your friend too! *He's* tryin' it, an' the next time I see him he'll have his hands full!"

Merriam rose and looked into Ed Smith's fierce countenance, which was livid with rage. "Now you interest me," said he. "If there's anything I can do to prevent—"

"*Do!*" roared Smith, trembling with anger; "Warn him that he'd better be careful! I've stood considerable from him, comin' between me an' her! It's gone too fur now! Warn him as he's in *danger*. *Warn him!*"

"Are you in earnest?"

"In earnest!" repeated the other in almost a scream, and stamping up and down before Merriam. For some reason or other he could not bring himself to do violence to the impertinent young attorney, and his anger found a temporary outlet in motion. "In earnest! Do I look like a man as AIN'T in earnest! Do I— Here! look at this!" and he whipped aside the branch of a tree so that the trunk was exposed. "Here's her name an' his cut in the bark o' this tree! Mebbe you can understand what I mean! I don't cut with a fine little knife like his—this is my knife!" and he produced a huge bladed clasp knife and opened it. "*This is my knife!* It's big an' clumsy, but it'll do fur what I want!" saying which he drove it through the letters and left it quivering in the trunk of the tree.

Merriam watched the proceeding with calm interest, and when Ed turned his bloodshot eyes upon him, spoke in a quiet and earnest voice:



"Mr. Smith," said he, "when I first saw you I felt, instinctively, that there was some common ground upon which we could meet as brothers. It is on that ground we are standing now. Henry Leverett must not interfere. On *that* issue I'll join you with the plaintiff."

Smith was again struck with astonishment at Merriam's consummate assurance. The legal terms he employed had some effect as well, an effect which the lawyer understood, and reserved for special occasions.

"I have already taken some steps in the matter, which you, as a party in interest, should know. I have telegraphed to the firm of which he is a member, to recall him to the city immediately; I have notified the family of the young lady he is engaged to marry of the state of affairs; I shall see him personally and recall to his mind—"

"Look a-here!" broke in Smith, coming close to Merriam and speaking through his clinched teeth. "What are *you* doing all this for? *What are you—*"

"I will be frank with you," replied Merriam, looking into his face; "I intend to marry the girl myself."

Before Ed Smith had time to recover from this last surprise, the sound of quick footsteps upon the dry, resounding earth, and the rustling of bushes near at hand caused both men to turn. They saw Henry Leverett making his way in their direction, and glancing about as if trying to find some one.

Leverett stopped upon seeing Merriam and  
10. Smith, for he thought he detected something peculiar about their attitude and appearance.

"Hullo, Merriam!" he called out in a hearty voice. "How the deuce did you find your way to this place?"

Merriam did not answer at once, for he saw a look



on Ed Smith's face which caused him to keep his eye upon the fellow.\*

"Now he's here I'll settle this with him!" said Smith, starting toward Leverett.

"Nothing of the kind!" rejoined Merriam in a low voice, quickly intercepting him. "You'll only weaken the case!"

"What's the matter?" asked Leverett, not comprehending the mysterious conduct of the two men, and approaching them.

"Just wait there a moment, Leverett," Merriam said, turning to him.

"What does he want?" asked Leverett, determined to get at the solution of the affair.

"As a particular favor to me will you keep quiet?" retorted Merriam.

Leverett good-naturedly turned away as if to comply with the request.

"Say, you!" shouted Ed over Merriam's shoulder, "I'll trouble you to tell me—"

At this point Merriam stopped him with a quick rejoinder which Leverett could not hear. But he had heard enough. Walking leisurely toward the two men, he took Merriam by the arm and gently but firmly swung him aside, so that he stood face to face with Edward Smith.

"Yes,"—he addressed him in a frank and easy manner, "I'll tell you anything you want to know, so far as I am able."—There was an instant's pause, during which the two men looked at one another, and Merriam at them. "You were so good as to assist in getting us ashore the other night, and I am greatly obliged to you on that account; but your conduct since then has been past my comprehension. If there is anything which will put an end to your mysterious behavior,—any question I can answer or any information I can give, for Heaven's sake let me know what it is."

"No! you needn't answer any question!" replied Smith, his voice husky with excitement; his great



red fists doubled. "You needn't tell me anything!" Then with an oath he added: "*I'll tell you something!*"

"This is absurd," came Merriam's sharp, incisive voice, as he suddenly appeared between the two men. "It's laughable! If you go on it will develop into a mere yelling match!" Then he took Leverett by the arm and led him away a few steps. "Wait here a moment," he said in a low tone, "and I will get rid of him."

"But I don't want to get rid of him," replied Leverett, "I want some explanation of this—"

"Do you want him to spit it into your face and perhaps blacken your eye with it, or do you want me to give it to you quietly?" The men gazed at each other. Merriam perceived that he had made an impression. As soon as he felt confident of this he left Leverett and walked quickly back to where Smith was standing.

"Now's my chance," he said confidentially, "leave me alone with him."

"No—I'll have it out with him now!" growled Smith, who was in a fighting mood.

"If you do, it'll take thirty days to get you out of jail," was Merriam's instant response. Seeing the fellow start a little he went on quickly, "You are excited. This naturally unfits you for cool and logical discussion. It is my business to attend to—to attend to these little affairs. Our interests are one. Leave the matter in my hands."

"Well, mind you tell him what I say then!"

"He shall know everything," said Merriam assuringly, at the same time taking Ed by the arm and walking him gently away.

"Let him know—let him—show him *that!*" pointing suddenly to the knife he had driven into the trunk of the tree.

"I will get in all the points," replied Merriam with composure. "That is Exhibit D."

"An' I'll find her—she's waiting not fur off—I'll



find her an' send her here. She'll tell him once for all, an' that'll end it."

"An excellent idea. We'll get an immediate decision."

"If he don't go then—" the fellow's livid face seemed to turn purple, "if he don't go *then*—I'll mangle him so he won't know which way he's looking!"

"Yes—there's always that course to fall back upon."

"An' as fur you," growled Smith, turning with ill-disguised contempt upon Merriam, "as fur *you*—"

"Oh, you don't mind me, of course," said Merriam with a most delightful smile.

Smith looked at him for an instant in silent derision. "Well I should say not!" he finally ejaculated, and turning on his heel walked heavily away.

As soon as Ed Smith had disappeared Merriam took out a cigarette, and seating himself leisurely, struck a match and lighted it. His manner plainly indicated that he considered a disagreeable piece of work at an end, and had dismissed it from his mind.

Leverett had lighted a cigar and strolled along to the edge of the cliff, over which he glanced. As Merriam sat down he came leisurely toward him, and seated himself on a little rise of ground near by.

The two men smoked for some time in silence. To all appearances Merriam was enjoying the wild scenery, and drinking in the delicious air.

"Pretty place around here," Leverett finally remarked.

"Yes." Merriam looked up at the light, glistening foliage above him.

"By the way, Merriam, you told me you came down here on another business affair besides mine."



Merriam blew a breath of smoke carefully into a cloud of dancing insects, and then said:

"Yes."

"How do you get on?"

"Pretty well, thanks."

"You didn't tell me what it was."

"No." He blew out a long puff of smoke. "Confidential affair."

Leverett nodded assent, and there was a brief silence.

"I've got another case on hand that I *can* speak of," Merriam finally said in a nonchalant drawl.

"What is it?"

"That rough," nodding slightly in the direction Ed Smith had taken.

"Young Smith?"

Dick nodded carelessly, and then knocked the ashes from the end of his cigarette.

"What are you trying to do with him?"

"Restrain him."

Leverett looked at him for a second as if puzzled. Then he seemed to comprehend. "Oh—I see," he said. "You did it well, too." He smoked meditatively a moment; then went on: "That fellow's conduct for the past few days has been unbearable! Dogging me about, muttering and cursing! Upon my soul, Merriam, he is the most—" he paused, and seemed to regain his composure. "You were right, though, in preventing a scene. I don't see how you did it either. How is it you manage these things so nicely?"

"It depends on the things."

"Oh, does it?"

"Yes. With that chap I linger. With others I might come to the point at once."

"I see," said Leverett, amused. "In my case what would you do?"

"If I were advising you I would speak out instantly; I would simply say, 'You mustn't marry Miss Gray.'"



Leverett, who happened just then to be looking off toward the sea, turned sharply round and stared at Merriam. Seeing that he was apparently in earnest, he walked over and stopped before him.

"Upon my word you surprise me," he began.

"How so?" Merriam asked, looking up innocently.

"By what you said. I thought at first you were joking."

"I'm not in the habit of speaking facetiously."

"Then you meant it?"

"I did."

"Would you mind saying it over again?"

"You mustn't marry Miss Gray."

Leverett stood a moment motionless, his eyes upon Merriam.

"I suppose I may consider this in the nature of advice," he at length remarked.

Merriam nodded assent, and added aloud, "There will be no charge."

Leverett laughed. He would have laughed before were not the matter under discussion so near his heart. From Merriam's last remark he concluded that the lawyer was not serious. Therefore he laughed a little, and then said: "That's fortunate; I supposed of course you'd hand me a bill with it!"

"The service in this case is too great for a money equivalent."

"Oh come, that's a pretty large statement," Leverett replied, laughing a little still, although he did not exactly relish the tone of the lawyer's remarks.

"You'll see it in a different light when I get you out of this scrape."

"Scrape! See here, Merriam," Leverett retorted good naturedly, "we've talked enough about this."

"No we haven't," Merriam answered incisively, rising and throwing away his cigarette—a habit of his when he wished to convey the impression that serious work was about to begin. "O yes," he went on, seeing Leverett's glance of honest displeasure, "it's quite likely I shall offend you; I dare say you'll



cut my acquaintance;—confound it, I wouldn't be surprised if you assaulted me!"

At this Leverett could not refrain from smiling. The idea of matching his superb physical strength against the slight build of the man before him struck him as humorous.

"What are you going to do?" he inquired.

"I am going to present an argument that is unanswerable. When you have heard it, Leverett, you will be left without a leg to stand on!"

"In that case there won't be much danger of my assaulting you," Leverett replied smiling again, his even, firmly set teeth glistening under his light mustache. "What are you going to argue about?"

"Your conduct. I am going to show you that you are forgetting yourself—your honor—your duty—even your safety, by thinking of an alliance with Miss Gray!"

"Merriam!" began Leverett, suddenly in earnest, "you must not—"

"Stop!" interrupted the lawyer. "I only ask you to listen to reason! If you are too far gone for that I will throw up the case!"

"Go on. I'll listen."

"First consider your position," continued Merriam, speaking rapidly. "You are engaged to a young lady in town—"

"That is not your affair!" interrupted Leverett with some warmth.

"No," responded the lawyer instantly, "I'm glad to say it isn't. It's *your* affair, and a devilish mess you're making of it!"

"Look here, Merriam—"

"I will *not* look there, or anywhere else. I am going to show you the various incongruities of your position if you kill me for it. There are so many elements to be grasped at once that I will furnish you with a bill of particulars and call your attention to them under the head of *Exhibits*. Here is the young lady in town, to whom you are engaged



—she is *Exhibit A*. Next is the young lady in this place, whom we will class as *Exhibit B*. Pause for a moment and ask yourself what you know of *Exhibit B*. From whence may she have come? From whom may she be descended? What may her ancestors—”

“Ancestors, man!” broke in Leverett, unable to restrain himself longer. “Ancestors! I don’t care who or what they were! If they were murderers—thieves—assassins, I would only thank them for giving me her! I love this girl, Merriam—I love her—I love her! Don’t talk to me!” and he turned away.

“I certainly will talk to you, for your life is in danger!” Leverett looked round at him. “This girl, *Exhibit B*, is engaged to be married to *Exhibit C*,—young Smith, the rough I am trying to restrain.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean precisely what I say. There is an engagement between the parties named. You come in and take his place and then wonder that he is frenzied with rage. The fellow will stop at nothing. Do you see this knife?” he asked, walking rapidly to the tree and pointing it out. “That is *Exhibit D*. It was driven there by *Exhibit C*, and it is a warning you will do well to heed!”

“I will take care of myself, Merriam,” replied Leverett.

“If you are going on with the affair, I beg you to take this,” Merriam said, pulling from his hip pocket a very rusty revolver. “It is illegal, but there are some occasions that require it, and this is one.”

“No, no,” said Leverett, “I don’t want the thing.”

“Perfectly harmless—fired them all off when the yacht went to pieces.” Merriam snapped the hammer as he spoke, to show that none of the chambers were loaded. “Nothing but salt in it. The mere appearance of a revolver will sometimes save trouble.” Leverett shook his head, declining to



accept the weapon. "Very well," Merriam went on in a tone indicating that he considered his friend's case as well-nigh hopeless, "I've done what I could. That might protect you against the ugly ruffian—what you can say to Mrs. Perrin Kimball I do not know. She will be here this afternoon."

"What do you mean?" Leverett asked in sudden surprise; "Mrs. Kimball is not coming to Gap Harbor!"

"She certainly is."

"What brings her here?"

"I bring her here. She comes in response to a telegram."

"Merriam," said Leverett facing the lawyer and now beginning to be really angry, "do you mean to tell me you have taken it upon yourself to interfere in my affairs like this?"

"No," answered Merriam, meeting him with equal force, "I am merely taking care of my own affairs!"

"Your—" Leverett stopped.

"Yes, *my*!—There are three parties in interest in this case. You are only one. Please bear in mind that you are only *one*!"

"Who are the rest?"

"This tough young Smith is another."

"That makes two. Who is the third?"

"The third is *Exhibit F*."

"Where is *Exhibit F* to be found?"

"Right here," answered Merriam, touching his breast.

"You!" returned Leverett. The young lawyer nodded affirmatively. "Nonsense!"

"See here!" returned Merriam with apparent indignation, "what do you mean by nonsense?"

"I mean that this is a farce!"

"If it is a farce, Leverett, you are making it one!"

"I don't want to talk with you, Merriam!"

"You needn't! I have finished. You have been shown every reason under heaven why you should



not go on—go on with this thing! You have been warned as to the danger of violence from young Smith. Simply because I am friendly with you and am the adviser of your firm, I have gone so far as to let you understand my own personal interest in the affair, and because I *am* interested and frankly tell you so, you shout nonsense and call it a farce!”

“Good heavens, Merriam, if you’re really in earnest I’ll take it back!”

“You may do as you please about taking it back! As to my being in—being in earnest, you will eventually discover that I am. I have never had a—a case like this before, and I shall use every means at my command to win it. In view of my attitude in this matter, it is only proper that I should withdraw from my connection with your firm, and I have so notified the senior member. That is all I have to say!”

As Merriam uttered the last words, he turned, and following the path that led along the cliff, walked rapidly away. Leverett called out to him to wait, but he paid no attention to the request, and was soon out of sight.

12. It is not strange that Merriam’s unusual conduct left Leverett in a state of considerable mystification. He had never, in his brief business interviews with the man, known him to display so much feeling. Even when they were in the most imminent peril of their lives from the wreck of the yacht, Merriam’s few utterances were in his usual dry monotone, without a particle of apparent excitement. In fact, during the whole time until he lost consciousness, he had held the stump of a half-burned cigarette in his mouth and displayed the utmost coolness.

Yet, in the interview just ended, he had nearly lost his temper. At one time he seemed to be in-



dulging in grim humor—at another he was evidently in dead earnest.

But Leverett did not puzzle himself long over the mystery. He had come to the cliff in search of the one he loved so passionately, and after a few moments of vague wonder as he stood looking in the direction Merriam had gone, he turned away, thinking only of Olive Gray, and that he could at last tell her how dear she was to him—how precious beyond anything else in the world.

As he turned he saw her standing as if she had just come up the steep trail that led to the ravine on the other side, and with an involuntary exclamation of gladness hastened to meet her. She had nearly reached the top of the path, and Leverett extended his hand. She took it, and with a light bound was by his side.

“Olive!” said he, as their eyes met. By that one word she knew what he would say if she did not stop him.

“I was sent to tell you something—” she began hurriedly.

“And I was sent to tell *you* something,” he answered, close to her, holding her hand tight, as if he would never let it go again.

She turned away a little, and with her disengaged hand played with the leaves of an overhanging bough, for it seemed as if she could not look in his face and say the cruel words.

“But I—I must tell you this first,” she went on, her head down a little, as she twisted the little buds in her fingers.

“No,” he interrupted quickly, again very near her, so that she felt his breath warm upon her white neck. “No—my darling—my darling—I must tell you *this* first, because I have been waiting so long—”

“Oh no!” she broke in.

“Yes—yes!” he returned, and she was helpless before the great flood of the tenderness that came with



his words. She could not stop him. She tried to move, but his arm was around her, holding her close—close. “It’s only that I love you—I love you, Olive—I love you, my darling—you knew that before, didn’t you? but I could not say it because this letter had not come. See—see dear, this releases me from an engagement made long ago. When I met you I knew this must end, but until it was ended I could not tell you how dear—how dear—how precious—how sweet you were to me. Olive—I cannot tell you now. It is more than love—it is more, Olive!”

But she gently unclasped his arm from her waist, and turning faced him.

“It is not yet too late,” she said in a trembling voice.

“Too late!” he exclaimed, looking her in the face. He held her hand still, and tried to draw her to him, but she looked at him piteously, and he waited.

“No—write quickly—tell her—tell her you were mistaken—that you did not mean it—that it was only to see how true she was—do this for me.”

“Olive!” Leverett could not say more for a moment, but stood looking at her. “Olive—I thought you—”

“Yes—I thought so once,” she returned hurriedly; “but now I want you to go—quickly—and forget that such a person as Olive Gray is living or ever lived.”

“Why I could not!”

“Yet you must,” she went on almost in a whisper. “Why? Because I ask it of you—because I tell you there is no help for it. I think you do care for me—and—and I thank you.”

“Care for you!” Leverett exclaimed passionately, drawing her into his arms. “No power on earth could make me give you up—no power on earth, Olive! Listen, dear! I love you. How could I let you go? There is no reason—”



"Yes—there *is* a reason! You will make trouble for both of us if you do not go!" She spoke this very fast, her face close to his.

"I thought you cared for me!" He was looking down into her eyes.

"I do! I do!" she whispered, and in those breathless words her whole soul went out to him. She could not help it.

He held her closer.

"Then what have I done, Olive—what have I done, my darling, that you want me to go?"

"You! You have—nothing! It is something I have done—it is something—" She stopped. Her quick ear caught the sound of footsteps.

"Listen! He is coming!" she whispered hurriedly, hardly knowing what she said. "Oh do let me go! *Do* let me go Mr. Leverett—he will see you!" And before he could prevent her she had struggled away from him.

"He!" repeated Leverett. "Whom do you mean?"

Olive did not speak. Her eyes were apparently upon Leverett, but in reality she was looking at something beyond.

"Olive," he went on going toward her, "there is some mystery about this. I must know what it is—*who it is*, that comes between us!"

"Mebbe I can tell you that!" said a thick voice behind him. He turned and found himself face to face with Edward Smith.

From his face it might have been supposed  
13. that Ed Smith was intoxicated. His eyes were swelled out and bloodshot. His under lip quivered. His hand shook too, and he seemed hardly able to control himself. He had not been drinking, however. He was simply overcome with anger—frenzied with jealousy.



Olive saw, as he approached them, that the man was so infuriated he would stop at nothing.

While Leverett was saying the last few words to her, she was trying to think of some way to prevent an encounter between the two men. It seemed hardly possible, yet she felt that it must be done. The result of a conflict between them would be some dreadful injury to one or both. She knew that Ed was much larger and heavier than Leverett, and besides that he would resort to any means to overcome his enemy.

All this flashed through her mind in an instant, yet now that the two stood facing each other, one evidently beyond the reach of anything she could say, the other, as she had ample reason to know, quick and eager to strike in her defense, she could think of nothing that would be of any avail.

Smith was very near Leverett—so near, indeed, that Olive had a momentary dread that the latter, who was standing in an easy, unguarded attitude, would not be quick enough to defend himself should the other strike. Her alarm, however, on this point was unnecessary.

Leverett looked steadily in Ed's face, apparently waiting for the explanation which he had volunteered to give. He realized, however, that the man was in a very ugly temper, and was perfectly ready to meet any attack that might be made upon him. But unfortunately he was unprepared for Smith's first demonstration, simply because he had no conception that the ruffian would resort to such a cowardly and outrageous thing.

"I said mebbe *I* could tell you that!" repeated Smith, at the same time going closer and edging round him a little, so that Leverett was no longer directly between Olive and himself.

"I understood you," answered Leverett, "and I am waiting to hear what you have to say." At the same time he took a step backward to maintain the proper striking distance, and avoid the possi-



bility of being suddenly laid hold of and dragged into a wrestling match with a man heavy in weight and doggedly determined in nature.

"You're backing down, eh! You're backing down!" growled Ed stepping close to Leverett, and observing that he again stepped backward. "And you want to know what I have to say! You want to know it! *Well it's this!*" And before Leverett had time to realize what he was going to do, he turned to Olive and seizing her roughly by the arm, flung her around behind him with such force that she was thrown violently against one of the rocks on that side, and partly fell, clinging to it.

Leverett's first impulse as he saw Olive falling was to assist her, and he sprang forward hoping to catch her before she struck the ground. But Smith turned quickly and sprang in front of him.

"You! You would TOUCH her!" he hissed in Leverett's face.

"You cowardly brute," retorted Leverett between his teeth, "to throw a helpless girl to the ground like that!"

"Will you stop me!" shouted Smith savagely. "Are *you* a coward as well as me, that you stand by an' see it done?"

"No! Not such a coward as that!"

In an instant the men would have been struggling with one another had not Olive, scrambling to her feet, hastened toward them, begging them to stop. As she drew near Leverett saw that her sleeve was torn near the shoulder, and upon her soft white arm he caught sight of the marks of Ed's fingers where they had seized her. From that moment it was only a question of time. Olive might delay the conflict a little, but for each of those cruel bruises on that delicate skin Leverett was determined to make the ruffian pay in full.

"Please—oh, *please* do not quarrel!" implored the girl, and her voice was so full of pathetic pleading that it would have made wild animals pause.



"Mr. Leverett, you will do this for me—it is the last favor I shall ask you. See! I am going. He will not treat me so again!" And Olive turned as if she would leave the place.

"Won't he!" yelled Smith, now thoroughly convinced that Leverett was afraid of him. "We'll see whether he won't!" He turned quickly and caught hold of Olive again. "We'll see if Mr.——"

He did not finish the sentence. He could not finish it, for at that moment he was gripped by the collar of his coat, jerked backward about fifteen feet, swung round and shot head foremost against the trunk of the tree which bore the carved initials of Olive Gray and Henry Leverett. It seemed marvelous that so great a hulk could be moved with such rapidity from place to place. But Smith had not been gently urged. The motion backward was so sudden that it came near dislocating his neck. The motion forward was very much as if he had been shot from a catapult. He struck the tree with a force that sent a tremor through every branch, to the very tips of the furthest twigs.

He managed to cling to the trunk, and thereby saved himself from falling. As soon as he had regained his equilibrium, he turned and saw Leverett standing by the side of Olive, and heard her speaking rapidly to him in an undertone. He had been angry before, but he was now delirious with rage. His bad blood seemed to be at the boiling point. He glanced about feverishly to find a stone or some weapon with which to attack the man who had handled him so roughly, and as he looked hither and thither his eyes fell upon the knife which he had left sticking in the tree. With a fearful oath he wrenched it loose and faced Leverett again, muttering threats and imprecations.

No sooner had he got the knife in his hand than Olive, darting past Leverett, was directly before him. She spoke in a low voice, but with fierce intensity.



“Coward ! Serpent ! To attack a defenseless man with a knife ! If you hurt him they will hang you for it—they will hang you—*they will hang you !*”

Ed turned his evil glance upon her. “Then tell him !” he said in an undertone. “Tell him now, an’ he can go !”

The poor girl stepped back a little, repeating the words, “Tell him !” mechanically.

“Yes,” replied Ed, in a louder voice, “tell him now—*quick*—or it’ll be worse fur us all !”

Olive looked about her helplessly.

“You know what I want !” continued Smith. “You know well enough ! I want it from *you* that I have the right to keep him out o’ here !”

Leverett was standing ready to spring upon the fellow should he attempt further violence to Olive. That he held a knife in his hand would have made no difference to him. Hearing what was said, and seeing that Olive was troubled and seemed in doubt what to do, he stepped to her side and said gently, “Miss Gray, if there is anything you can tell me that will silence this brute, or make it easier for you, do not hesitate.”

Olive looked up at him. Her beautiful eyes seemed to be resting for one moment on his face before she should say the words that would send him away from her forever.

“Yes, there is something,” she replied in a voice scarcely audible. Leverett bent nearer so that he could catch what she said. “I thought perhaps—perhaps I need not say it to you,—that you would go—without that.” She stopped and stood still ; then suddenly bent forward covering her face with her hands.

Leverett looked at her, and then at Smith. He breathed hard. There was something he did not understand.

“Go on,” said Ed, in a low voice.

Olive looked up and spoke at once :



"This evening I—I shall be his wife."

After saying this she kept her eyes upon the ground, not daring to meet the look she felt sure Leverett would give her. None of the three moved for a few seconds. Then Olive turned and walked slowly away, leaving the two men alone together. Smith shut up his knife with a loud snap, and slid it into his pocket.

Olive did not look behind her. Leverett's  
14. eyes might be following as she moved away among the trees. She went slowly until she thought she was out of sight; then suddenly hurried forward with all possible haste, hoping to overtake Mr. Merriam.

She followed along the cliff in the direction he had taken, glancing about wherever there was a possibility that he might have branched off. He was nowhere to be seen. As she was hastening down a steep decline, where the path suddenly rounded a great spur of rock, she unexpectedly ran directly into his arms.

He released her as soon as possible, threw away the cigarette he was smoking, and raising his hat with the utmost politeness, begged her pardon.

"Mr. Merriam—I was looking for you!" she said breathlessly.

"You failed to look in the right direction at that moment. I hope I can be of some service," he added.

"Indeed you can—*indeed* you can! Your friend Mr. Leverett—"

"My friend—"

"Yes—he is there with Ed Smith—I left them together, and he has a knife!"

"Which of them?" was Merriam's instant question.

"Ed Smith—I am afraid they will—"

"Excuse me, but I'd better go," interrupted the



lawyer, starting away. At that instant he caught sight of Olive's torn dress, and stopped.

"How did that happen?" he asked, in a breath.

"Oh, *do* hurry—it's nothing!"

"You delay by not telling me!"

"It was Ed Smith!"

"Did he take hold of you there?" pointing to the discolorations on her white skin.

Olive nodded quickly, at the same time motioning him to go.

"I will make that scoundrel bitterly regret the fact that he and I were born in the same hemisphere!" were the words that shot sharply from between his teeth as he hurried away.

Olive watched him until he disappeared, and then sank down upon the soft moss at the side of the path.

15. Neither of the two men on the high cliff spoke for some little time after Olive left them. Smith waited, supposing Leverett would leave now that he had been informed of the approaching marriage, and appreciated as well the danger he incurred by remaining in the neighborhood. Leverett waited until Miss Gray should be well out of sight and hearing, so that she need not be troubled by anything that might take place.

Smith finally spoke:

"You heard what she said!" he broke out in a loud voice, as if he would end the matter with bravado and bluster.

"Yes, I heard it," answered Leverett quietly, keeping his eye steadily upon the fellow.

"Well, that's all I want of you; you can go now."

"Can I?"

"Yes, you can!" retorted Smith, growing louder-mouthed. "You can get out, and what's more you



needn't show yourself around here again!" And he turned as if to go.

"Wait!" said Leverett sharply, and with a quick glance around to satisfy himself that Olive was not in sight.

On the very instant that he spoke Smith wheeled round and confronted him.

"What'll you have, eh?" he asked in a bullying tone.

"I will have an explanation of this outrage!"

"You heard her!"

"I did. And it is because I heard her that I will now hear YOU."

"I don't know whether you will or not!" roared Smith, coming close to Leverett in a threatening manner.

"Then let me tell you, sir, that I WILL! If I don't get it from you one way, I will another!"

"What!" yelled Ed, and he caught Leverett by the throat.

"Take your hands off!" said Leverett in that ominous undertone that means immediate action, and at the same time tearing Ed's hands from their hold, he flung them off with such sudden violence that the fellow was thrown back several feet. Following him up so close that the two men moved together, Leverett spoke in his face with vehement rapidity.

"There is some damnable trick—some villainy—by which you hold that young lady in your power! You dared to lay your cowardly hands upon her in my presence—to throw her down—to leave the marks of your fingers on her arm—and now, before God you shall answer to me for it!"

Ed aimed a blow at Leverett's head. His arm was struck aside, and at the same instant a resounding thud echoed through the trees. Leverett had dealt the big fellow a tremendous right-hander straight from the shoulder.

But unfortunately he did not have another oppor-



tunity to punish him in this way, for Smith managed to catch his arm, and in a moment had thrown himself upon him, and the two men were locked together in a desperate struggle.

For more than a minute they were almost motionless, their strength equally matched in the fierce strain. Smith was nearly sixty pounds heavier than Leverett, and his muscular power fully as great. But Leverett was a trained athlete, and had the quickness of a leopard. This, together with his thorough knowledge of effective grips and feints, more than made up for the other's advantage in weight.

As they were straining, nearly motionless, in the hold taken upon each other by accident, Leverett was watching for a chance to make a sudden shift. Smith had only in mind the overpowering—the crushing to earth of his antagonist, and exerted his utmost strength in the effort. It was a wild contortion, the fearful and desperate struggle of a madman, for the stunning blow he had received deprived him of all reason and made of him only a savage beast. He had Leverett's arm across his shoulder, and was crushing it down in such a way that it seemed as if the elbow joint must be broken backward. As he strained to do this, while he held Leverett tight around the neck with his right arm, and was at the same time forcing him back across his knee, he felt him suddenly give way, and a triumphant growl of satisfaction escaped him as he pitched forward expecting to fall upon an easy victim.

Instead of falling upon him, however, he suddenly discovered that Leverett was not where he thought he was, and at the same instant had a sensation as if his head had been suddenly caught in a vise. He had lost the hold on his opponent's arm too, and while his head was held down in spite of every effort to twist it away, he reached out wildly to get another grip with his left hand. Lower and lower



went his head, and more desperately did he resist the force, when, with a suddenness that gave him no chance to prepare for it, there was a reverse movement. His head and body with it were carried backward in the very direction he had been straining. He felt a quick grip around the waist—another on his right leg—a knee in the small of his back—a violent lift—and after that a general sensation of being pitched backward and landing heavily upon the hard ground in a confused heap. Scrambling to his feet and muttering terrible oaths, he turned upon his antagonist again. He saw that while he was down Leverett had thrown off his coat, and that he now stood ready for him. Smith was crazy with rage. If he had had a gun or revolver he would have emptied every barrel of it into Leverett's heart. He looked for a loose stone, but none was at hand. A sudden triumphant thought came to him. The knife! He would hack the cool blue-eyed athlete to pieces—he would rip him open—cut his throat—stab him—anything—he cared not what. *The knife!* His trembling hand was plunged into his pocket and he drew out the weapon.

Leverett saw the motion, and with it the malignant, venomous glance from the brutish eyes. He knew it was life or death now. Life if he got the weapon away from the maddened ruffian,—death if the frenzied brute had a chance to use it upon him. As the fellow took the knife to open the blade Leverett sprang upon him, and seizing the hand in which he held it, made a violent effort to wrench open the fingers and get it away. Smith had one hand free, and at first struggled to loosen Leverett's grasp upon the other. Finding he could not do this he aimed a heavy blow at Leverett's head, which the latter dodged by suddenly ducking. He struck again, and this time hit his opponent squarely over the eye. Leverett was working with both hands to wrest the knife from Smith, but now let go with one in order to defend himself. Smith instantly took



advantage of this, and twisted loose the hand in which he held the weapon. Leverett sprang for it again, but failed to reach it, as the other drew it away and held it above him. It was now a quick and desperate struggle, the men locked together, moving this way and that. Smith had his knife hand free, and kept trying to bite the blade open with his teeth. Every time he made the attempt he received a stunning blow in the face that defeated his purpose. Again and again he bit savagely at the blade, again and again his head was struck back. Leverett saw that he could not reach the knife, and was endeavoring to stun or blind the fellow before he should succeed in opening it. Smith kept backing before him, hoping to get clear long enough to accomplish his purpose, and Leverett suddenly saw that without knowing it they had come within a few feet of the edge of the cliff.

"*Look out!*" he shouted.

But Smith did not hear. He only knew that Leverett's attention was distracted for an instant, and in that instant his teeth caught the blade and he had the knife open in his hand.

Leverett sprang for his arm, but it was raised out of his reach. The struggle became fearful. Smith, bent on murder, endeavored to cut his antagonist in the face, but his hand was caught. He tore it free again, and regardless of the fearful blows that were rained upon him, made another effort to use the big blade. Leverett was roused as he never had been before. His motions were like those of a tiger—dodging and parrying the murderous strokes aimed at him, and sending in a crashing blow whenever he saw the opportunity.

Suddenly he felt a stinging sensation in his right shoulder, and found at the same time that he could hardly use the arm. He had been cut. Although he had parried the blow, the point of the knife had reached him.

"What are you doing—are you trying to *murder*



me?" he shouted breathlessly, as Smith attacked him with redoubled ferocity.

"Damn you!" hissed the bully under his breath, "I'll cut the heart out of you!"

There was no help at hand. Leverett could not defend himself with one arm. Yet he made a desperate effort to do so. He seized the murderous ruffian around the body in such a manner as to pin down his right arm, but he saw him instantly take the knife in his left hand. In another moment he would strike him a fatal blow with it. Leverett lost control of himself. He now cared for nothing but to save his life. Concentrating all his desperate force into one mighty effort he threw himself against his antagonist with such a sudden impetus that the fellow lost his balance and staggered, Leverett bearing upon him. They would have fallen upon the ground had not Smith, in trying to save himself, plunged backward.

Suddenly the stones under their feet began to loosen and split away. Ed Smith uttered a horrible yell and reached out to save himself. They were upon the crumbling edge of the cliff.

It is often impossible, in moments of extreme peril, when life depends upon the quickness of our actions, to know exactly how we accomplish results. There was a blank in Leverett's mind for an instant. Then he found himself alone, several yards from the edge of the precipice. He was supporting himself by the swaying trunk of a young sapling. In some way he had managed to get clear of Smith's desperate clutches and stagger to the tree upon which he was now leaning heavily. The ruffian, who was bent upon his murder, with a piercing howl that still rung in his ears, and grasping wildly at the bushes and stones about him, had disappeared down that fear-



ful height. Leverett remembered seeing him delay his fall a second or two by his clawing into the earth and loose stones, by his grasping of roots and vines. His last horrified look, the whites of his eyes showing wide above the pupils, as everything gave way and he dropped into eternity, was indelibly pictured in Leverett's mind, and he seemed still to hear the resounding thud of the loosened stones as they struck against the precipitous sides of the cliff in their descent. Yet he had no idea how he had saved himself.

Suddenly he started. A fearful thought came upon him. He looked round toward the edge of the cliff. The marks of the final struggle were there. He turned away and hurried a few steps in the opposite direction; then stopped again with an agonized look upon his face.

"My God!" he exclaimed. He glanced back. There could be no mistake. "MY GOD!—*I have killed him!*"

He stood like one paralyzed. Whether he had intended to force the man off the cliff or not he did not know. It seemed to him that he did have a vague idea of saving his life by such a course. He did not remember the fearful provocation. The one shocking thought took possession of him and bore him down like lead,—the awful thought, the dreadful realization that he had committed murder; that he had taken a human life.

How long he stood there he did not know. He heard a voice and looked. Although his eyes had been open before, he had not seen. Now he looked, and perceived that Merriam was before him, and was speaking.

As Leverett faced Merriam, the latter stopped in the midst of what he was saying, and stared at him, then turning suddenly, walked rapidly toward the edge of the cliff. Upon reaching it he cautiously looked over, holding on by some tough bushes. He soon returned to Leverett.



"Leverett," he said, in his usual quiet manner, yet with a certain unusual seriousness in his tone, "I really think you've killed a man."

"Dead!—DEAD!" exclaimed Leverett, looking at Merriam appealingly.

"He's gone over there, hasn't he?" with a slight gesture in the direction of the precipice.

"Yes—yes—but perhaps—" Leverett started impulsively toward the edge of the cliff as he spoke.

Merriam stopped him.

"No," he said, "don't look."

"My God! I have killed him then!" and he sank down upon a rock, and covered his face for a moment.

"The Cap'n's son, wasn't it?"

The other nodded his head in his hands. Then he looked up and added, "The Cap'n! The old Cap'n! It will break his heart!"

"Self defense of course?"

"Yes. He was going to run a knife into me and I—I—"

"Yes, I know the rest. He did cut you a little—here on the shoulder." Merriam tore open the shirt and examined the wound. "It's only a scratch; still you'd better have it looked at—it struck a muscle or cord in there."

"Murder! Murder!" whispered Leverett with a shudder, while Merriam fixed a handkerchief over his shoulder and then assisted him on with his coat. "Great heaven—what shall I do?"

"You want advice, of course."

"Of course I do—I *must* have it!"

"Give yourself up at once," said Merriam, handing him his hat. "Don't waste any time."

"Yes—I will."

"Hire a man to drive you over to Williamsport; go to the county sheriff—Hoadley's his name; tell him I sent you; explain what you have done; he will arrange it."

"Arrange what?"



"Your committal. You needn't alarm yourself in the least. It's only a matter of some detention;—no bail in these cases you know."

"But you will come with me?"

"No,"—with a motion toward the cliff,—“I must—”

"Yes, yes!" interrupted Leverett with a shudder. "You must attend to—" He did not finish, but looked about wildly.

"You'd better go," said Merriam.

"Yes—I will," answered Leverett, and he took hold of Merriam's hand. "You're my friend again."

"I—I shall do what I can," replied Merriam, disconcerted for an instant, but recovering quickly.

"Thank you for that—thank you." Leverett wrung Merriam's hand, and turning, walked rapidly away. He had proceeded but a short distance when he stopped suddenly and stood looking before him. The cause of this was soon apparent, for Olive Gray appeared, and going to Leverett said something which Merriam could not hear. Nor could he catch Leverett's reply, but he saw him pass her and go on down the path. Olive turned and gazed after Leverett as he strode blindly on. Then she came toward Merriam with an anxious questioning look upon her face.

As she approached Merriam motioned to her to stop. She did so, and stood waiting, the sunlight sifting upon her slantingly through leaves and branches, sending little moving bars and touches of light across her beautiful pale face.

"Do not come here, Miss Gray;—it is no place for you," said Merriam, with the same unusual sympathetic tone in his voice.

Olive looked at him for some time without speaking. Then she turned away and went slowly down the path. "What will uncle say," she thought to herself, "what will dear old uncle say when I tell him his son is dead?"

Merriam watched her until she disappeared from



view. Then he glanced rapidly in various other directions to assure himself that he was quite alone.

Apparently satisfied that no one was near, he picked up the rope which Ed Smith had brought with him when he came up from the boat, quickly threw one end around the trunk of the sapling as near the ground as possible, and tied it fast. Then, carrying the other end, he went to the edge of the cliff and moved slowly along very near it, looking over as he did so. Soon he stopped at a spot near where Smith had fallen, and cast the end of the rope off so that it hung down the side of the precipice. There was a moment's pause, and the rope was suddenly pulled taut with a violent jerk. Merriam waited a moment; then with one hand he took a firm hold of the rope a little way back, and leaning over the edge, reached down with his other hand. Suddenly he seemed to shake all over with the violence of a mighty effort; then he began slowly to pull up and draw away from the edge with all his strength. The next moment there was a hurried struggle, and Ed Smith climbed, kicked and scrambled up over the edge of the cliff, and rolled forward prostrate on the ground. He had managed as he slid off, while the earth and stones were giving way beneath him, to get his foot into a crack or seam in the face of the rock, and grasping some tough roots that his hand struck upon in his desperate struggles, had succeeded in holding himself in that fearful place, half hanging, half standing upon the foot he had wedged into the seam. He could not climb up, for the roots alone would not have sustained his weight. He dared not call for help, as he had no doubt that if Leverett heard him he would mercilessly throw him off. The consequence was that there he hung.

Merriam, having assisted him up and landed him safely on the ledge, walked wearily over to the rock which he had formerly occupied, seated himself, and lighted a cigarette.



It was some time before Ed Smith moved.  
17. He lay panting near the rocky ledge, his face upon the ground. Merriam seemed in no hurry whatever, for he sat and smoked and appeared to enjoy the scenery.

Ten or fifteen minutes passed. Then the fellow lifted his head, slowly drew himself up, and rolled over into a sitting posture. He was thoroughly frightened. But his face was so bruised and swelled that there was little expression in it.

Soon his eyes fell upon Merriam, and for some time he gazed at him, a peculiar scowl slowly and with difficulty manifesting itself among the contusions about his forehead and eyes. It increased in intensity, and finally he clumsily stumbled to his feet and took several steps toward the lawyer. He seemed to be quite lame, for he stopped and rubbed his ankle and foot. Then he scowled at Merriam again.

As the realization of the fearful punishment he had received came upon him more and more vividly, his anger, which had been temporarily banished by fright, slowly reasserted itself. He felt of his face and found it a mass of ugly bruises. It was with considerable difficulty that he could see out of one eye. The shoulder upon which he had fallen when Leverett threw him the first time was painfully lame.

As he examined himself further his indignation increased. This little wretch before him was a friend of the man who had dealt him these terrible blows. Very likely he was the one who had put him up to it. The whole thing was arranged between them. What mattered it that he had helped him up from the perilous place where he had been hanging, so long as he was the cause of his being there? It was a plan to murder him, and here was the man who had worked it up, or at any rate was largely responsible for it. He was not a strong man either, and his friend was evidently not in the neighborhood. It was an excellent oppor-



tunity for getting even with one of them for what he had suffered from the other. Besides all this, he owed the impertinent little lawyer a beating for his brazen assurance in serving legal papers upon him and meddling with affairs that were none of his business.

Feeling his ugly temper rise within him as he thought of all this, he advanced toward the spot where Merriam was calmly smoking his third cigarette.

"Say you!" he began with a terrible oath, "it's about time to give you a little—"

"You are my prisoner." Merriam spoke with the utmost nonchalance, and went on smoking unconcernedly.

As frequently as Edward Smith had received these knock-down surprises from Merriam, each new one struck him squarely and left him stunned for an instant. He could neither dodge nor parry them. Their force was calculated with the utmost nicety, and they were sent in at the precise moment when they would be most effective. This one went straight to its mark. It stopped his mouth. He stood astonished for an instant, and it was that instant that Merriam wanted. He took a slow pull of smoke from his cigarette, blew it lazily into the air, and went on without showing the slightest haste or excitement:

"You are doubtless familiar—with the process of being arrested. Hence an explanation of ~~our~~—new relations will be unnecessary."

Suddenly Ed broke in savagely:

"Say—what are you talking about you—you—"

"I was merely—discussing," interrupted Merriam, "the very unpleasant position in which you now find yourself. I remarked awhile ago,—I do not remember whether to yourself or to a third party,—that we would eventually have you in the State's prison. This happy time has come somewhat earlier than I anticipated."



"State's prison! *State's prison!* I—I'll break every bone in your body—I'll—"

"Go on—we'll hang you yet."

"Hang me!" roared Smith, with a fearful string of oaths; "I've got old scores to settle with you!" And saying this he started toward Merriam to wreak vengeance upon him for all he had done.

But it so happened that the lawyer had quietly taken out of his pocket, a moment before, a rather rusty looking revolver, and was fondling it carelessly in his lap. As Smith advanced upon him he heard an ominous click-click, and saw the muzzle of the weapon fall lightly over Merriam's left arm and cover him with its black and forbidding bore. It brought him to a very sudden halt, so sudden, indeed, that it must have subjected him to a disagreeable jar.

Merriam had not even turned his head. He merely glanced casually out of the corner of his eye as the barrel of the revolver dropped into the position which was so distasteful to the man who was approaching him.

During the few seconds of silence that followed Ed quieted down wonderfully. Several things that he had been bent upon doing were suddenly abandoned. He did not know exactly what to say. It was Merriam who spoke at last, in a cheerful tone:

"Pretty soon we will go away together."

"What for?" asked Ed suddenly, in a low sullen voice. "What have I done?"

"You have made," replied Merriam, in a slow, feelingless manner, as if stating a proposition that had nothing whatever to do with any one present, "you have made quite a neat selection from the Criminal Code, which comes under the general classification of *Assault with Intent to Kill*. It may, however, develop into a still more interesting case, if the man dies."

"Dies!" exclaimed Smith, with a violent start.

"Dies," answered Merriam, affirmatively.



"*Dies!*" repeated Smith, louder.

"Dies," Merriam obligingly reiterated in the same tone.

"I say—I didn't *hurt* him, did I?"

Merriam turned square round and looked at Smith before speaking. "Do you suppose," he asked, with slow emphasis, as if astonished at the other's ignorance, "do you suppose that you can run that large-sized knife of yours four inches into a man's side without hurting him?"

"Knife!" exclaimed Smith, with a gasp.

"Knife," repeated Merriam, affirmatively.

"*Knife!*" Smith gasped again, louder.

The lawyer declined to proceed further with this monotonous dialogue, and smoked in silence.

"Good God! I—I *didn't know I cut him!*" broke out the frightened bully, after a moment.

"Possibly not. That, however, does not in the least relieve you of the responsibility for your action. In *Bucket against Schwabb—14th Eastman—467*, the Court held—"

"Look here! I never intended any harm to the man! I never went to hurt him any—upon my honor I didn't!"

Merriam merely gave Smith a look.

"You ain't goin' to get me into trouble for this! You won't be hard on a chap!"

Merriam took out a bunch of papers, and selecting a large blank sheet of legal size, began to write upon it rapidly with a stylographic pen.

"Look here, young man!" went on Smith, still more alarmed, "we can fix this some way! Say, I can make it worth your while!"

Merriam wrote in silence.

"Now hold on! I ain't so sure but what I can *make a raise!*"

"Quite likely," murmured Merriam without looking up; "—at the end of a rope."

"Ain't there nothing I can do? I—I've got to get out of this some way!" Smith was becoming loud



and excited. "Say—give a man a *chance*, won't you?"

Merriam looked at him suddenly.

"Yes—I will," said he. "Just one chance. And for this *one chance*, you do *two things*. First: Sign this. Second: Get out."

There was a pause.

"What's that?" asked Ed in a low voice, a vague suspicion coming upon him.

"Absolute, unconditional, final Release,—one known as Olive Gray,—from any contract, bargain, agreement, promise, understanding, of whatever nature, verbal—written—understood, absolute quit-claim, heirs and assigns forever, etc., etc."

Smith stood looking at Merriam and breathing hard.

"The performance," the lawyer resumed, "which falls under the general heading of '*Get out*,' I need not explain. It means *Go—Disappear—Vanish*. It means that you are not to show yourself in the towns of Gap Harbor or Williamsport, or to any of the inhabitants thereof, on pain of instant arrest. It means that if you ever exhibit your ugly visage in these parts again, or if I ever catch sight of you in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, I'll get you in for ninety-nine years—if I don't hang you."

Merriam bent down to make a correction in the release he had written, and seemed to be absorbed for a moment. Smith saw that his attention was diverted, and moved stealthily toward him. If he could get within ten feet he could spring upon him before he had time to defend himself. He advanced more rapidly and was just preparing for a sudden rush, when the muzzle of the revolver dropped again into its unpleasant position over Merriam's left arm.

Smith stood exactly where he was.

Merriam went on writing. Indeed he did not appear to have stopped at all. "Now for Number One," he said cheerfully, after a moment. Then rising, he placed the paper and pen on the flat surface



of a rock, and walked around to the other side of Smith with the revolver in his hand. "Sign at the bottom, please."

Ed stood motionless. His teeth ground together. His eyes moved restlessly about as if seeking some escape.

"I'm sorry to see you suffer," remarked Merriam sympathetically. He waited a moment, and then spoke again in the same tone.

"There doesn't seem to be any way out of it, does there?—It'll be over in a minute, and then you'll—be sorry you did it."

After waiting a moment longer, the lawyer's manner suddenly changed. "I have no more time to waste," said he sharply. "If you don't sign that *now*, I'll hand you over!"

Smith walked slowly, doggedly, to the rock on which the paper lay, picked up the pen and scrawled his name in the place Merriam had indicated. He rose up with the pen in his hand, and an ugly glitter showing venomously in his half-closed eyes, and advanced toward him as if to return the pen.

"Put it down there please," said Merriam pleasantly, pointing to the rock where the paper lay; "I can get it."

The fellow stopped. Then suddenly turning, he flung the pen so violently upon the ground that it was shattered to pieces.

"Many thanks. Number One is faithfully executed. Now we will take a short recess while I tell you what you are. You are an ugly, venomous cur; a depraved and beastly loafer, and a sneaking coward. There will be no charge for this.—Now," pointing off in the direction of the ravine, "you may execute Number Two."

Smith stood looking at Merriam. His feelings were too deep for utterance. He could have expressed them in another way had the opportunity presented itself.

"You may execute—*Number Two*," repeated Mer-



riam with a suggestive emphasis, at the same time giving the revolver a trifling upward movement.

Edward Smith slowly turned away, muttering curses upon Merriam and threats to get even with him and do him mischief. Bruised, battered, lame, and utterly defeated, he descended the trail into the deep ravine, his heavy boots slipping and crunching along on the small loose stones.

Merriam listened attentively to the sound, as it grew fainter and fainter, to assure himself that the man did not linger near. Presently it died away. But Merriam did not move until he heard the clank of oars in the rowlocks of a boat far below.

Then he went to the flat rock, picked up the paper Smith had signed, glanced over it, and after folding it carefully, put it in his pocket. Seating himself upon the rock he fixed a fresh cigarette leisurely in his mouth, and took a match from his case.

"I'm very glad I've—got that fellow out of the way," he said aloud, striking the match upon the rock and holding it burning in his hand. "As for the other, he'll tell the sheriff he has murdered a man and they'll lock him up."

He lit his cigarette, and carefully blew out the match.

"Smith didn't observe that the release he signed was conditional upon her marriage to me."

He smoked several minutes in deep thought. Then he drew a long breath, and said, as if it were a conclusion from what had passed through his mind, "I really think I deserve that girl!"



## FOURTH COUNT

### *SUMMING UP AND HEARING OF THE CASE*

FOR two days Cap'n Smith had been watching and waiting for an opportunity to write the letter to Mrs. Dunks which should deliver him from her unpleasant attentions. His supposition was that a formal notice to quit, in writing, would accomplish the desired result, when the mere verbal statement of his wish might have no effect upon her whatever. Besides, it was not entirely agreeable to speak to her upon such a subject. Had he been able to shout what he had to say through a long-distance telephone, so that he could be certain the widow, at the time she received the message, was from three to five miles away, he would not have been quite so particular. But to address himself to her personally, while she was in the same room with him, was something of which he could not endure the thought. There was no telling what she might take it into her head to do. Indeed, there was no telling what she might *not* take it into her head to do. He therefore preferred, rather than run any chances of this kind, to undertake the labor of writing a letter.

It was late in the forenoon of the day Leverett and Ed Smith had had their violent encounter on the cliff,—indeed, just about the time at which this unpleasantness occurred, when the Cap'n and Mazey, who had stationed themselves in the road before the house—this being the place where Mrs. Dunks would be least likely to develop any dangerous tenderness,—observed that large and estimable old individual come out of the gate, and instead of approach-



ing them, as they had at first feared she would, turn to the left and proceed, with her peculiar, heavy, waddling gait, down the road toward her own house.

They watched her in silence until she had disappeared at the turn of the road about half a mile below. It seemed evident that she was going on to the village. The two looked at each other and saw that they were of the same opinion. This being decided, the Cap'n motioned to Mazey, and started for the house. Mazey picked up his stool and followed, hobbling along as rapidly as he could.

They entered the parlor together, and although Cap'n Smith, not a quarter of a minute before, had discried Mrs. Dunks half a mile down the road, and was perfectly well aware that it would be absolutely impossible for her to be transferred back to the house in that space of time, he nevertheless, perhaps from the force of habit, peered cautiously about the room before advancing into it, and finding no evidences of the widow's presence, heaved a sigh of relief. He at once proceeded to the business of the hour. First he moved a small table out from the wall, and cleared away some books and magazines that were upon it, laying them in a neat stack on the floor. Then he went to one of his lockers, and after a long search, produced from it several large sheets of paper which were yellow with age, and appeared to have been torn from a large ledger or purser's account-book in days gone by. After dusting them off with his hand, he held them one by one up to the light and examined them critically, with his left eye partly closed, and selecting the one which he considered presented the most favorable appearance, put the others back in the locker and closed it. Then he took the selected sheet of paper to the table, and laid it carefully down, smoothing it flat.

Mazey stood at one side and watched these maneuvers with undisguised awe. It was perfectly evident that a very important step was about to be



taken, and for some time he was too much impressed with the solemnity of the occasion to think of lighting his pipe.

The Cap'n disappeared into the dining-room, and from there went into the kitchen, returning presently with an old ink bottle which he placed upon the table. He then went out again and soon brought back with him a number of quill pens. These he put down by the side of the ink, and after placing a chair before the table, stood off at a little distance and surveyed the general lay out. Upon the whole he seemed satisfied. Mazey saw that he seemed satisfied, and he at once seemed satisfied himself. The Cap'n approached him, and the two stood with an air of general approval and a great sense of relief that matters had proceeded thus far so favorably and with so few casualties.

At this point they filled their pipes and lit them. After smoking a few moments the Cap'n spoke:

"Mazey!"—in a low voice.

"Aye aye, sir!" scarcely above a hoarse whisper.

"I has detarmined as this here matter regardin' the widder has got to be settled an' laid by for good an' all."

"It are, sir."

"An' in view of some consid'rations, more or less—*more or less* sir, I'm a-goin' to turn to an' write her a letter."

The Cap'n was not acquainted with the exact significance of the phrase "more or less," but it seemed appropriate to the business in hand. Mazey was much impressed by it, and looked at the Cap'n with mingled respect and awe, feeling that he was in the presence of the actual working of a profound intellect.

"It are a onusual business for me sir," went on the Cap'n, "an' you'll have to stan' by."

"Aye aye, sir," came the faithful response.

The Cap'n now seated himself at the table, laid his pipe on one side, took up a pen, and looked at



Mazey. The latter's single eye was strained open to see the beginning of the important undertaking, and he had removed his pipe from his mouth and held it in his left hand.

After looking at him for a moment, the Cap'n turned and dipped the pen into the ink bottle. He had decided to begin with "*Mrs. Widder Dunks.*"

Putting his head down so near the paper that his nose almost touched it, he endeavored to make the letter *M*. The pen, however, failed to leave a mark, and he hastily, without raising his head, dipped it into the ink bottle again, fearing he would forget what he had in his mind to write, if he did not use all possible dispatch.

Again the pen would not make a mark, and the Cap'n threw it aside and tried another as quickly as he could. Finding that no better, he bit it,—not a little pinching nip, but crunching the quill between his back teeth. Still there was no success. He held the paper up to the light to see if he could discover the least trace of ink upon it, but there was none. It then occurred to him to look into the ink bottle.

"This here ink has struck a sand bar," he announced, after looking into the black depths a moment.

"No channel, sir?" inquired Mazey.

"None whatsoever, sir!"

The Cap'n at this point turned the bottle upside down, and immediately a quantity of very thick ink ran out upon the paper.

"Avast there!" he exclaimed, quickly righting the bottle, and hurrying to stop the spread of the ink by scraping it in with both hands.

"There were some ink into it sir, arter all," said Mazey solemnly.

"There were, sir," answered the Cap'n, as he held the sheet of paper, black and dripping, at arm's length, and viewed it critically. "'Twon't never do to send her that there," he continued; "she'd think as how I'd a-bursted a blood wessel."



This being decided upon, he rose, went to the locker, and selected another sheet of paper which he brought back to the table. Before seating himself he picked up the ink bottle and took a long look down into it.

"It are low tide into there now for *sartain*," he observed.

"Aren't there none into it whatsoever, sir?" inquired Mazey.

"There aren't enough left to float a fly," answered the Cap'n dubiously. "Just you take a look down there an' see if you can make out any."

Mazey took the bottle and moved his good eye over the mouth of it. He had the advantage of not being obliged to waste any effort in closing the other one. The Cap'n stood and watched him intently.

"There aren't none in sight, sir," reported the old mate, without hesitation.

"Mebbe you can smell some," suggested the Cap'n, without a thought of facetiousness. A very perceptible odor had arisen from the fluid he had just spilled out, and it occurred to him that if any remained in the bottle it might give some indication of its presence in the same way.

"My smellin', sir, are gone," replied Mazey. "But there's jist one way fur to git at this thing."

"An' what may that way be?" asked the Cap'n.

Mazey did not reply, but he gave a most knowing look, and then putting the mouth of the bottle to his lips, took in a long breath, and blew down into it with all his force. Immediately he noticed a peculiar cool feeling about his nose and mouth, and to a less degree upon adjacent portions of his face. He saw, too, that the Cap'n was staring at him strangely.

"You've got at it," remarked the latter, after a moment's pause.

"Were there any there, sir?" asked Mazey, much pleased.



"There *were* some, but it aren't there no more."

"Where did it go?" Mazey inquired, somewhat mystified. He had quite forgotten the cool sensation that he had felt for a moment upon his weather-beaten countenance.

"You've blew it out," the Cap'n answered.

"It are like unto the widder's cruse so fur as I kin see," remarked Mazey, much puzzled. He felt a slight tickling sensation, and rubbed his hand across his face with a broad sweep. Again he noticed that the Cap'n stared at him strangely. The fact was that his appearance, which was at first very striking, with great blotches of muddy ink covering his mouth and nose and scattered here and there upon his forehead and cheeks, was now, after he had passed his hand across his face carrying great black stripes over his cheek and ear, exceedingly grotesque.

But no sign of mirth appeared on the Cap'n's face; he looked at Mazey with much solemnity, and Mazey stared at him. Soon he took the bottle away from the old mate, and going to the mantel, removed a vase of flowers from its fastenings, laid the flowers out, and poured some water from the vase into the ink bottle. Just as this was done, he looked round at Mazey again, and absent-mindedly put the flowers into the ink bottle which he left upon the mantel, placing the vase upon the table.

Mazey watched the entire proceeding with interest, smoking his pipe mechanically as his eye followed the Cap'n about. He saw the ink bottle with the flowers in it left upon the mantel; he observed the vase upon the table, and noticed the Cap'n dipping pens into the water and making ineffectual attempts to write therewith, biting them, throwing them away, and becoming more and more excited.

"Marciful Jane!" finally exclaimed the Cap'n, holding the paper up to the light and examining it carefully, "there aren't sich a thund'rin' sight o' diffurence atween that there ink an' water! Mebbe I'd a done better by puttin' merlasses into it."



"I takes notice sir," said Mazey, after removing the pipe from his mouth very deliberately, "I takes notice sir, as you has anchored them there greens into the ink bottil, an' is a-tryin' fur to make markin's with the watter as they was a-soakin' in."

The Cap'n looked at the vase, and then at the mantel. "That are true," said he, and he rose at once and put the vase in its proper place, bringing the ink bottle back to the table, forgetting however to remove the flowers therefrom. After trying to dip a pen into it he discovered his mistake, and taking the innocent little bouquet out handed it to Mazey, asking him to lay hold of it for a minute. Mazey stood with the bunch of flowers in one hand and his pipe in the other, but it so happened that he had taken the flowers in the hand which was accustomed to holding the pipe. As he watched the Cap'n, who had succeeded at last in making a rather pale mark on the paper, he raised the flowers slowly to his mouth and deliberately put the cold and slimy bunch of stems between his teeth. This caused him to start, and the Cap'n heard him say in an undertone, "I'll sot 'em back into the wase, sir." A moment later there was a loud hissing noise as of a hot coal dropped into water. Mazey had dropped his pipe into the vase. He quickly caught it up to recover his pipe, when the Cap'n's voice called out "Mazey!" so sharp and sudden that he let go his hold, and the vase with his pipe in it fell crashing on the hearthstone, breaking into a hundred pieces, and scattering water in every direction.

"Aye aye, sir!" responded the old mate simultaneously with the crash.

"I can't never git no idees together while you're a-goin' on in this here way. You'd better go aloft, sir."

"Aye aye, sir."

Mazey started obediently toward the door. Just as he reached it the Cap'n spoke again.

"Hold hard there!" Mazey stopped and turned to



receive whatever command was forthcoming. "I'll put you on the port watch, sir," said the Cap'n, with the regular intonation of a ship's order. "Stand away to the Nor-nor-east, an' if you make out the widder Dunks a-headin' this way, don't let her run by ye!"

"Aye aye, sir." Mazey was just turning to go, when he paused, hesitating. "If so be as I sights her sir," he finally asked, "how shall I go about further round her to?"

The Cap'n wheeled square about facing Mazey, who stood with the bunch of flowers in his hand, and his dreadfully smudged and inky face turned toward the old commander.

"Don't be nowise oneasy on that there pint," he answered reassuringly, "when the widder once gits her eyes on *you* she'll put about quick enough!"

Mazey departed, having no idea why Mrs. Dunks would alter her course upon seeing him, but with unquestioning faith that she would do so. And the Cap'n, after watching the old fellow hobble down the little path which wound among the flower beds in the front yard, pass out through the gate, and start down the road, turned toward one of the most prominent fishes staring at him from the wall, and said aloud, "If so be as Mrs. Dunks once gits a sight o' *him*, she'll think as he's the devil incarcerate—an' he don't know it neither."

Having delivered this opinion with entire gravity, he "turned to" and devoted himself once more to the difficult task of composing and writing the letter to the widow.

After much laborious effort, in which his nose  
2. seemed to take quite as prominent a part as the pen with which he slowly formed the letters,—the points of the two moving along in close proximity, Cap'n Smith had written as follows:



MRS. WIDDER DUNKS.

*Dear Madam & Kind Friend :*

With all due respect & allowing as you is a nice creeture considring your age I wishes to give out as how your attentions toward me is duly appreciated & all other things thereto. But consarning them I has this to say. That if so be their meaning is as how we will get spliced I calls on you to belay there & avast there immediate.

I signs my name hereto

as your obedient servant

EDWARD SMITH.

After signing his name, the Cap'n rose greatly relieved, and at once filled his pipe, looking at the letter meanwhile as it lay upon the table. He took a match in his hand and was on the point of striking it, when a peculiar shiver passed over him. He glanced out of the window uneasily. Then he put his pipe down and went to the barometer near the stairs, looking at it closely for several seconds.

"They's a nor-easter or somethin' comin' up," he said as he came back into the room. "It are a inexp'icable thing how ye can seem to feel a blow a-comin'—even afore the glass tells ye."

He shivered again, and took his pipe from the mantel, pressing down the tobacco with his finger. It then occurred to him that Mazey was standing on the lookout down the road, and he started toward the door with the idea of calling him in. Just as he reached the little front hall he heard a light step on the veranda, and a moment later Olive Gray opened the door and stood before him.

For a moment the two looked at one another in silence.

"I sees as everythin' ain't right, young leddy," the old man said in a low voice, looking into her white face with much concern.

"No, uncle."

"What are happened then?"

"Something—dreadful, something dreadful!"

Cap'n Smith took her hand tenderly, reverently,



and led her into the little parlor. Then he stood looking at her.

"Dreadful did you say?" he asked, after a little.

Olive nodded her head and looked down a moment, holding to his faithful old hand tightly.

"Are this here somethin' as you wants for to tell me, or is it on'y to yourself as it can be know'd?"

"It is something—I must tell you," Olive answered, with a slight convulsive drawing of her breath.

"Then make it any time as you're ready," said the Cap'n tenderly.

Olive looked up into his kind and weather-beaten face. "Oh uncle!" she said, the tears coming into her eyes, "I wish I need not tell you, because you—you—"

"If it's on account o' me as you're troublin'," returned the Cap'n, after waiting for her a moment, "you can go right on."

"Yes—I must tell you uncle—Mr. Leverett and—and Ed—"

"My son?" the Cap'n asked quickly.

Olive nodded assent.

"I were afeard o' this!" There was a tremor in his voice.

"But you don't know," Olive went on sadly. "You don't know how dreadful it is! They fought—"

"Fought, child! Don't—don't tell me as Ed'ard has hurted him!—You don't say anythin'—you—"

"No—it's the other way."

"The—other—way," he repeated huskily.

"Your son—"

"He's hurted!—Where is he layin'?" He started toward the door.

"No, uncle!" Olive held him back. "Don't go."

She led him gently to a chair, and he suffered himself to be seated, keeping his eyes upon her, for he saw that there was something yet to come.

"It's too late," she said, sinking upon her knees before him, and looking tenderly into his face.



"Too late!" he exclaimed, a sudden breath going out with the words. He remained looking in Olive's beautiful sympathetic face for quite a time; then he said in a low tone, "He ain't—done fur?"

"Yes, uncle."

The old man rose to his feet and stood staring before him. Olive rose too, and took hold of his hand, but he did not notice it. By and by he moved slowly across the room and opened the locker where he kept the *Calcutta Mariuer*, but he apparently changed his mind, for he closed it again and returned to Olive.

"Where did this thing happen?" he asked.

"On the high cliff."

"I may do some good yit," and he went toward the door.

"Uncle," said Olive, going quickly to his side, "let me go with you."

The Cap'n stopped and looked at the girl, whose lovely face was turned up to his with a look of such sweet tenderness and sympathy. He brushed his sleeve across his eyes, for the tears were coming. "No," said he after a moment, shaking his head, "it ain't for you—it ain't for you, young leddy."

"I wish you wouldn't call me that," said Olive in a tremulous voice; "I wish you wouldn't. You used to call me—" She stopped, and her eyes were upon the floor. Not since she was a little girl had she spoken to him from her very heart, but now the desire was so strong that her reserve was broken down. "You used to call me—"

"Darter," said the Cap'n, and he put his arm tenderly about her neck. "So I did—once; an' I'd like to a' gone on, on'y you seemed so much differenter someways."

"Oh don't say that, uncle dear," Olive answered gently, looking up into his face. "I'm your daughter more than ever now, yes, *more than ever*," she repeated, as she felt the old man's arm suddenly tighten about her, while a low exclamation of joy



escaped him. "You have been so good to me, uncle dear, and I love you so much. I want to go with you now,—I want to be near you *always*."

Cap'n Smith could do nothing for several minutes but look down into that sweet face, and brush away the tears that would come. After a time he said, his voice trembling, "Then—then I can call ye — darter—agin."

"O yes!"

He looked at her tenderly, and after a moment simply said, "Darter." Then he caressingly touched her forehead and smoothed her hair with his trembling hand. "But you mustn't come with me now," he went on, after awhile. "When they's a storm the wimmin must go below.—Yes," he added, shaking his head, "even the Cap'n's darter,—even the Cap'n's darter."

He turned and went slowly toward the door. When near it he paused, but did not look back.

"So my son is—" He could not finish, and stood very still a moment. "This here sweeps me fore an' aft," he finally gasped, in a broken voice. "He—he were a rough boy for sartain—but I were fond of him—along of his bein' my—my son."

Olive saw him lean heavily against the side of the doorway, and put both hands up to his face. She was by his side in a moment. The Cap'n felt her hand upon his arm. He could not resist that tender touch, and turning, let his head fall upon her shoulder as a wave of grief swept over him. But almost immediately he stood erect again, and wiping his eyes with his old red handkerchief, made a desperate effort to control himself.

"Well, well," he said, "I are ashamed for takin' of it this here way. Why—why they's compensatin' into everythin' an' there are into this." He looked at Olive with a happy smile breaking through his tears. "Albeit I've lost a son overboard, I—I've got a darter now!" He left Olive and went to the front door. As he opened it, he turned to



her again with a look of the most loving tenderness "I've got a darter now," he repeated, and then went out, closing the door after him.

For awhile Olive stood where the Cap'n left her, her face toward the door through which he had passed, her eyes so full of tears that it seemed to dance before her. After a little she turned suddenly away, and sinking upon one of the cushioned lockers that served as a window seat, leaned sideways, her shoulder against the casing, and with her dainty little handkerchief pressed against her face, cried quietly. Her heart was so full of grief that she could think of nothing else, and consequently did not notice that a carriage had driven up and stopped in front of the house, and that a very stylishly dressed young lady with soft hazel eyes and an expression of the most radiant happiness upon her delicate features, had alighted therefrom, and after darting through the gate and hurrying up the winding gravel walk, was knocking at the front door.

This young lady seemed to be in a most enthusiastic hurry. She knocked several times, but each time followed so closely upon the one before it that the series might easily have been mistaken for one rather long-continued knocking, beginning pianissimo and crescendo rapidly to the end, at which point, being unable to wait any longer, she opened the door cautiously and peeped in.

Why shouldn't she open the door? Was she not looking for her own sister? Could she wait for the trifling formalities of servants and door-openings, inquiries as to Miss Gray's being at home, and the sending up of her card, when she was simply bursting with pent-up love and happiness, and dizzy with the pressure of the countless number of things she had to say?



Edith Kimball was in the little front hall in a moment. Her pretty mouth was just shaping itself to call "Olive!" and her tender heart was ready with the deep feeling which she could not have helped pouring into the word, when she saw, through the open door of the parlor, the fishes and sea ferns, and crabs caught in spider webs, on the wall at the further end of the room. She at once changed her mind about calling out, and thinking the one she sought might be at work upon the marine decorations about which they had often spoken, she entered the parlor and looked hurriedly about.

"Olive!"

A sudden look, and Olive started to her feet with a cry of delight.

"Edith!"

They were in each other's arms.

Olive was crying on her sister's shoulder. Tears came into Edith's eyes too, and dropped upon Olive's wavy glowing hair.

When Olive looked up, wiping her eyes and smiling through her tears, she did not understand exactly why her school-friend was crying too, but supposed it was from sympathy with her.

"I'm so *glad* to see you," she said, her voice trembling from her recent emotion.

"Olive dear, you were crying when I came—something is the matter—tell me—tell me dear, what it is."

"No no," and Olive made a pathetic little struggle to find her handkerchief which she had tucked in her belt. "Don't—don't mind me."

"Yes, but I *do* mind—did we ever conceal anything from each other?" Edith asked coaxingly, at the same time leading Olive to a corner where two chests at right angles, with chintz-covered cushions on them, formed a corner seat, and sitting beside her there. "We used to tell each other *everything* you know,—and there is something we did not dream of when we were at Smith together—some-



thing that makes hundreds and hundreds of times more reason why you ought to tell me—Olive *dear*,” and she held her close in her arms again, and felt more tears rising to her eyes, repeating “Olive *dear*,” again in a lower tone that trembled with an added depth of affection.

“I’ll tell you, Edith,—I’ll tell you.—It is so sad! You know the dear old Cap’n I used to speak of—”

“Yes—the one you call uncle—who has been so kind—”

Olive nodded tearfully.

“His son,” she went on, “is—is dead.”

“*Oh!*” exclaimed Edith, with all the sympathy of her nature in that one word. “How sad!”

“Yes,” Olive answered, “yes indeed; he—was killed.”

“Killed!” gasped Edith, her voice lowered. “The poor fellow! Was it an accident?”

“An—” Olive stopped and looked at Edith helplessly. Finally she finished by saying, “Yes—I *hope* so, but oh, don’t ask me—it is such a terrible affair. Uncle has just gone to—to find him.”

Edith looked her sympathy, kissed Olive, helped her wipe her eyes, and said, “You poor dear,” as only she could say it.

Finally Olive looked at her and said suddenly:

“What a surprise! I’m so *glad* you are here!”

“Oh *are* you?”

“Yes—really.”

“Not nearly so glad as I am though, because I know something to be glad about that you don’t!”

“What?”

“Dear, *dear!*” Edith looked about the room. “And this is where you painted all over the wall!”

Olive smiled and said, “Yes.”

“Gracious me! There’s your deep-sea dado, and there’s—why you didn’t tell me a *word* about the lily-pads!—Oh my!” Edith suddenly exclaimed with a shudder as she looked, “it makes me feel as if I were under water!”



"Mr. Merriam—a gentleman who—who——"

"Yes, I know him."

Olive stopped short and looked at Edith in surprise.

"*Do you?*" she finally asked.

"I should *think* I *did*! He's from Boston, you know."

"Yes, but I didn't suppose everybody in Boston knew—everybody else!"

"Almost every one knows *him*. What did he say?"

"He said— Well! I've forgotten it now. Oh! —He said, I ought to paint a life preserver hanging up somewhere to make a person feel more at ease."

"That's the first time I ever heard of his indulging in a witticism," laughed Edith.

"He seems like an odd sort of a man. Do you know him very well?"

"Ought to! He's mamma's legal adviser. Why we sent him down here."

"What *do* you mean, Edith?"

"I mean just that. We sent him down here—on business."

"Why I thought Mr.—" Olive stopped. Her face, which had brightened wonderfully during her talk with Edith, grew clouded and thoughtful again.

"Come, come! You mustn't think of the sad things *any* more, because—because I am here, and I want to—I want to *surprise* you."

"You have surprised me Edith, and so charmingly! But you haven't told me how—how—"

"How we came?"

"Yes."

"By rail all the way to Williamsport, and then in a carriage which we hired for the occasion. Ha! ha! You *ought* to see it! It's *too* funny!" Edith laughed a merry little laugh.

Olive waited until she had finished, looking at her meanwhile with questioning in her eyes.

"We?" she then said with a rising inflection—half interrogation, half surprise.



"Certainly. You don't suppose I came alone!"

"Oh—of course not!" Olive said this suddenly, her mind upon an experience of her own. "Of course not," she repeated. "Who—"

"I'll tell you who pretty soon—if you're good."

"Why not now?"

"Because."

"Where were you going—Bar Harbor?"

"No," Edith replied very shortly, shaking her head, and looking at Olive as if she expected another question. If so, she was not disappointed.

"Campobello?"

"No."

"White Mountains?"

"No."

"Moosehead?"

"No."

There was a pause, mainly owing to the fact that the popular summer resorts in that vicinity were exhausted.

"Are you quite through, Olive dear? Because if you *are*—I'll tell you."

Olive smiled.

Edith went on:

"We weren't going anywhere but just here—to see you." She waited a second, but Olive said nothing. Her surprise was evident without any verbal commentary. "And of course you want to know why," Edith continued almost immediately, "and it's because I have something to tell you,—and it's ever and ever so good,—and mamma's afraid I'll tell it too suddenly—and so am I, and—and—" Edith was nearly out of breath by this time, and she stopped, not alone for that reason, but also because she saw that she was coming too quickly to the point.

"What is it?" Olive asked, involuntarily drawing away a little, and looking at Edith with eyes wide open.

"It is—it is that we've found out—that you're a relative of mine—*there!*"



Olive rose slowly and stood looking at Edith, her lips repeating the word "Relative."

"Yes! yes!" Edith exclaimed, jumping to her feet enthusiastically; then, seeing Olive retire away from her a few steps, she went on in the same breath, "Distant, of course,—miles and *miles* away if you like—you needn't be alarmed!" By this time she was close to Olive again and her arms were about her.

"How can that be, Edith?"

"Just as easy as not!"

"But—but I don't know anything about any relatives."

"That's where I know more than you do then!"

"And can you tell me—"

"*Tell* you! Tell you anything you want to know, dear!"

"Really?"

"Really and truly blue! Ask me something—ask me and see!"

Olive's back was toward the door, and she did not observe that a tall and rather stately lady with white hair and a very pale face had entered, and was looking at her with an eager, longing gaze. At the door, a little way behind her, stood a maid, carrying a silk traveling ulster.

"Supposing, Olive dear," Edith went on impetuously, "supposing I could bring a relative or two—or supposing I could bring just *one*—right here—to you—*now*,—that is, another one besides me, for I'm *one* you know,—who would you rather see? Olive, tell me truly, honestly, who in all the world would you like to see most, if you thought you *could*? What is the most precious name on earth—a name you have never spoken because there was no one to speak it to? You know it in your heart, dear, because your heart has longed for her and cried for her, because—"

"My *mother*!" It was spoken breathlessly, with a great sob in her voice. She stood looking at her sister.



"And she is here," cried Edith, a triumphant gladness in her voice, at the same time turning Olive gently, so that she stood facing the tall, white-haired lady with the longing eyes.

Mrs. Kimball advanced toward Olive, holding out her arms.

"My child!" she said, in a low trembling voice. "Can this be my—"

Olive had involuntarily stepped back a little. Her mother saw the movement, and a great pain struck through to her heart. Could it be possible that her daughter might not welcome her—might even refuse to recognize her? She had not thought of this. It came upon her like a blow. She stood still. Her heart seemed to stop beating.

Edith was by Olive's side in an instant.

"And I am your sister!" she exclaimed joyfully. "Not much of a change for us, is it? We were always that, Olive dear, and it was through me that we found you, and you are coming home with us, and we will never, never be separated again!"

Olive had caught Edith's arm and was holding to it, not knowing what she did, but clinging to her as to the only friend within reach at this supreme moment when her soul was being shaken. As Edith spoke, she looked into her face almost helplessly.

"Yes," said Mrs. Kimball gently, "you must leave this place at once."

"Leave this—" Olive looked from one to the other, a painful thought passing through her mind. "Leave uncle!" she added in a half whisper, her eyes moving restlessly about the room, yet seeing nothing.

"The old sea captain has doubtless been good to you—" Mrs. Kimball began, going a little nearer.

"*Oh—he has!*" Olive quickly whispered, with all the deep earnestness of her nature in the three little words.

"Yes, dear, we know he has. We know it. But



can't you think for a moment of your mother?—Why do you hesitate?" She suddenly asked, hardly able to control her deep agitation. "Why do you wait? Why don't you come to me, my child?" And she held out her arms again.

Olive made a slight motion with her hand as if asking for a little time. Then she moved a step away from Edith, standing by herself, a peculiar light burning in her wonderful eyes, and a faint feverish flush appearing beneath them.

"If you are my mother," she began, her voice quivering a little, "if you are my mother, you can tell me something I would like to know."

"What can I tell you?" There was a tone of anxiety in Mrs. Kimball's question. Her manner seemed to change. She involuntarily retired a little, appearing to draw herself away as if shrinking from what she feared would come. Yet she did not remove her eyes from Olive.

"About my father." The words came calm and clear.

Mrs. Kimball turned her face away.

Olive went on, quietly:

"What was the trouble? Why did he come here,—away from his friends,—away from his family,—away—away from *you*, and end his life as he did, so sadly, so miserably?"

She waited a long time, but receiving no answer, added almost pleadingly:

"Surely you can tell me—if you are my mother."

Mrs. Kimball motioned her maid to leave the room. Then she turned to Olive with an expression of deep suffering upon her face.

"Is this the first greeting from a daughter," she asked, "a daughter lost to me long years ago? Is her first thought to question—to doubt—to give me pain?"

"Why should I not question?" was Olive's quiet rejoinder, in a voice gentle, pleading, trying not to wound, asking only to be satisfied. "How



can I help doubting? If I am your daughter, why am I here? Why is it that I have been lost to you so many years? I want to know the truth, that is all. That is all." She waited a little and then added, "If you do not want me to doubt, tell me."

Mrs. Kimball looked steadily at Olive a moment. "Very well." There was a touch of resignation in her tone. "Since it is your wish, I will."

"Not now, not now, mamma," Edith broke in impulsively.

"Yes, now," answered Mrs. Kimball. "I prefer it. If she cannot accept her mother as she is, notwithstanding her mistakes, so bitterly repented, it is best to know it at once."

She stopped a moment as if summoning strength to say what she must, and then turning painfully to Olive, went on:

"Your father's strange conduct, his gloom, despair, his flight with you, and finally his—suicide, resulted from a disordered mind, a broken heart,—insanity." Mrs. Kimball waited an instant, her eyes upon the floor. Then, looking up again with an effort, she continued: "And for the breaking of that gentle heart, for the downfall of that sensitive spirit I am—"

"No no, mamma!" interrupted Edith.

"Yes," Mrs. Kimball rejoined, "she shall know the truth; she shall know that unhappiness in our home was the cause of it all, and that his mind finally gave way when I—sought a separation!"

"A—separation!" gasped Olive.

Mrs. Kimball bowed her head, and did not look up again.

"Why?"

"Only to please myself."

"Then this—" Olive spoke as though thinking aloud—"this was the cause of it! This is what—*killed him!*"

Mrs. Kimball caught the word and started, looking up with an expression of agony.



Edith stood a short distance from her, motionless, apprehensive.

"I see now," Olive went on, "I see now why he was so troubled—why he wished to forget! And because he could not kill the bitter memory, he—" she stopped and looked at Mrs. Kimball. "Oh, it must be a dreadful thing,"—she spoke impulsively, hardly realizing what she said,—"*a dreadful thing to know that you were his murderer!*"

"*Olive!* How can you!" came quickly from Edith, in a despairing tone.

With a groan of anguish Mrs. Kimball sank down upon a chair exclaiming, "This is my punishment! This is my punishment!"

But Olive heard nothing. It was the look of agony upon that pale, suffering face that went to her heart, and carried with it the realization of what she had said. In an instant she was at Mrs. Kimball's feet, fallen on her knees before her, holding her hands, and looking imploringly in her face. "No no! I did not mean it!" she cried out, "oh, I *did* not mean it! Forgive me! You are my mother—my mother—*my mother!*" and she buried her face in Mrs. Kimball's lap.

Edith turned away to hide the tears that were falling fast, and for a few moments there was no sound. A slow step on the little veranda and the opening of the front door passed unnoticed, and they did not see that Cap'n Smith had entered and was standing in the room with a look of bewilderment upon his face.

Mrs. Kimball had put her arms about Olive and drawn her lovingly to her, so that her head was against her breast. She smoothed back the girl's beautiful hair caressingly, and rested her lips upon it, and upon her forehead, and cheeks, and neck.

"Ah, my child," she said, when she was able to speak, "who is perfect? Who does not err or make mistakes? Who is always sincere, always honest,



always unselfish in this world? There is none," shaking her head sadly, "there is none."

Olive raised her eyes to her mother's, and as she did so, caught sight of the Cap'n standing near the door.

"Yes, there is one, and he is here." She spoke with a trembling voice. "One who is unselfish, sincere, honest always,—one whose heart is true as steel."

She rose, and going to Cap'n Smith, took his hand tenderly in both of hers.

"Uncle," she said, the tears filling her eyes as she looked into his kind old face; "uncle dear, this lady has come here—for me, and—I am going—to leave you."

The Cap'n did not move. He kept his eyes steadily upon Olive's upturned, tearful face, and gave no outward sign that a cruel, ragged blade was tearing its way into his heart.

"I am going to leave you, uncle, and go with her, because she is—my mother."

After looking into Olive's face a while he turned toward Mrs. Kimball, and gazed at her for some time. Then he glanced painfully about the little parlor, and finally his old eyes returned and rested once more upon the lovely face before him. He tried to smile upon her, but could not. Soon he left her and crossed the room in an absent-minded way, stopping a moment to draw one hand across his forehead, as if there were a pain there. Then he went to one of the oaken lockers, and lifting the lid slowly, took out the old Calcutta paper and stood holding it in his hand and gazing straight before him. Suddenly, with a low moan, he dropped upon a chair that was near, crushing the faded yellow paper convulsively in his trembling arms, his head sinking down upon his breast.



4. The Kimball house on South Myrtle Avenue, Dudley Park, was the scene of great rejoicing during the two weeks following Olive's arrival there. That Mrs. Kimball was happier than she had been for many years; that Edith was simply in an uninterrupted series of ecstasies of ever-varying descriptions—for she had a fresh one nearly every morning; that Olive was very happy indeed in her charming new home, with a devoted sister and an affectionate mother, not to speak of the many admiring relatives with whom she was becoming acquainted every day, would certainly be taken for granted.

It will be readily understood, too, that there were several very tender places in Olive's memory which could hardly bear to be touched. She was nearly heart-broken upon leaving old Cap'n Smith, and made him promise over and over again that he would come and see her just as soon as he could. It was arranged, too, that she was to return his visit shortly after, and so, continuing in this way, they would see each other often. The sorrow of the parting was nevertheless a bitter one.

Though the Cap'n said little, Olive knew that it was almost taking his life away, and once, a little before her departure, as he was standing very still and staring vacantly before him, a few tears rolling down his cheeks, she threw her arms about his neck and declared she would not leave him.

But he only shook his head and tried to smile as he answered: "Why this here are a mistake you is a-makin'. I was jist a-thinkin' as how this were sich a good thing for ye—sich a good thing." He stopped, and then added, with almost a gasp, as if it were hard to say it, "You—you ain't never belonged into this here place. I've know'd it all along."

"I would rather have been here with you, uncle, than *anywhere else*," Olive whispered, her face close to his.



A great flood of tears rose into his eyes, and he hurried away so that she should not see them. And when he came back he pretended to be very cheerful indeed, but she knew that there was a great pain dragging at his heart, and because of it, and because she loved him so dearly, her own was filled with the tenderest solicitude.

There was some one else about whom Olive was extremely anxious, and, for that matter, the entire family were disturbed about him too.

It was very kind of Mr. Richard Merriam to drive out as often as he did so that they should have the latest tidings from the Williamsport jail. He must have known how deeply concerned the Kimball ladies were, or he would not have appeared with such obliging regularity every afternoon for the purpose of relieving their anxiety, or to increase it, as the case might be.

Once he even went down personally to Williamsport, at a great sacrifice of time (and consequently of money), to see if something could not be done. It was really absolutely necessary that something *should* be done. There was the most imminent danger that unless steps of a vigorous legal nature were taken at once, Henry Leverett would be released upon his own recognizance. The self-sacrificing attorney without a moment's hesitation abandoned all other business in hand to go to Williamsport and take the necessary steps. He was not yet ready for the broad-shouldered young athlete to make his appearance in the vicinity of Boston.

While he was in the near neighborhood, he drove over to Gap Harbor and had a long consultation with Cap'n Smith regarding a matter that troubled the old sailor very much. He had been so utterly heart-broken when Olive left him that his mind was a mere tender blank, and it was nearly a week after she had gone that he remembered the letter of *instructions*, and that he was enjoined therein against



allowing any one who might claim to be related to the child, to take her from him. He had faithfully fulfilled every other requirement in the letter, and that he should have disobeyed this request, which was written down with the utmost emphasis and iteration, troubled him sorely. Mr. Merriam had kindly given him some advice regarding his complications with Mrs. Dunks, and had even been so obliging as to have a personal interview with the widow, which proved marvelously effective. Owing to this, the Cap'n had the greatest respect for his legal attainments, and unlimited confidence in his judgment. He therefore consulted him about the clause of his instructions which he felt that he had violated, and what was the proper course for him to pursue under the circumstances. The result of the advice that was given him manifested itself a few days later.

The young lawyer finished up his business in Williamsport and Gap Harbor in the shortest possible time, and hurried back to Boston. He hurried as he had never done before. It was not that he transacted business any faster, for he had never wasted a second of time in his life; neither was it that he traveled any more rapidly, for he could not have exceeded the schedule time of the fast express. The difference between his present hurry and those of former occasions was merely in the attitude of his mind toward it. It was a nervous haste as distinguished from a cool and evenly balanced dispatch; it was a conscious as opposed to an unconscious urgency to effort; his usual hurry, although it appeared to be hurry, was only habitual rapidity; his present hurry was the real and genuine article.

He wished to return to the city at the earliest possible moment, for the reason that the firm of Merriam & Bostwick had the most important case on hand that it had ever undertaken to manage,—that is to say, important to the head of the firm.



It was a case involving so much to him that he devoted nearly all his time to it.

As for Charles Bostwick Esq., he worked night and day, toiling as if his very life depended upon it, to help the thing along, and yet without the faintest knowledge of what it was all about. The portion of labor that fell upon Bostwick's shoulders was the taking care of the vast amount of business which Merriam had abandoned; and although he (Bostwick) was a singularly obliging person, it nearly exhausted his patience and ruined his health. In addition to this, it came close upon resulting in the loosening of a very important—to him—domestic tie.

Mrs. Bostwick, having a number of former occasions in mind, declined to believe that it was business which kept her husband out so late, and acted accordingly. Mr. Bostwick, rendered exceedingly nervous and irritable by his unusual hard and continuous work, and having, besides, truth on his side,—an ally to which he was so unaccustomed that its presence fired him on to greater lengths than he might otherwise have gone—became wildly indignant, and said some of the harshest things that had ever proceeded from his lips—out of court.

To these things Mrs. Bostwick, as became a lawyer's wife, gave answer, and not the particular kind of answer that is supposed, on account of its yielding nature, to turn away wrath. At any rate, it did not turn away Mr. Bostwick's. There was a stormy scene. Two of the children woke up. Having been frightened a few nights before by a conflagration in the neighborhood, their first thought was that the house was on fire, and running to the front window, they screamed at the tops of their voices to that effect. Mr. and Mrs. Bostwick rushed upstairs. Two policemen meanwhile broke in the front door, and another rang the alarm, while a number of belated citizens congregated outside. It



was an hour before the crowd finally dispersed and the last engine went rattling away in evident disappointment at being unable to ruin anything by water.

Of course Mr. and Mrs. Bostwick did not exchange any remarks the following morning at breakfast. Neither did they the following evening at dinner. After dinner Mr. Bostwick went out. When the hour of midnight again arrived and he had not returned, Mrs. Bostwick proceeded to execute the same maneuver which she had so successfully engineered upon one of the former occasions referred to. She first rang for a messenger; then, hurrying on her bonnet and throwing a light shawl about her, waited at the door until he came.

Soon after—for it was not far to the place—she was climbing the stairs of the building in which was the office of Merriam & Bostwick, and the messenger was waiting for her on the sidewalk below. In a moment she stood breathless before the door. With a sudden rushing-scuffling-paroxysm she flung it violently open and dashed into the room. Imagine her disappointment and chagrin! There was Bostwick surrounded with books and papers up to his chin, working like a dog!

"What are you doing here?" he asked, shading his eyes from the light so that he could see her.

"I—I wanted—I thought you—it's time to—to come home," she stammered.

"Well I'll go home when I damn please," was his barbaric rejoinder. And he did.

All this unpleasantness was the direct result of Richard Merriam's complete absorption in his new case, and he should have been held responsible for it. Usually Mr. Bostwick was as even-tempered as a shorn lamb, and never before had he used the word *damn* in direct conversation with his wife. It will be observed that even in this case he had, in a measure, applied it to himself, or more correctly speaking, to his pleasure; and it may be incidentally



remarked that to some of the joys in which he occasionally indulged it was not altogether inappropriate. But it cut as deep into Mrs. Bostwick's soul as if it had been directed straight at herself. She went home in anything but a pleasant frame of mind, and, to complete her misery, the messenger boy overcharged dreadfully for his company down town and back. It was all very trying, and Charles would triumph over her next day, and stay out late at the club *a hundred nights*, just because he had been caught telling the truth once—for which he ought to be thoroughly ashamed of himself. This was what went through her mind as she paced feverishly up and down her room in the small hours of the morning; and after that there came desperate thoughts of a separation; and in her excitement she even went so far as to do a little exercise in mental arithmetic, which had for its basis the equal division of three children between two persons, each of whom must have them all; and although this may appear like an exceedingly difficult problem, the proper solution came to her at once, almost like an inspiration—indeed more like that than anything else, which was, that *she* should keep them all, and Charles could come and see them once in so often—or even oftener if he wanted to. The whole idea was horrible, yet one must face these things, and she would not flinch.

As a result of Mrs. Bostwick's not flinching, the family relations became exceedingly strained, so much so, indeed, that there was great danger of a fracture. It will therefore be seen that while the case to which Merriam was devoting his every energy had for its object the securing to himself of a wife, its direct effect upon Bostwick, who had to perform the heaviest part of the labor involved, was to place him in imminent peril of losing his. And yet he did not complain.



5. It can hardly be realized with what impatience and anxiety Olive Gray watched for the daily appearance of Mr. Merriam. He always came in the afternoon, and for nearly an hour before his usual time it might have been observed—if any one had been so cruel as to closely scrutinize her actions—that she continually glanced down the drive in the direction of the gate; that she was unusually silent, or if spoken to, answered in an exceedingly absent-minded manner; and that she moved restlessly about from place to place.

An outsider, that is to say, a mere bystander, had there been such an individual in the vicinity, noting this singular solicitude, as well as an evident desire on the part of Miss Gray to be left alone with Mr. Merriam the moment he appeared, and being entirely ignorant of the circumstances and events accessory to these facts, would certainly have arrived at the conclusion that the young lady entertained for this man the most tender of feelings.

Fortunately, however, there were no bystanders in the neighborhood. Mrs. Kimball and Edith were *not* ignorant of the circumstances accessory to the facts. They had not been entirely surprised when Olive told them she was acquainted with Mr. Henry Leverett, for the possibility of such a thing suggested itself to them upon receipt of a certain letter the gentleman named had written to Edith not long before; and when Olive gave them a glowing description of the manner in which this gentleman had introduced himself to her at the Bergmont Railroad Station, and they had listened, besides, to Mr. Merriam's brief but pointed outline of the circumstances attending the yachting disaster, they fully understood why the young lawyer was so warmly welcomed, and obligingly left Olive alone with him as soon after he came as they could consistently with the necessary amount of politeness.

Some young men, perhaps it is not going too far to say the majority of young men, would have been



deceived even more readily than the aforesaid bystanders, had they perceived that they were as anxiously watched for and as eagerly and excitedly welcomed upon their arrival, by the particular young women their hearts had chosen, as was Richard Merriam Esq. by Miss Olive Gray. But he was not deceived in the least. If it is true that the majority, in similar circumstances, would have been misled, and consequently have arrived at conclusions not in accordance with the facts, then he was one of the minority.

As he was whirled through the gate and up the smooth graveled drive, he was aware that Olive's eager glance was directed toward him from one of the windows; and from the recurrence of this phenomenon each day, he became convinced that the charming young lady was in the habit of watching for his appearance with anxiety—even with impatience. When, after his arrival, she entered the drawing room with a bright flush upon each cheek, a glowing light in the depths of her dark eyes, and a pathetic little tremor in her low musical voice; when, furthermore, he took the exquisite white hand she extended to him and felt that it was burning hot, and palpitated like a frightened bird with the quick beating of her pulse, he knew perfectly well that she was more than glad to see him—that she was, indeed, feverishly excited by his presence.

As has been intimated, however, he was not for a moment deceived. It was difficult to throw Merriam off the track in his judgment of motives. In this case there was, at no time, a question in his mind. Miss Gray was impatient for his coming only because he might bring her news of somebody else. The fevered flush, the tremulous voice, the palpitating hand, had no relation to himself, and he knew it perfectly well. He fully realized, too, that the glowing light in her beautiful eyes was burning solely for the man he was at that very moment instrumental in detaining in the county jail at Williamsport.



But, strange as it may seem, this knowledge did not disturb him in the least. He was not, in this affair, relying upon such uncertain elements as matters of feeling or sentiment, which might or might not change at any moment. He had undertaken to secure Miss Gray for himself; he was impelled to do so by an irresistible force that was stronger than anything which had ever urged him in any direction before; he therefore adopted what he considered the most absolutely certain means for bringing about the result he desired. From his inborn characteristics; from his whole manner of life, and thought, and business—which *was* his life, there could be, for him, but one mode of procedure in a matter involving so much, viz., the Legal.

To him it was a *case*. A case of the utmost importance. He would not undertake anything so experimental—so uncertain—so hazardous—as an endeavor to win the young lady's affections. Others might resort to such doubtful measures. For himself, he would simply make it impossible for her to marry any one else. When he was ready he would get a hearing, and prove to her the said impossibility.

So far as he was concerned he was ready in three days, but in order to have as fair and unbiased a consideration of the points to be presented as could be obtained, he preferred to postpone it as long as one Henry Leverett could be kept in the background, so that Miss Gray's evident warm regard for this individual might have all possible opportunity of cooling down. Judging from his feminine business experiences, a few days should suffice to lower the temperature a number of degrees, and if he could manage to keep Leverett in confinement for about three weeks, he considered that the warmth entertained by the young lady would have entirely subsided.

He went to the Kimball house every day and took her temperature. It astonished him greatly to find



the warmth apparently increasing rather than diminishing. In five days it had risen to such a degree that she actually proposed going down to Williamsport, and he was compelled to use his utmost ingenuity to prevent it. Matters were still worse the day following. On the eighth day he was obliged to make the trip himself for the purpose of taking the necessary steps referred to, and at the same time to relieve the young lady's mind, for she would certainly have gone if he had not. On his return he succeeded, by encouraging words, in keeping her quiet for a short period. It was not long, however, before she again manifested an inclination to leave for Williamsport, and this time it was evident that unless something was done, she could not be restrained many days.

Merriam decided that the case must go on at once. He sent a telegram to Cap'n Smith, arranged some other preliminaries, and waited for the next day with more nervousness than he had ever felt before the opening of any trial with which he had heretofore been concerned.

That afternoon he received a dispatch from the Sheriff at Williamsport which showed him he had acted none too soon.

6. The following day Merriam rang the bell of the Kimball house an hour and a half earlier than had been his custom. As he heard the servant coming, he threw away the cigarette he had lighted in the cab a few seconds before, and when the door was opened, asked if Mrs. Kimball was at home.

Upon receiving an affirmative answer, he stepped into the large front hall, and was in the act of putting his card on the silver plate, when he noticed that one was already there. He glanced at it closely. It bore the name of Henry B. Leverett.



"Where is this gentleman?" he asked in a low tone.

"In the drawing room, sir. I was just taking his card in to Mrs. Kimball when you rang."

"To *Mrs.* Kimball?" repeated Merriam.

"Yes sir."

"You needn't take it."

He quietly took Leverett's card and put it in his pocket. "Nor mine. I want to talk to this gentleman a few moments. Say nothing about our being here. When we are ready to send in our cards, we will ring."

"Yes sir." The maid left him at once.

Merriam watched her until she had disappeared from view, and then walked into the drawing room.

"Hullo, Merriam!" said a well known voice. A broad-shouldered form rose before him and he felt his hand seized.

"How the devil did you get out?" was his cool rejoinder, as Leverett gripped his hand until he felt the bones crack.

"Get out! Jove! I thought I never would! It was a terrible place too—the hotel was bad enough, but the jail—whew! I don't advise you to stop there, Merriam. I finally asked them to hang me or do something, and a man they called Judge McEllston took an interest and did some sort of a subacute bronchitis or something of that kind, and I swore that I'd return whenever wanted and do a couple of dozen other things, after which they discharged me. Where is Miss Gray?" he asked suddenly.

"Haven't you seen the—family?" Merriam inquired with a gesture toward the door.

"Not one of them. *They* wouldn't know where she is though. I went over to Gap Harbor to find her, but the house was closed up—not a soul to be found. Somebody said they'd all gone to Boston. Come now Merriam, you know where she is—for Heaven's sake tell me! I—I want to see her!"

"Will you do me a favor in return?"



"A favor! I'll do you a hundred and fifty! What is it?"

"Don't speak so loud please.—I want your assistance."

"Go on."

"Leverett, I am in love."

"Good heavens! Were you actually serious when you told me about being——about Miss Gray?"

"About Miss *Gray*!" repeated Merriam, turning to Leverett an astonished glance.

"Yes."

"I am in love with Mrs. Kimball's daughter." This in a low impressive voice.

Leverett looked at him a moment in amazement.

"Look here, is this a ghastly joke?" he finally asked.

"No—it's a ghastly fact. You said you would do me a favor. I want you to help me;" saying which Merriam went over to the wall and pushed the knob of an electric bell.

"What are you going to do?" asked Leverett in a tone of alarm.

"I am going to send for Miss Kimball."

The maid just then appeared.

"Ask Miss Kimball—Miss Edith—if she will be so good as to come to the drawing room a moment. Say that *I* wish to see her. You needn't mention any one else."

Leverett had been unable to speak at first, but soon found his voice.

"What do you mean, Merriam?" he exclaimed, starting toward him impulsively.

"You will not refuse me this—I want you to say a word for me."

"To Miss Kimball!"

"Yes. You were engaged to her once—you have great influence—it is assisting a drowning man!"

They were now holding to each other and speaking with the greatest earnestness.

"Hold on! No no!" Leverett said, half whisper-



ing. "I can't do it now! I must see *Mrs.* Kimball first. It would be deuced embarrassing to—"

"Heavens, Leverett!" interrupted Merriam, holding the other back as he tried to get out through the door. "Listen, won't you? It is my only chance! If it isn't done to-day—"

"Let go!" whispered Leverett, suddenly pulling back away from the door, and shaking Merriam off. "I hear her coming downstairs!" and he started toward the conservatory.

"Wait, Leverett! Hear me, won't you?" Merriam remonstrated, following him.

"Not now, I tell you!" replied Leverett, already among the shrubs and hanging baskets. "As you have sent for the lady you'd better remain and receive her." Saying which he disappeared around the palms and tropical plants that grew luxuriantly, reaching nearly to the glass roof.

Merriam quickly seized the rich hangings and drew them together, shutting the conservatory from view.

He was engaged in this operation when Edith entered the drawing room. Hearing her footstep he turned quickly, and stood an instant before the curtains.

"I beg pardon," he soon said, going toward her. "You observed that I—that I—*drew*—the curtains."

"Yes," she replied, "I observed it. Do you think it's pleasanter with them closed?"

"It is my opinion that it is—for the present."

"You wanted to see me?" she asked, a little coldly, seating herself near a table and turning the leaves of a book carelessly.

Mr. Merriam was one of the few people Edith could never bring herself to like. He was so cold, so utterly feelingless, dry, and dreadful, that she could hardly endure him. His presence acted upon her ardent, impulsive nature, like a frosty wind upon a blooming flower. She felt her feelings shrivel up and grow numb when he spoke to her. But she tried to treat him politely.



"I did," he answered; "I wanted to see you on a—on a matter of business."

Edith was suddenly interested. "Is there anything new about poor Mr. Leverett?" she asked.

"Yes, there is." Merriam glanced toward the conservatory. There was no other door by which Leverett could make his escape; therefore, as long as he did not emerge into the drawing room he could reasonably be supposed to be there. "There is—something new," he repeated, turning to Edith; "I've got him here."

Edith instantly rose to her feet.

"Have you *succeeded*?" she cried, as soon as she was able to speak.

"Yes—I have succeeded," replied Merriam, cheerfully. "He's in the conservatory."

"Oh!" she gasped, "I—I don't want to see him—*just now*!—I'll send Olive down!" and she started to leave the room.

"Miss Kimball," said Merriam, stepping before her.

"Mr. Merriam!" she exclaimed, with some indignation.

"Hadn't *you* better see him first?"

"What!" she gasped in surprise.

"It was merely a suggestion."

"Why—why did you make it? What right have you—"

"No right. I am aware that you have taken a dislike to me—and am not in the least surprised thereat,—still I am a friend of Mr. Leverett's, and upon his account take this liberty. You—you have not met him since he asked you to release him from the engagement that was in force between you. He does not know that *you* were even more anxious than himself to have that engagement broken—and for a similar reason. If he knew this it would greatly relieve his mind, for he is really in an uncomfortable state of embarrassment. A few words from you would at once put matters upon an



agreeable footing. I thought you ought to know this."

Edith considered a moment, and then said, with quite a change of manner:

"Perhaps you are right, Mr. Merriam."

"Yes, perhaps I am," he answered, with a vague idea that he was accommodating himself in some way to the exigencies of the feminine intellect.

"But mamma could—"

"From her it would not have the desired effect."

"I might bring it in—in a pleasant way," said Edith, considering.

"Provided you bring it in, that is all that is necessary."

"Yes, it might be better to let him understand how it was. He *would* feel less embarrassed—and it's just as well for him to know that I—that—" she stopped suddenly.

"Those are the points," Merriam rejoined dryly, and moved toward the conservatory with her. "He is waiting in the—"

"Yes, I'll find him."

"You can finish, if you like, by giving him a most charming surprise."

"Really!" exclaimed Edith, stopping; "do tell me how!"

"By informing him of the facts concerning the finding of your sister."

"Hasn't he *heard*?"

"No. I thought you might like to tell him."

"Oh—I can hardly wait!"

She hurried toward the door, but stopped again. She felt that she had done Mr. Merriam an injustice. He did not seem *nearly* so much like a frosty wind as she had supposed.

"Thank you *so* much, Mr. Merriam!" she said feelingly, with a beaming countenance.

"You're quite welcome."

With a sudden impulse she dashed toward him and held out her hand. He took it much as he



might have taken a five dollar bill, and held it patiently while she looked gratefully in his face.

The next instant she was gone, and the only sign of her was an agitation of the hangings between which she had passed. Merriam carefully drew them close together, so that no one could see in or out, and then looked at his watch. He could count on Miss Kimball detaining Leverett there for certainly three-quarters of an hour. If she introduced the narrative of her sister's discovery *last*, as it was quite likely she would, and Leverett told his side of it, which he could hardly fail to do, they would be in tears in about twenty minutes, if not before.

There was a ring at the front door bell. It should be Cap'n Smith. Merriam glanced into the front hall. It *was* Cap'n Smith, and with him, Jonathan Mazey. They were punctual to the second.

Passing out through another door, Merriam crossed the hall, and entering a room which was used as a library, sank into a very comfortable, deeply-cushioned chair.

The neatly dressed waiting-maid ushered the  
7. Cap'n and Mazey to the door of the drawing room, and hesitated before them with the little silver plate in her hand. They stood together in the doorway, glancing at her doubtfully, and then at each other.

"Your cards, please," she finally said, in a low voice.

"How's that?" exclaimed the Cap'n interrogatively, thinking he did not catch the word. Both the old sailors were dressed in their black Sunday clothes, and wore white cotton gloves. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been considered that the Cap'n's suit was an exceedingly ill-fitting affair, but Mazey's garments were so very much further from displaying any tendency to accommo-



date themselves to his rather unique figure, that by the side of them the Cap'n's seemed to have been measured for him by a Broadway tailor.

"How's that!" he asked, inclining his white hair and red perspiring face—for he was laboring under considerable excitement—toward the maid.

"Your *cards*, please," she repeated, a little louder.

The Cap'n turned and stared at Mazey a moment. Then he edged toward him.

"What did she say?" he asked in a hoarse whisper.

"Cards!" announced the old mate in his hollow bass roar.

The Cap'n looked Mazey in the eye for several seconds as if to gain inspiration therefrom. Then he turned and glanced uneasily at the young woman with the shining plate in her hand. Drawing in a long breath as though about to make a desperate sort of an effort, he said in a loud voice:

"No, we don't want no cards to-day—we're here on business!"

The maid was considerably disconcerted.

"Would you give me your name, sir?" she managed to say, blushing deeply.

"For *sartain*, Miss," the Cap'n replied; "Ed'ard Smith, an' his'n are Jonathan Mazey."

Apparently much relieved, the young woman hurried away, leaving the two standing close together just within the door of the drawing room.

At first neither of them moved or spoke. After a time Mazey noticed that the Cap'n was casting furtive glances about the room. He at once followed his superior's example. Soon they gained more confidence, and gazed steadily, turning their heads very slowly, from one thing to another.

It was not long before the Cap'n ventured to give utterance to his thoughts, in a cautious undertone.

"Mazey," he half whispered.

"Aye aye, sir!"

"This here are fitted up peculiar."



"It are, sir."

The two took observations in silence for a moment. The Cap'n ventured another remark.

"Mazey!"

"Aye aye, sir!"

"I wouldn't undertake for to say anythin' agin it, but I'd jist like to see a cabin like this here into a gale o' wind!"

"With a rollin' pitch onto it, sir," added the old mate.

"The same," acquiesced the Cap'n. "I take it they'd be a consid'able alteration in the gin'ral lay o' things."

"They would, sir."

Cap'n Smith edged closer to Mazey and spoke still more confidentially, and with greater earnestness.

"Mazey, if a heavy sea struck 'em broadside, that there hangin' thing" (he pointed to the chandelier) "would have to be carried out into baskets an' dumped overboard."

"It would, sir."

Mazey cleared his throat and went on.

"I calls to mind, sir, as how they was a werry young capting into the East Injy trade, as took a sort of a craze onto him as he'd have a thund'rin' lot o' nick-nacks into his cabin for to make it pretty like; so he fetched aboard ev'ry kind of a shindig what was know'd of them times, an' when he—"

"Avast!" sung out the Cap'n in a warning tone, as he saw Mrs. Kimball entering at the other door.

Mazey simply stopped. There was not a motion or turn of his eye. He became silent as a turtle discontinues its whistling call on the approach of an intruder. Both the Cap'n and himself stood motionless, gazing blankly before them.

"Cap'n Smith, I am *very* glad to see you,—and you too sir." Mrs. Kimball spoke with sincere cordiality, and offered her hand. The Cap'n took it, but was uncertain whether it ought to be shaken or not.



While he was bringing his intellect to bear on the question, it was withdrawn and offered to Mazey.

The old mate was not troubled by any conflicting doubts regarding the proper course to pursue. He unhesitatingly took a good hold upon the proffered hand and worked it up and down several times, precisely as if he were on duty at one of the ship's pumps.

Mrs. Kimball smiled good naturedly. "Won't you be seated?" she asked, when Mazey had finished the pumping operation and released her hand.

No sooner had she spoken than both men dropped, at the word, into chairs which were at hand, and sat perfectly motionless.

Mrs. Kimball seated herself leisurely a little way off, and slowly waved a very elegant fan back and forth as she talked, for the day was warm.

"Have you just arrived in town, Cap'n?"

"We are, mam," promptly responded the old sailor.

"It's quite a long journey from Gap Harbor, and you must be very tired."

"We are not, mam."

"Indeed?" queried Mrs. Kimball, smiling pleasantly; "Probably you sailors have been about the world so much that a little trip like this is nothing, —especially if the weather is fine. Isn't it a *beautiful* day, sir?" she asked, glancing at Mazey and congratulating herself that she had hit upon a topic which would interest a mariner.

Mazey stared at her an instant. Then turning to the Cap'n, "Does she mean me, sir?" he inquired in his rasping bass whisper.

"She do," was the answer he received.

Mazey at once faced Mrs. Kimball and said:

"It are not, mam; the wind has wore round to the south'ard an' are a-kickin' up a gale."

"Oh dear!" laughed Mrs. Kimball. "But I'm sure you didn't come to talk about the weather, Cap'n, and I know of some one who has been looking for you every day, and longing to see you, and hop-



ing you would come,—and if you hadn't arrived to-day I really believe the child would have gone to Gap Harbor and flung herself into your arms!"

She rose and went toward the side of the room.

"I'll send for her," she added, reaching out her hand to ring the bell.

"No, not yit!" said Cap'n Smith, rising.

Mrs. Kimball turned toward him in surprise, her hand still extended toward the bell.

"When you sends for her, mam, it'll be for the last time."

"Why what do you mean!" she exclaimed, her face taking on a whiter shade.

"I means as how Olive Gray is a-comin' home with me."

A few moments later the drawing room bell rang. "Has Mr. Merriam been here this afternoon?" Mrs. Kimball asked, when the maid appeared.

"Yes'm."

"How long has he been gone?"

"He hasn't gone, ma'am; he's waiting in the library."

"Ask him if he will be so kind as to come to the drawing room."

Mrs. Kimball was very pale—almost ashen. She had heard for the first time, about the letter of instructions. The Cap'n and Mazey were standing together at one side. There was a moment of silence. Merriam soon appeared, and walking a little way into the room stood before Mrs. Kimball.

"Mr. Merriam," she began, in a cold formal manner, "I have heretofore regarded you as my legal adviser, and intrusted my business affairs to the firm of which you are now the head. If, however, what Cap'n Smith tells me is true, you may consider our business connection at an end."



Merriam looked steadily in the dark eyes that were turned upon him so sternly and with such evident displeasure.

Never for a moment could this man be thrown off his guard or taken by surprise. It mattered not how sudden or unexpected the thrust, in the very instant that it came, the certain parry and the effective counter thrust flashed upon his mind.

"Mrs. Kimball:" He addressed her with even more formality than she had used, and in a sharp, dry tone that brought every word into action. "During my brief acquaintance with Cap'n Smith, I have never known him to utter anything but the absolute truth. Therefore, although in ignorance of what he has told you, I consider it nearly certain that our business relations may be considered as terminated."

"He tells me,"—Mrs. Kimball's tone had even now lost some of its severity,—"that you advised him to come here for the purpose of taking my daughter from me."

"I advised him to come here and discuss the matter with you personally, in order to arrive, if possible, at an amicable understanding. As the statement to which you alluded was founded upon fact, I have no other alternative than to wish you—good afternoon."

He bowed coldly and moved toward the door.

"Mr. Merriam!"

He stopped.

"Kindly wait a moment."

He waited.

Mrs. Kimball was compelled to withdraw from her position so quickly that it almost took her breath away. For a moment she did not speak; when she did it was to say:

"I see the matter in a different light, and wish to—withdraw what I said."

"Withdrawal allowed," was Merriam's brief response. "Shall I retire?"

"No. Kindly remain."



Merriam bowed assent, and stood at one side.

"I beg Cap'n Smith to remember that I desire only my daughter's happiness." Mrs. Kimball spoke in a conciliatory tone, but the Cap'n made no reply. She waited a little, and then, in a sort of hopeless manner, turned to Merriam and said:

"Can you offer any suggestion?"

Merriam came forward at once.

"The young lady who is the subject of this discussion is not an infant." He spoke authoritatively; he had the floor. "As you are both aware, she is old enough to decide for herself. The Court held this view in *Binwell against Eversham*—31st Cushing—229. This matter can only be adjusted, therefore, by sending for the young lady, putting the case, and obtaining her decision."

"But my instructions is—" began the Cap'n.

"Your instructions cannot compel her to go against her will."

"But Mr. Merriam," remonstrated Mrs. Kimball, "I could not consent, even if she *preferred* it, to have her—"

"I understood you to say you desired only your daughter's happiness."

There was silence.

Cap'n Smith stood staring at Merriam blankly.

Mrs. Kimball had turned away, motionless, pale.

"You both agree to this?"

Neither spoke.

Merriam stepped toward the little knob in the wall.

"Permit me to ring."

Mrs. Kimball looked up quickly, but it was too late. The rapid pulsatory strokes of the hammer on the bell could be faintly heard. Soon the waiting-maid appeared. For a moment no one spoke.

"Did you ring, ma'am?"

Mrs. Kimball moved, as if forced to a decision against her will.

"Tell—Miss Kimball—her *mother* wishes to see her," she said slowly.



"The *new* Miss Kimball, ma'am?" inquired the maid, doubtfully.

"Yes, the *new* Miss Kimball," was the quick reply, in a lower tone.

A moment later a light step was heard upon the stairs. Mrs. Kimball went toward the door, but before she reached it Olive had entered and was at her side.

"Mother!"

The sweet tenderness in her voice seemed almost a compensation for the years she had lived with no one to call by that precious name. "Mother, did you want—"

Her eyes had discovered the old Cap'n.

"Oh, *uncle!*"

She was in his arms. "Uncle! uncle!" She buried her face upon his bosom, while he held her close. In a moment he had to loosen one arm in order to find his handkerchief, and wipe his eyes.

"I'm so glad—*so glad* to see you! I've missed you, and missed you, and been so homesick, uncle! Of course I've had my mother," she added quickly, turning toward Mrs. Kimball; and then, seeing an expression of pain on the pale face, she went toward her, adding half apologetically, "but I—I love him too, you see."

In that brief moment Mrs. Kimball had won the victory over herself. It was a sharp struggle, and the piercing pain, as her daughter flew into the arms of a man who was not of their family or their life, was almost more than she could bear. But did she not deserve it all? It was a fitting punishment. She would endeavor now, at any rate, to do what was right.

She took Olive tenderly by the hand.

"I have something to say to you dear." Olive looked up suddenly, perceiving the strange tone in her mother's voice.

"I think you know," Mrs. Kimball went on, "how wise, how fortunate a choice your father made



when he left you in the loving care of Cap'n Edward Smith."

"Yes mother, I do."

The Cap'n turned away a little, and as Mrs. Kimball continued, his head slowly sank lower and lower. Mazey stood near him.

"It seems that he left a letter also, requesting that certain things be done. With faithful devotion Cap'n Smith has complied with every wish expressed, with every wish—but one."

"But one?" Olive looked in her mother's face.

"One,—and that was, that he should never give you up to those who might claim relationship with you. To be faithful to his trust he now asks you to return to him. You are to decide this for yourself."

There was a long silence.

"Before you make up your mind," Mrs. Kimball went on in a gentle voice, "you must remember how true and faithful the Cap'n has been to you, and in the hour when you were without home, or friends, or father, or—or mother; how he has denied himself that you might have all he could give; how kind, tender, self-sacrificing he has been; how much he—loves you." She paused. "Cap'n Smith, is there anything more to say?" she asked in a low tone.

"You've said it all, mam, an' a great sight more than I desarved," replied the old sailor, with a voice full of emotion.

"As for me," Mrs. Kimball said, turning to Olive, "as for me, remember only that—I am your mother."

Olive put her arms about her and looked lovingly into her face.

"The eyes of one I once loved, and deeply wronged, look at me through yours; in your forgiveness I hoped for his; your presence is an unspeakable consolation to me, and yet I—" For a moment she could not go on; then, with an effort, the words came: "I will not keep you against your will."

"Mother, don't ask me to decide such a thing!"



Olive spoke with a trembling voice. "I want to stay with you—and I want to go with uncle. Oh—I don't know what to do!" She covered her face with her hands and moved away from them, down the long room.

"Permit me to ask," said Mr. Merriam, after watching Olive closely a moment, "if it is quite fair to force the young lady to decide this—to decide this delicate question, with both parties present?"

No one spoke, and he went on:

"I consider it cruel. You should retire."

"Why certainly, if she desires it," said Mrs. Kimball.

"If you wish I will consult her." Without waiting to see whether they wished or not, Merriam went at once to Olive and spoke in a low voice.

"Miss Kimball," he said, "may I have a few words with you? It is very important."

"Alone?" she asked, surprised.

"Alone."

"Does she wish us to leave her?" Mrs. Kimball inquired.

"Yes, for a few moments," answered Merriam, approaching them. "Cap'n, please take a seat in the reception room; I will call you when required."

The Cap'n and Mazey retired at once; but with Mrs. Kimball he had considerable trouble. Upon making the discovery that Merriam proposed to remain, her suspicions were roused. But to every objection she made he had an instant and unanswerable rejoinder, very often accompanied by a direct home thrust. When, by the most rapid fire of this kind he had reduced her to the proper point, he fell back on the right of the young lady to hear what he had to say without regard to her (Mrs. Kimball's) opinions in the matter, and she finally left the room, saying that she considered his conduct remarkable to say the least, but that if her daughter wished to remain and hear this very important communication, she was at liberty to do so.



9. Richard Merriam turned from the door through which Mrs. Kimball had finally withdrawn, and wiped the perspiration from his brow, saying to himself that he would rather encounter all the roughest and scoundrels in the penitentiary than one woman. And yet, before him, waiting to see what he could possibly wish to say to her, and hoping it was something about Henry Leverett,—which hope, it must be confessed, was her reason for consenting to listen to him,—was one of the very beings he found it so unpleasant to deal with. She, however, was a single bright exception to the operation of his intense aversion.

He stood in her presence at last. His case was called.

"Miss Kimball, I—" he began, starting toward her.

"Gray, please," she interrupted.

"I beg pardon?" he said, not understanding.

"Gray," she repeated, smiling faintly. "You know they have decided to let me keep the name, so I am still Miss Gray."

"Miss Gray, it must be very trying to have—to have any one think as much of you as I do. But the grounds for my attitude are clear and self-evident. First: Had it not been for you, I should at this moment be unpleasantly situated beneath the surface of the Atlantic Ocean. I have taken the trouble to investigate the matter, and am fully acquainted with the extent to which the fact of my not being there is attributable to you. My life may not be of any appreciable value to others, but I hold it at a—at a high figure. I never absolutely owed it to any one before, with the possible exception of my mother; but in this case the exception proves the rule, for a person's mother must be held in high esteem. Hence we must esteem any one to whom we are indebted for our lives; and it follows that I must therefore esteem you. Second: you will readily—"

"Mr. Merriam!" she gasped. Olive had been



standing before him speechless with astonishment; she managed to find her voice at last.

"I—I would really rather not hear this—*now*! It is scarcely the time for such—"

"I object, Miss Gray!" interrupted Merriam quickly; "Pardon me, but I object! I have been on the calendar for eighteen days and am entitled to take precedence. If the other case is privileged and takes precedence over me, I claim a hearing on that as a party to the Record!" In his earnestness he had nearly forgotten that he was not in court.

"A party to the Record! I don't understand you!"

"Excuse me for—for using those terms. It was only because I have something of such vital importance to present."

"Has it anything to do with—"

"*Everything.*"

Olive looked at him as if for an explanation. He had carried the point and could proceed.

"I dislike to keep you standing," he said, motioning her to a large easy-chair.

She slowly sank into it, keeping her great eyes fixed wonderingly upon him.

He stood at a little distance, and waited a moment before beginning.

"Miss Gray:" His voice was dropped to the low pitch which lends such impressiveness to the opening of an address. "You have supposed there were but two parties between whom you must choose: There are five. Four of them are at this moment within ten yards of you; I have arranged them in this way for convenience. The fifth is at—is at a considerable distance; I arranged him there for—for convenience also.—First: On your right is your mother. Second: On your left is one Cap'n Smith. Third: Behind you is one Henry Leverett. Fourth:—"

Olive had risen quickly and glanced behind her.

"Don't rise, Miss Gray,—there is no cause for alarm."



She looked searchingly into Merriam's face, and then slowly seated herself again. Although thoroughly mystified by his words, she saw that his earnestness was beyond question.

"Fourth:" he resumed, "Standing before you is one Richard Merriam. Fifth: At a considerable distance is one Ed Smith."

Olive was upon her feet again in an instant.

"Ed Smith!" she repeated, breathlessly.

"Ed Smith," re-affirmed Merriam.

"He—he is *dead*!"

"No. He is not dead. He never was dead."

"I don't believe it!" she gasped, hardly knowing what she said.

"This will convince you," rejoined the lawyer, drawing some papers from his breast pocket.

"No!" exclaimed Olive, with a motion of refusal; "I will not stay to be convinced. I do not know what you mean by all this! It is dreadful—and I will not listen to you any longer!" saying which she moved away from him.

"Where will you go?"

The question came quick and incisive. It caused her to stop suddenly, but she did not look at him.

"Where will you go?" he repeated; and then, in a low voice but with great distinctness and rapidity he went on: "With Cap'n Smith? To meet that ruffian and beast who holds a promise over your head—a promise obtained under duress it is true, but which your honor and your conscience binds you to fulfill—a promise from which there is but one escape—to which I will allude hereafter?—To Edward Smith? Consigning yourself to a worse than living death?—To your mother? Remaining in this house where you are causing untold misery by coming between your sister and the man she loved?—To Henry Leverett? Completing that misery, and consigning the sister through whose devotion you were restored——"



"*What do you mean Mr. Merriam!*" Olive had faced him and stood with blazing eyes.

He was silent an instant, and then asked, in apparent astonishment, if she were ignorant of the fact that Edith Kimball had formerly been engaged to Henry Leverett, and that this engagement had been broken because of *her*.

She made no reply. For awhile she remained looking at him, her lovely face growing paler and paler. Then she turned away, and going slowly to one of the windows, stood for some time gazing out upon the smooth, velvety lawns and well kept flower-beds.

Finally she approached him again.

"I do not think you would tell me this, if it were not true," she said calmly.

"Miss Gray," he replied, "I would not tell you anything that was not true."

"But how can I know it—how can I believe it, without some—some proof?"

"I do not ask you to.—Step this way."

He led her to the closed curtains before the conservatory door.

"The proof is there," he whispered. "When you look, be careful that you are not seen."

Then he left her, moving noiselessly toward the further end of the room and standing with his back turned as if he would not intrude upon her feelings. His head was bowed forward to convey the impression of a delicate sympathy. His eyes were directed intently upon a convenient mirror in which he could observe her every motion, and thereby measure whatever effect might be produced.

He saw her seize the heavy draperies, and then stand motionless an instant, fearing to look. He saw her summon courage, and with an evident effort pull them apart a little and glance between. Then her hold upon the curtains relaxed, they fell together again, and she walked dizzily to one of the carved oaken tables, where she stood supporting herself with one hand.



"It was a favorable moment," said Merriam to himself, as he hastened toward her.

In this interpretation he was, as usual, perfectly correct. At the instant Olive looked into the conservatory, Henry Leverett was holding both of Edith Kimball's hands and there were tears in her eyes.

"Miss Gray," said Merriam, quite near her, "you cannot remain, you cannot go. Of the five parties concerned, four are out of the question, leaving only one."

She said nothing. It did not seem that she was listening.

Merriam drew a package of legal papers from his pocket.

"I hold in my hand," he went on, drawing out one of the documents, "an absolute release for you, duly signed by Edward Smith, but conditional upon your alliance with myself. Also," he continued, selecting another, "an injunction granted on default of appearance, restraining him from marrying you; and other papers of value. These things, obtained at considerable personal risk, and my vigilant work on the case, must convince you, beyond doubt, of my—my devotion, and that class of emotions. As a matter of fact, I do not know any words which will convey to your mind my feelings in connection with this affair. I have had no occasion, in any case where I appeared, to use such words, and I doubt whether there are any in the language. These papers I place in your hands, and you will—you will—you——"

He had taken her soft white hand in his for the purpose of placing the documents in it, but as he did so an exquisite thrill shot through and through him. It was so strange, so unexpected, so overpowering, that he stopped, confused. For the first time in his life he was demoralized. He could not go on, and for a moment stood motionless. One by one the neatly folded papers, all labeled and tied with red tape, fell to the floor at his feet.

Suddenly Olive started and turned to him.



"Oh!" she gasped, drawing her hand quickly away. "I do not want to—to talk with you! I don't know what you have been saying! Please—go!"

"Certainly."

Merriam walked toward the door like one in a dream. Arriving there he paused, regaining to some extent his presence of mind.

"If I can be of any service to you, let me know," he said in a hollow voice which he hardly recognized as his own. "I shall wait in the reception room fifteen minutes. It is now," he added, looking at his watch mechanically, "two minutes past four." Having made this announcement, he left the room.

It was some time before Olive moved. She stood, supporting herself at the table where Merriam had left her, with a strange, far-away look in her eyes. Once or twice her lips moved as though she were repeating something to herself.

The sound of approaching voices in the conservatory caused her to start, and go quickly to one of the further windows, where she stood looking out, or appearing to do so—for in reality she saw nothing.

Edith and Leverett entered the room, talking earnestly in undertones.

"Where is she?" he asked eagerly; "I can see her *now*, can't I?"

"Yes, if you'll be very good—*ever* so good!"

"I can't promise such a difficult thing as that."

"But you must."

"Then if I must, I will," he replied laughing, as he followed Edith to the door.

"No, no!" she remonstrated, turning upon him; "You are to wait here until I send her to you! I won't tell her who it is—you are to *surprise* her."

"Oh, all right," he answered.



When she had gone, he went to a table and picked up a magazine, but tossed it quickly aside, and walked restlessly down the long room. In a moment Olive would come! It would be only a moment, and yet it seemed as if he could not wait. The next instant he saw her.

It was strange that she should be standing there with her back toward him, for she must know he was in the room. He did not stop to wonder, however, but hurried toward her. He was by her side, and yet she did not turn. His strong arm encircled her waist.

"Olive! My own!"

She started away from him so suddenly that when he would have drawn her close to him, she was gone.

"Mr. Leverett!" she gasped.

There was an expression upon her face that caused him to stand looking at her in alarm. Had he made some mistake? What could it mean?

"Mr. Leverett, I am very glad to—to see you again before I go, and that—you are out of your trouble in safety."

"Olive!" His lips shaped the word, but there was no sound.

He was astonished. She had spoken almost coldly; controlling herself with difficulty; every now and then catching her breath.

Suddenly he stretched out his arms to her, impulsively, passionately.

But she moved back, and made a motion for him not to follow.

"No—please don't come—near me."

"Not come near you!"

"You must understand that—that we sometimes change our minds," she said; and then went on faster and more excitedly, "I have changed mine. I cannot accept your—your love, or the offer of marriage you were—so good as to make me. You did not know this when you came in, and so—and so I will excuse you."



"You do not mean this!" he broke out with sudden vehemence, hurrying toward her; "you cannot be in earnest!—*Olive!*"

She was retreating before him.

"Mr. Leverett, I *do* mean it! Really I cannot listen—I cannot!"

He caught her hands.

"You must hear me," he said, drawing her to him; "something is wrong still!"

"Yes, something is wrong!" she answered breathlessly, and breaking away from him again, hurried toward the door through which Mrs. Kimball had left the room. "You must let me go! You *must* Mr. Leverett!—Mother!—*Mother!*"

Mrs. Kimball, hastening into the room, was by Olive's side in an instant, and the poor girl, trembling and breathless, was clinging to her.

"I have decided—I have decided," panted Olive; "I shall leave you mother—*I am going home with Cap'n Smith!*"

Mrs. Kimball held her daughter tenderly, and looked inquiringly at Mr. Leverett. But she saw only blank astonishment in his face. However, by a certain process of motherly intuition, and, it must be confessed, putting with it a few little things which she had recently overheard, she arrived at a tolerably definite conclusion regarding the difficulty which seemed to be in progress.

She motioned Mr. Leverett to leave her alone with Olive, but added another signal which he was right in taking to mean that he should linger not far off. He therefore left the room at once.

"He has gone, dear," she whispered.

Olive raised her head slowly.

"Going home with Cap'n Smith," repeated Mrs. Kimball, caressingly stroking the rippling waves of hair back from the flushed and tearful face. "Well, my daughter, if that is your preference—if that is what you really wish, I have not a word to say against it—not a word. Why, how hot your hand is!"



And your face, too! Dear me! I should almost think you were feverish! And you are so flushed—so excited, my child! I am afraid you and Mr. Leverett have been having some trouble. No?" she added,—for the beautiful head was shaken negatively.

"Not exactly," Olive answered in a low voice, her eyes upon the floor.

"Not exactly—but something like it," said her mother, compassionately. "Well, I'm sorry.—I hope you haven't quarreled?"

Again the head of wavy hair was shaken.

"Still, there is *something*," Mrs. Kimball said, encouragingly. "I think I know what it is; you are a little disappointed in him!"

Olive was motionless in her arms.

"How strange that is," Mrs. Kimball continued, "for Edith had something such a time herself, and with the same gentleman—and now my *other* daughter! Isn't it a coincidence! But it is well for both of you that you discovered your mistake in time!"

"Mistake," repeated Olive without moving.

"Yes; for there can be none greater, none more fatal, than to be bound for life to one you do not really love."

"Didn't she—really—love him?" asked a faint little voice down under the mass of iridescently glowing hair. Olive had turned partly around in her mother's arms as though she were trying to get away, but that was not the case. It was an unspeakable comfort to rest in those arms, to feel them about her, and to see the loving hands which were clasped right in front of her.

"Love him? Dear me, I believe they thought so once," answered Mrs. Kimball, "but after awhile she changed her mind. I only tell you this so that you and Edith may sympathize you know;—perhaps it doesn't interest you?"

"Oh yes it does! I—" Olive had spoken with sudden eagerness, and she paused very much confused.



"Well," went on her mother, precisely as though she had not noticed it, "I suspect there was a reason for Edith's change of heart, and that reason was, her meeting some one she really loved. It quite troubled her for awhile. There had been a sort of an understanding with Mr. Leverett, a—in fact an engagement, and the poor girl did not know what to do. She could not summon up courage to—to *break his heart*," Mrs. Kimball laughed a little, softly, "and it was really very trying. But one day a letter came from Mr. Leverett, and what do you think it contained?"

"I—I don't—I mean, what?"

"Of *course* you don't know dear! Well, it was an honest, manly letter, and in it he actually asked for a release *himself*! He said he had never loved, in reality, until that very day."—Mrs. Kimball had for some little time been gesticulating in a most emphatic manner toward the door, and Mr. Leverett now appeared, followed by Edith. As the beckoning continued, he tip-toed cautiously toward Mrs. Kimball, while Edith, smiling a wondrous smile, sank upon the piano stool which was near at hand.—"That he had but just found the one who was dearer, more precious to him than his life—his soul—his very being."

Leverett stared at the speaker in astonishment. He did not remember having used the expressions referred to.

"You can imagine Edith released him!" went on Mrs. Kimball, glancing at him out of the corner of her eyes. "She was in such a hurry for fear he would change his mind, that she actually wanted to telegraph!"

Edith smothered her laughter, wheeling quickly round on the piano stool, and covering her face.

Leverett playfully shook his fist at Mrs. Kimball.

"Of course he is all very well as far as he *goes*," she went on, not in the least disconcerted by the threat implied, "and really a very nice, good-hearted,



whole-souled sort of a fellow. I was just a little disappointed at not having him in the family. He never told us who that other *some one* was. Do you know—I thought at one time that *perhaps* it might be—you, as he was at Gap Harbor, but—”

“It was,” said the faint voice, under the waving hair.

“Really!” exclaimed Mrs. Kimball, bending her face over Olive’s shoulder and speaking in a very low voice; “What a pity then, that you cannot love him in return!”

“I can.” The voice was fainter still.

Edith was turned away, her face down in both hands on the piano.

Mrs. Kimball very cautiously withdrew one arm from about Olive, and touching Leverett, who was very near, indicated that he was to put his arm in the place of it. He obeyed with a most commendable promptness.

“You *can* love him?” she repeated, withdrawing her other arm and substituting Leverett’s remaining one in its place.

The reply was a series of assenting nods of the head which still rested against her bosom.

“Why don’t you then?” she asked softly.

“I do.”

The process of surreptitiously replacing herself with Mr. Leverett was nearly complete.

“You do—what?”

“I do—love him.”

Mrs. Kimball was now at liberty, but stood close to Olive.

“Then you must let him know it, dear,” she said, gently; after which she moved quietly away.

“No,” Olive moaned, shaking her head sadly on Leverett’s manly breast; “it’s too late—he has gone.”

“Oh, I don’t think so,” Mrs. Kimball remarked cheerfully, at the same time walking down the room some distance in front of Olive.



"Yes—I told him to go—and he—"

She stopped. Her eyes were upon a pair of brown, muscular hands, which were clasped before her in the place where her mother's had been. She looked suddenly up and perceived that Mrs. Kimball was at the further end of the room; it was therefore evident that the hands could not very well belong to her. For an instant she was perfectly still. Leverett could feel the beating of her heart against his arms.

With a sudden little scream she turned quickly around and buried her face against him.

At that moment Edith struck up upon the piano, with the most tremendous banging, the Wedding March. There was a burst of laughter. Olive escaped from Leverett's hold and ran into the conservatory, where he followed her at once, the hangings falling together behind them.

"O Edith! *Do* stop that dreadful noise!" Mrs. Kimball cried at the top of her voice, hastening toward the enthusiastic performer.

Cap'n Smith and Mazey, followed by Mr. Merriam, appeared at this point, hurrying to the door to ascertain the cause of the unusual disturbance.

"Edith! *Edith!*"

Mrs. Kimball touched her daughter on the shoulder, and succeeded in restoring quiet. Edith wheeled round laughing, but seeing the three gentlemen at the door, at once assumed a most serious expression.

"Gentlemen," said Mrs. Kimball, turning toward them, "you will doubtless be pained to hear that my daughter—my daughter Olive—has decided against me." She paused for an instant.

No one moved.

"And against you too, Cap'n," she added, sympathetically.

The Cap'n's face was a blank. His eyes were fastened upon Mrs. Kimball. Mazey edged a little nearer to him for the purpose of "standing by" when required.



Merriam drew a long breath. "I have won the case!" he said to himself.

"We cannot either of us keep her," Mrs. Kimball went on, speaking slowly, "for she is going with Mr. Henry Leverett."

"*Exhibit Z!*" announced Edith, at the same time drawing aside the conservatory curtains. Only a few moments before she had been told of Mr. Merriam's argument involving the series of exhibits, and considered it an appropriate time for the last one. It cannot be denied that it was fully as effective as any that had been made in connection with the affair.

Merriam gave one look into the conservatory, and then turned away, fastening his gaze upon a painting in a heavy gilt frame which hung upon the wall opposite. After a little, he sat down.

Olive and Leverett, upon being put so cruelly upon exhibition, came laughingly into the room hand in hand.

"Cap'n Smith," said Mrs. Kimball, going toward him, "I am sure this is a compromise that will satisfy you, for now you will not have to disobey *instructions*."

There was a moment of silence. Olive and Leverett were both watching the old Cap'n anxiously.

"As to that, mam," he finally replied, his thoughts upon the son he supposed to be dead, "I would once a-been ontirely satisfied; but someways, bein' as the man has did me sich a turn—although I allows as he might not a' intended for to do it, still I—not yit—don't ask me yit!" and he turned sadly away, with his face to Mazey, standing very near to the old mate.

A rather awkward pause followed.

Suddenly Olive started.

"Oh!—He doesn't know yet!" she cried, hastening toward him.

She stopped before she had gone far, for Merriam had risen and stepped quietly before her.



"Permit me to adjust this matter for you before I—take my leave," he said in a hollow voice, scarcely above a whisper. His face was very white. His hand trembled slightly.

"Cap'n," he continued, and then waited until the old man faced him; "Cap'n, I have some bad news for you,—your son still lives; he hung to some roots and I pulled him up; you therefore owe his life to me—but as I consider it worthless there will be no charge."

Cap'n Smith, in his astonishment, backed against Mazey, who held him, calling out in a deep cracked voice, "Steady, sir!"

"Leverett," Merriam went on, pointing to the various documents scattered about the floor, "there is a paper I made him sign—there's a permanent injunction—there are other documents—you can have them all! There wasn't a flaw in the argument!" he continued, growing a little excited and walking about the room. "She couldn't logically marry any one but me, and she will discover it when it is too late to re-open the case!"

"Mr. Merriam! Aren't you forgetting yourself!" asked Mrs. Kimball good naturedly.

"Yes, I am!" he answered sharply, "But I will not apologize! If you feel injured you can bring suit and—"

"Hold on, Merriam!" remonstrated Leverett, going toward him.

"I will *not* hold on!" retorted the lawyer turning suddenly upon him. "You are the one to hold on!" and he started off again on his nervous walk.

"But Mr. Merriam—" put in Olive soothingly, trying to meet him.

"Miss Gray," said he, facing her, "I will not wish you happiness, because you can have none! The moment your reason returns you will discover that you have married the wrong man!"

"Then, Mr. Merriam, I hope it will never return!" was her answer.



"I don't think there is much danger of it. I will therefore bid you—I will——"

He had suddenly thought of something. His hand trembled as he lifted it to his breast and drew slowly from his pocket a leather-covered note book. Opening it, he gathered in his fingers a few dried and pressed buds that lay between the pages.

"There is one thing I had—I had almost forgotten," he said in a very low voice, his eyes moving restlessly about the room, and then resting upon Olive's face. He tried to smile.

"These flowers—were yours." He held them out toward her. "You wore them in your—in your hair—once. I—stole them—and of course I'll give them up.—Unless"—he added, hesitating a little as he looked at her, "unless you don't care for them again."

"No, indeed I don't," replied Olive gently.

"Thank you," he said; "then—then I think I'd like to keep them—awhile." He tremblingly put them between the leaves of the book, which he closed and replaced in his breast pocket. Then, after glancing about the room again, he looked once more into Olive's sympathetic face, his lips moved as if trying to articulate "Good afternoon," and turning suddenly away he walked quickly from the room.

His departure was so unexpected that they all stood surprised for an instant.

"Oh, call him back!" Edith exclaimed impulsively, starting to follow him.

Olive and Mrs. Kimball hurried, with Edith, toward the front hall, but before reaching it they heard the outside door close heavily.

Merriam was gone.



# The Hair:

## Its Growth, Structure, Diseases, and How to Make it Beautiful.



In all parts of the civilized world the hair is regarded as essential to beauty. Even the earliest



records of ancient history tell of the importance of the hair as an accessory to human beauty. No matter how perfect the features, if a good head of hair is lacking, the thought of beauty vanishes. On the other hand, when the features are far from perfect a beautiful growth of hair at once draws the attention, and all else is forgotten.

If your hair is already beautiful, you should read these pages in order to know how best to keep it so; and if it is too thin, or is falling out, or losing its natural color, or undesirably affected in any way, then you certainly should learn how to correct these evils.

**A HAIR.** A hair consists of two parts. The root, which is situated in the skin, and the shaft, which projects above it. The hair rests in a sac, from which it is easily pulled. At

**A HAIR IN ITS SAC.**

**A**, the shaft of the hair projecting above the skin. **B**, oil glands. **C**, the lower end of the sac in the center of which is the hair bulb.

the bottom of this sac is a little eminence called the hair bulb.



**THE HAIR BULB.** Here is the very seat of life for the hair. Here it begins its growth. Here the food brought to it by the blood is changed into hair structure. Here is where health for the hair resides, and here is where disease begins. It is not strange, then, that we should study the hair with great care. If we were asked the question, "What part of the hair does your Renewer most affect?" we would quickly answer, "THE HAIR BULB."

It goes to the very seat of trouble, and corrects diseased conditions. It stimulates the parts to healthy action. It restores activities long at rest. In a word, our Renewer makes this hair bulb do precisely the work nature intended it to do.

The illustration shows a minute blood-vessel entering and leaving a hair bulb. Hall's Hair Renewer increases the circulation of the blood in these minute vessels, and new life and vitality enter each hair. New hair is formed again, by arousing the sleeping powers, and the bald scalp takes on a new growth of hair. There are a hundred things, any one of which will retard or destroy the activity of these bulbs. The principal reason, however, why they cease to form good hair is want of proper nourishment. How can a child grow if it is not properly fed? How can a plant prosper if it does not have water? And, in the same sense, how can hair be formed and grow unless it has food? Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer contains just the vegetable remedies needed by the bulb for the formation of the hair and for its continued life and vigor. When these are supplied the hair must grow; it must prosper. It cannot help doing so any more than a properly fed, healthy child can keep from growing.

If there is any life remaining in the bulb, hair must



A hair bulb, highly magnified. A blood-vessel, A, is seen entering and leaving the bulb.



be formed when our Renewer is used. But if all life is gone, then, of course, there is no hope. Often, however, there is a little spark of vitality left, which will kindle into full life under this treatment. A flower may wither and appear quite dead, and yet come into life again, when properly cared for. Hence no case of baldness need be so bad that a trial should not be made of our Renewer.

**SOFT FUZZY HAIR.** In keeping with these facts, is it possible to cause a good healthy growth of hair in the place of soft fuzzy hair? Most certainly. This kind of hair shows that the hair bulb is not properly fed. There is enough life and food to form a small and fine hair, but not enough for a full, natural hair. Our Renewer supplies the deficiency and nature does the rest.

**BALDNESS.** How utterly foolish, then, for any one to say that "baldness cannot be cured." Just as reasonable to say that water will not quench thirst, or that fire will not burn! Make the conditions correct and the result must come. No single fact is better established than that our Renewer will cure baldness. We have freely given you the scientific reasons for this; and we have thousands of testimonials to prove that we are correct.

Mrs. G. A. Matthews, of Weatherford, Texas, gives us the following strong testimonial:

"As a testimonial to your Hall's Sicilian Hair Renewer, I want to say, when I was about 22 years old I lost my hair entirely; I had the best medical treatment at home, and consulted physicians personally in St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, and Fort Worth with no success. By accident I got some of your medicine, and before I had used two bottles my hair began to grow, which now hangs below my waist, and is soft and healthy. My misfortune was so well known in Missouri, California, and Texas that, when it became known my hair had grown out after twelve years, my husband had numerous letters of inquiry wanting his receipt and offering to pay largely for it. We simply replied to all, 'Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer did the work,' and I know of no case that it has failed to give the best results. You may use such parts of this as suits you best."

Solon S. Good, of the "Enquirer," Cincinnati, O., wrote us, May 25, 1897:

"Many years ago, the writer, who had lost almost all his hair, had restored to him a luxuriant growth of hair by the use of 'Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.'"



**A. A. Harper, florist, of Pine Bluff, Ark., wrote as follows, March 31, 1896:**

"Some time since I had a hard case of fever and was sick for seven weeks. When I began to mend my hair came out and left me entirely bald. I used one bottle of Hall's Hair Renewer and my hair came back as thick as ever. I consider Hall's Hair Renewer the finest of hair preparations."

Mr. Kesling, an aged farmer, near Warsaw, Ind., had scarcely any hair, what little remained being nearly white. One bottle of Hall's Hair Renewer produced a thick and luxuriant growth of hair, as brown and fresh as he had in youth. The case is well known and attracted much attention.

**FALLING OF THE HAIR.** This is no more than beginning baldness. It may cease before all the hair falls out or continue until complete baldness results. While there are many causes of this difficulty, yet, so far as we know, there is but one cure, Hall's Sicilian Hair Renewer. Its prompt use will check the hair from coming out, and you do not have to continue the remedy long.

It is important that you should not neglect this symptom, or soon the hair bulbs will become diseased. Taken in time, it is easily cured, but if neglected the cure is not so prompt. One bottle of our Renewer at first will save the use of many bottles later on. No one need feel badly over this falling of the hair if within reach of our Renewer, as the cure is prompt and permanent.

Mrs. Katie McNamara, of Corsicana, Texas, writes:

"I wish to assure you that your Renewer is worth its weight in gold to me. My hair was falling out so badly, and I had tried so many different things, but without avail. I will now never tire in praising its merits."

Mrs. A. T. Wall, of Greenfield, Cheshire, England, writes:

"I have derived the greatest benefit from the use of Hall's Hair Renewer. It stimulated my scalp when the hair was falling and produced new and vigorous growth."

Mrs. Hunsberry, 344 Franklin Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

"After a severe attack of erysipelas in the head, I lost my hair—already gray—so rapidly that I soon became quite bald. One bottle of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer produced a new growth of hair, as soft, brown, and thick as when I was a girl."



W. C. Hauser, of the firm of Wm. C. & J. G. Hauser, dealers in drugs, medicines, etc., Wadley, Ga., writes us Nov. 27, 1896, as follows:

"I have used your Hair Renewer for the purpose of stopping my hair from falling out and can state that I found it to be THE thing needed. About one year ago my hair began to fall out very badly. Having some of your Renewer in stock, I used a bottle, and since then have had no trouble on that line. I find, too, that your Renewer restores the hair to its natural color."

**TO RESTORE COLOR.** A word concerning the reason why our Renewer changes the color of the hair to its natural appearance. The color of the hair is determined while it is yet in the skin. When the blood supply is wrong or the nerve action deficient, then no coloring matter will be furnished, and the hair turns gray or white. When the hair is first beginning to turn it imparts a most lifeless and altogether disagreeable expression to the whole countenance.

Hall's Sicilian Hair Renewer goes to the root of the evil. IT FEEDS THE HAIR BULBS, INCREASES THE BLOOD SUPPLY, and it stimulates nerve action. The coloring matter is deposited, and the color of youth again appears in the hair. All this is thus easily understood when the explanation is given. We have a vast number of testimonials on this point. We can only give a few of them here.

Alfred Speer, of Passaic, N. J., says:

"I am now 68 years old, and have used your Renewer for 25 years with perfect success in keeping the hair natural in color, even when, fifteen years ago, my beard turned gray and of late years turned white by long neglecting to use the Renewer. Upon re-using it daily for only a week, the white color was dispelled and the natural brown brought back."

William Kale, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes as follows:

"I have been using your Hair Renewer for about two weeks, and will say that it has done me more good than anything I have ever tried before. It has restored the white and gray hair to its natural color, and I think has already started the new hair to grow."

Randolph W. Farley, Nashua, N. H., quite a young man, whose hair had become prematurely gray, applied our Renewer with perfect success. His hair is now a beautiful brown, and he reports the effects from the use of this preparation as truly marvelous.



**DANDRUFF.** Hall's Hair Renewer removes all dandruff and so treats the scalp that its formation is prevented. In time a positive cure is effected, and the Renewer need not longer be used. Without doubt there is no other remedy in the whole world so effectual as this Renewer in the treatment and permanent cure of dandruff. As dandruff is not only a sign of a diseased scalp, but also a forerunner of baldness, so the importance of treating it is at once evident. We offer you a positive cure for it, and verify our statement with a few testimonials to that effect, although we might duplicate these a thousand times.

R. M. Tucker, M.D., of Helena, Ala., writes us the following:

"I have used Hall's Hair Renewer for the last thirty-five years and I know it will do all that it is recommended to do. It will restore the color, CURE DANDRUFF, and prevent the hair from falling out. I believe I would today be bald-headed and gray if it had not been for the use of Hall's Hair Renewer. It will certainly restore the color and I don't hesitate to recommend it."

A letter from J. A. Kelley, of Antoine, Ark., April 18, 1896, says:

"My hair began falling out very fast, and I believe I would have been perfectly bald, but I used two bottles of Hall's Hair Renewer, and it not only checked the falling out, but thickened the growth and CLEANSED THE SCALP OF DANDRUFF. This was four years since, and I now have a good head of hair. I can cordially recommend it as a first-class hair dressing."

In May, 1897, we received a letter from J. M. Randolph, of Brookfield, Mo. The writer says:

"I have been using your Hair Renewer for several months and find it ONE OF THE BEST CURES FOR DANDRUFF IN EXISTENCE, and have caused a number of persons to try it."

**DOES NOT STAIN.** One desirable feature of our Renewer is that it does not discolor the skin, as so many preparations do. It would not make the permanent cures that it daily performs were this true. The skin is kept in its natural condition, and not in the slightest degree colored.



# IS IT SAFE?

No one should think for a moment of using any preparation on the hair without having a sufficient guarantee that it is free from all caustic properties, protected from acid production, and composed of only the purest and best of materials.

A few years ago we had our preparation examined by the highest authority obtainable, and we give below the result. During all these years our formula has been unchanged; hence this analysis is as good today as when it was first issued.

STATE ASSAYER'S  
OFFICE

20 STATE STREET,  
BOSTON.

A. A. HAYES, M.D.

S. DANA HAYES.

## HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer

*We have made a chemical analysis of this preparation, obtained from different sources, and have determined the properties of the substances employed.*

*The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and the combination of them has been skilfully effected so as to form an efficient preparation adapted to cleansing the skin of the head and promoting the growth of the hair, restoring the original color when it has become gray. Being deprived of all caustic qualities, and protected from subsequent acid production, it is a mild, oil-like fluid, which, while it retains the hair and skin moist, will heal eruptions and promote healthy excretions from the scalp.*

*We regard this as the best preparation for the intended purposes which has been submitted for examination.*

A. A. HAYES, M.D., State Assayer.

S. DANA HAYES, Chemist.



# Buckingham's Dye

## For the Whiskers.



A dye has no effect whatever on the bulb or on the root of the hair. It simply stains the hair shaft. It has no power to check falling hair or to make new hair appear. It is simply and solely a dye. The main questions to be decided about a dye are to procure one that is convenient for use, that will give uniformity of color, will not rub or wash off, is clean, perfectly safe and harmless.

For the whiskers, mustache, and eyebrows there is nothing equal to Buckingham's Dye. It is easily applied and within a few hours will produce either a beautiful brown or a rich black, whichever is preferred, by following the directions.

Our dye does not give that dead black color which shows across the room that it is artificial. It does produce, however, a natural, even color that defies detection. And then it is not black or brown today, and a miserable color the next. When dyed once it is dyed to stay. It is necessary to occasionally use it thereafter for the new growth of hair. Two or three bottles at most will keep the beard and mustache colored for a year. Hence it is the most economical preparation on the market.

We do not recommend this dye for the hair of the head. It does not go to the seat of the trouble and cure it, as does our Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. But there are many men who are not satisfied, and most justly so, in having a beautiful head of hair from the use of our Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, with a most distressing show of beard and mustache. These may just as well be colored with Buckingham's Dye as not, and no one be the wiser. Then, again, often the beard begins to show the color of age long before the hair does. Here this Dye naturally comes in and dispels the telltale story of years.



# Advice to People Who Have Weak Hearts.

The following letter and reply is an extract from the editorial page of the *New York Evening Journal* of December 28, 1899:

"I have an ailment of the heart—i. e., it beats heavily after every meal, no matter how light a meal, thereby causing much worry and expense. I have been to eight doctors, who all say 'it is simply a functional disorder of the stomach.' Still they cannot give me any relief with their medicines. Please do not advise me to row, box, swim, or exercise in any form, as the least exercise will set my heartabeating hard, heavily and rapidly. I am anxiously awaiting your advice."

"We think we can give this man with his weak heart some good advice. First, let him rest absolutely, lying down for at least thirty minutes before he eats anything, and let him rest—but NOT go to sleep—another half hour after eating. Let him try eating about 50 per cent. of the amount which he eats now—even less, if possible. Let him take NO solids for breakfast. Let him, above all, eat very slowly, chewing every mouthful at least twenty times—as did Gladstone—and swallowing nothing without first reducing it to almost impalpable pulp, no matter how long that may take."

"Good advice, every word of it. In addition to the above, the man should take a Ripans Tabule after each meal. It will benefit him. It will benefit anybody having a like trouble. Some people think they have heart trouble when it is really only a digestive disarrangement. A Ripans Tabule, taken after eating, materially aids digestion, drives away that full feeling, puts the stomach in prime condition, stimulates the action of the liver, and relieves the depressed and suffocating sensation in the chest and around the heart. There are thousands of people in all parts of the country who stoutly attest that Ripans benefit them in many other ways also. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief.

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# SLEEPLESSNESS

## HOW TO CURE IT.

In the first place don't use opiates or sedatives except when absolutely necessary. They do not reach the cause of the trouble. It is easy for those using them to acquire the deadly drug habit which results in human slavery.

To cure yourself of sleeplessness, find out the CAUSE of your wakefulness. If you have been overtaxing your nervous system in an unreasonable way, quit the practice at once. Take as much outdoor exercise as you can, especially if your occupation is sedentary. If you haven't time or opportunity for this, exercise for a few moments night and morning in your bedroom. Use judgment about what you eat and how much you eat. *Look carefully after your digestion.* If your food isn't properly digested how can you expect your body to be healthy? Poor digestion means a lack of bodily nourishment and consequent weakness. Ripans Tabules help the stomach to thoroughly digest the food and assimilate the good it contains. They cleanse and enrich the blood and make it move quickly. They make the bodily tissues firm and strong. They make anybody eat well, sleep well, work well, think well. With a good digestion there is little trouble in sleeping.

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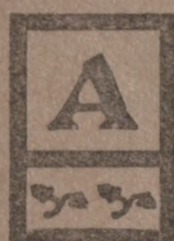
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







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